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■ ■ ■ ZENOBIAS ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE ■ ■ ■

THE LITTLE TIN GODS: A Story of the Panic of 1907

THE BANKRUPTCY OF POPULAR GOVERNMENT

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EDITED BY: GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK and B. RUSSELL HERTS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

LOUIS VIERECK ~ BLANCHE S. WAGSTAFF

V. 6, # 3.

THE INTERNATIONAL

and REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS ~



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Politics, Philosophy & Drama ~*

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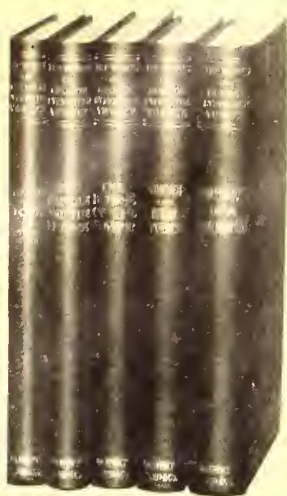
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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
LOUIS VIERECK ~ BLANCHE S. WAGSTAFF

REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS~

The Bankruptcy of Popular Government

“THE COMPROMISE CANDIDATE,” said Theodore Roosevelt, “will be I.” Chicago decided otherwise. Brother Barnes and Brother Penrose succeeded in forcing upon the Republican Party a candidate repudiated by the rank and file of Republican voters. Instead of a compromise candidate they have a candidate hopelessly compromised.

* * * * *

DUSKY Ethiopian cohorts from the rotten boroughs of the South, reinforced by battalions of straw men holding federal offices, upset the verdict of the people from New Jersey to California. They controlled the convention, but can they turn the trick at the polls? If the Roosevelt Electors refuse to betray their trust, Mr. Roosevelt may be the regular Republican candidate in California, Ohio, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Minnesota, in spite of the action of the National Convention. Mr. Taft will be the regular Republican candidate in Louisiana, Florida, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippine Islands.

* * * * *

THE slim figure of Victor Rosewater stands out in bright relief against the background of the Chicago Convention. The fate of the Republican Party, perhaps the fate of the Republic itself, was for more than forty-eight hours in Victor Rosewater's hands. We are inclined to disagree with his judgment, but we cannot question his honesty. There is a strain of the heroic in the composition of this young newspaper man. Fearlessly he bearded the lion in his den, fearlessly he faced Theodore Roosevelt, fearlessly he raised the

gavel to calm the riot of the delegates. Rosewater makes up in moral courage what he lacks in physical vigor. He would not have been able to endure the strain of his task, had he not been sustained by faith in the righteousness of his action. With the fine idealism of his race he battled bravely, if on the wrong side. The future history of the United States would have been altered materially, if little Victor Rosewater had fought on the side of the angels.

* * * * *

ROOT would never fight on the side of the angels—unless he was hired to do so. He would defend whatever side held out the largest remuneration. If Lucifer were engaged in litigation, he could safely entrust his case to the Permanent Chairman of the Chicago Convention. In the Chicago Convention, Elihu Root was the spokesman of the powers of darkness.

* * * * *

PARLIAMENTARY rules were devised to safeguard liberty, not to enmesh her. In Elihu Root's hands the gavel became a bludgeon. With it he could crush the skull of popular government. Technically, no doubt, his decisions may be defended. We hear much of “the rules of the game.” But we say, if your rules work iniquity, we shall smash them. We shall never be slaves of a formula. The fate of a nation cannot be decided like a cricket match. There is a higher morality than that which determines the regulations of baseball and tennis. Eternal justice is more important than parliamentary by-laws.

The blow aimed at Theodore Roosevelt struck not him but the people.

v. 6, #3-7. 15. June 1919
F. v. State Arden. See. Wilson. Moods.

THE Roosevelt delegates were for Roosevelt. The Taft delegates were not for Taft. They were against Roosevelt. Nevertheless Roosevelt could have had the nomination, if he had consented to acknowledge the fraud-ridden roll. Hadley, Borah, Cummins, each in turn, refused the tainted nomination at the hands of William Barnes. Even Lorimer, no doubt, would have had moral scruples about accepting so dubious an honor.

Possibly the soul of Taft viewed the nomination with the wild dismay of Hero when the dead body of Leander rose from the fatal deep. He could not even console himself with Dan Drew's: "Nothing's lost save honor." For it was the corpse of the Republican party that was brought him to gloat over.

* * * * *

WE cannot withhold a measure of admiration from the Captain Kidd of the Chicago Convention. William Barnes as a political cutthroat challenges our amused admiration. William Barnes as the defender of our constitutional liberties is a comic figure rivaled only by the distinguished Krazy Kat that enlivens the *New York Journal*. We can imagine Boss Barnes chuckling to himself over this ludicrous situation as he counts the profits from those temples to Aphrodite whose profits—according to the report of the legislative committee in Albany—make heavy the coffers of his powerful organization.

* * * * *

THE steam-roller that mangled Theodore Roosevelt's aspirations in Chicago was an engine built up by himself. A second Frankenstein, it behaved in the characteristic fashion of all such creations by devouring its maker. The justice of this seems poetical, but it is poetical only in the sense in which the worst verses of Mr. Masfield are poetical. For 1912 furnishes a different text from 1908. In 1908 the steam-roller merely went over the prostrate forms of a few minor political bosses. In 1912 the steam-roller flattened out the Republican Party.

* * * * *

THE steamroller was right in 1908. Because in 1908 there had been no moral awakening. The steamroller was wrong in 1912 because meanwhile the moral conscience of the people had been aroused. Before the Civil War a slave-holder may have been a desirable citizen. After the Civil War a slaveholder was a criminal. The man who engineered the steamroller in 1908 committed no moral wrong. The man who stood behind the steamroller in 1912 was a traitor to popular government.

* * * * *

IN a band of brigands there may be an occasional friar. Among Taft's supporters there were some honest men. But when La Follette betrayed Roosevelt, he betrayed his own past. He betrayed his own ideals. Infuriated by petty jealousy he stabbed the one man in the back who could have led progressive ideas to victory at the polls. Even if Roosevelt had wronged him, La Follette should not have deserted him. To desert Roosevelt was to desert progress. La Follette may have worked for progressive ideas these twenty years. But of what avail is fidelity to a principle, if we turn traitor in the crucial hour? Judas Iscariot, too, was a faithful disciple—until his hour came.

* * * * *

IF we turn to Baltimore we find there the same brutal indifference to the will of the people as in Chicago. Champ Clark was entitled to the nomination. Such was the verdict of the primaries. Wilson may be a better man than Clark. He certainly is a shrewder man. That, however, is not the point. We merely desire to register that at both party conventions the will of the people was wantonly disregarded.

* * * * *

IF such is possible in spite of primaries, then democracy is bankrupt indeed. Let us call in the Sheriff and suspend popular government. Having wasted our substance, we must be ready for the re-

ceiver. Not a receiver of stolen goods, but a man, broadminded, strong, who shall lead us back to political solvency.

* * * * *

WHO shall be the receiver of our bankrupt system? Shall it be Roosevelt? Shall it be Wilson? Can it be—Debs? Many business men will record their indignation this year by voting the Socialist ticket. The Socialist Party seems to be destined to develop into a party of protest for the disgruntled bourgeois as in Europe. This is one of the most significant developments of 1912.

* * * * *

WOODROW WILSON's personal probity may save the Democratic machine from the utter wreck that will overwhelm Brothers Penrose and Barnes. But Wilson's victory spells, willy-nilly, the victory of Murphy. Are we prepared to swallow Murphy with Wilson?

* * * * *

WINSTON CHURCHILL regards the letter C. as particularly lucky. The third letter of the alphabet appears in the titles of all his novels. To Champ Clark his own initials seems to spell disaster. His three utterances on custom-houses, Canada and Grover Cleveland united to make him ridiculous. Mr. Bryan's conspiracy at the Baltimore Convention complete—with two additional C's—the woeful tale of Champ Clark.

* * * * *

WOODROW WILSON won out in spite of his patent leather pumps. But will he be able to live down with equal facility his expressed opinions on labor unions, Polish immigration and prohibition?

* * * * *

THE vote of New York may be decisive in the Electoral College as it was in both Party Conventions. Roosevelt may carry New York even if he fails to capture the regular Republican organization. If Oscar S. Straus were to head his ticket, he would be certain of victory.

* * * * *

THE Democrats have no reason to be sure of the Empire State. Governor Wilson is suspected of being in favor of prohibition. His views on labor unions and immigration are seriously questioned. If he desires to carry New York State, let him force the nomination of a strong upright man of known liberal tendencies and of foreign extraction. The nomination of a man of the type of Herman A. Metz would silence the Governor's critics. Governor Wilson is a strong man, but he is not strong enough to carry Tammany Hall. Both Murphy and Taggart are heavy burdens. Dix is the straw that may break Wilson's back.

* * * * *

BOTH old party conventions demonstrate the perspicacity of that old Swedish chancellor who said: "My son, you don't realize with how little wisdom the world is governed."

* * * * *

WILSON is hampered by a machine. Roosevelt is hampered by the absence of one. Nevertheless a vote for either Roosevelt or Wilson points the way to political sanitation. Debs means political revolution. Vote for Roosevelt or Wilson or (if you be fantastical) for Debs, but vote for no man of straw—either at the head or the foot of a ticket.

* * * * *

NOVEMBER is the opportunity of the people. If we fail to avail ourselves thereof, let us openly announce the bankruptcy of our cherished political system. Let us choose a monarch among the political bosses who guides our destinies. Let us sell the goddess of Liberty to the highest bidder at public auction and throw the Constitution of the United States and the Ten Commandments into the bargain.

Failure of the German-American Press

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN little realizes the number of American newspapers published in languages other than English. In New York City alone there are seven daily papers in German, not to speak of those in Italian, French and Yiddish. The ordinary dweller in the regions where a language alien from ours prevails, sometimes lives so far apart from the vital currents of American life as if he were still in his native country. Formerly the editorial opinions of German-American editors were frequently quoted in the American press. To ignore our German-speaking fellow-Americans would be to ignore one-fourth of our population. If German-American journalism is neglected to-day, the reason must be sought in the fact that it has ceased to be vital. Fearful of its life, the German-American press purposely fosters among its readers a spirit of narrow provincialism. The smallest German singing society or skat club seems of greater importance, seen through the magnifying glass of sordid self-interest, than questions affecting the nation.

* * * * *

WITH Oswald Ottendorfer, Carl Schurz, Emil Preetorius and a half-score of others, once moral and intellectual factors in

our political life, perished the golden age of the German-American press. German-American journalism, barring one or two scintillant writers, represents an investment in business, but not in genius. Shrewd businessmen and "professional German-Americans" (to adopt a designation coined by Theodore Roosevelt), barter what no man holds in the hollow of his hand—the German-American vote. The Germans, like Villard, of the *Evening Post*, and Pulitzer, who founded that marvelous fighting engine, the *New York World*, are invariably Mugwumps. Yet the German-speaking newspapers are allied, without exception, with the old patronage-ridden organizations. No doubt many Germans are honestly for Taft or Wilson. But the fact remains that those who favor Theodore Roosevelt (approximately between 60 and 70%) find the newspapers unresponsive to the great movement which, in the language of the Book of Revelations, has divided the City into three parts.

Politically the German-American press fails to record the sentiments of its readers. The German-American press fails equally as an interpreter of American ideals and of German culture. Edwin Markham, Walt Whitman, etc., are as unknown to its readers as Wedekind or Hugo von Hofmannsthal. That, not the decrease in German immigration, is the primary factor in its decline.

G. S. V.

The Labor Unrest and Its Ultimate Meanings

OURS IS THE PROLETARIAN AGE, the age, that is to say, in which the laborers and wage-workers are for the first time becoming definitely self-conscious and class-conscious. At every stage in the development of society some one class has been regnant. The feudal age was the age of the landlord. The French Revolution marked the passing of power from landed proprietors to the middle or commercial class. The later years of the nineteenth century have seen the rise and triumph of the capitalist class. Is the time at hand, as Karl Marx predicted, when capitalism is to be superseded by some form of Socialism, and the working class is to come into possession?

This question has urgent meaning in view of the profound social unrest of our time. Strikes of unprecedented magnitude and intensity are breaking out all over the world. The men who constitute the really organic part of society, the men who mine our coal, who drive our ships, who serve us in a hundred capacities, are shaking their grimy fists at us. They refuse to go on working under present conditions. They ask for "the full product" of the labor. They demand not merely more pay and shorter hours, but a new kind of a world.

They do not themselves know just what they want. We do not any of us know what we want. But they all agree in protest against the existing situation. They watch the pageant of pleasure as it passes in our great cities, and they ask, Why should *we* be deprived of this? They feel the urge of a hundred aspirations they cannot fulfill, and again they ask, Why? They want to be masters of their work, not mastered by it. They want to labor in joy, and not in drudgery. Their economic demands are gradually resolving themselves into two more or less coherent programs—the program of political Socialism and the program of Syndicalism.

* * * * *

POLITICAL Socialism and Syndicalism both propose that present private ownership of the great industrial properties shall give way to group and coöperative ownership. Both believe that the working-class is to be the chief instrument in effecting this change. But political Socialism looks to the capture of the State, while Syndicalism wants to abolish the State. Socialism, using political methods, would achieve governmental ownership and operation of industry. Syndicalism, working through the trade-union, aims at an economic federalism, in which each industrial group would have a large degree of autonomy. "The Socialist," as Gaylord Wilshire puts it, "imagines that he can assemble the parts of the future society as a watch-maker assembles the wheels of a watch; whereas the Syndicalist insists that future society must follow the natural lines of growth like a plant or an animal."

THE social sceptic is sure to ask, How can wage-workers, who to-day have hardly the capacity to run a single shop on coöperative lines, run the main industries of society? The question overlooks the fact that the power of the working-class is germinal, rather than actual. No one can say what the workers are capable of doing. The very unrest of our time shows that their whole consciousness is changing. They will go as far as they have the power and the ability to go. Great reservoirs of strength lie almost untapped in them. The so-called "upper classes" are becoming more and more effete. A play such as J. M. Barrie's "Admirable Crichton" vividly shows the helplessness of the refined. It is far from chimerical to suppose that the working-class, with its primitive force, may sunder the bands that hold together the present capitalist order, and usher in a new epoch in human history.

* * * * *

THERE is something intensely inspiring in this thought. I see the world surging forward with a new rhythm and a new vigor. I do not think that the "coöperative commonwealth" of the Socialists, with its exact specifications, will ever be realized or ought to be realized. Life is the play of a myriad of forces. It proceeds not so much by logic as by mysterious laws of its own. It is weaving under our very eyes an industrial fabric of many colors. It will never crystallize in altogether definite forms because it will feel increasingly the need of breaking the very institutions that it will create for temporary use.

* * * * *

LABOR'S ultimate dream is of a Free Industrial World—a world in which it will neither be enslaved nor degraded, in which it will function naturally and happily at its chosen task. It will accept nothing less than this, and deserves nothing less.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

A Priestess of Pity and of Vengeance

ON June 19 Voltairine de Cleyre died in Chicago. The daily papers in most cases did not even record the fact. The news reached the radical public through the medium of her friends and through memorial meetings held in Chicago and New York. Very few realize even yet that one of the most remarkable characters of our time has passed on. Her reputation, I venture to predict, will last for centuries. She was an Anarchist, "a priestess of pity and of vengeance," as W. T. Stead once called Louise Michel. In the sad sisterhood of Anarchism three names stand out above all others—Louise Michel, Emma Goldman and Voltairine de Cleyre.

If Louise Michel was the humanitarian, the friend and benefactor

of all who suffered and who needed her help, if Emma Goldman is the fiery and emotional agitator, Voltairine de Cleyre can best be described as the poet and thinker. Her style glows with a certain passion of the mind. Her verse has a vibrant and somber quality that, so far as I know, is unique in literature. Crimson as blood, black as hate, are some of her lyric utterances. Night birds flap their wings, "the whipped sky shivers," and the wind roars from the depths of the sea, in the ghostly visions she invokes. Several of her best poems cluster about the memory of the Chicago Anarchists. One of her noblest pays tribute to Governor Altgeld, who pardoned three of the Anarchists and thus, as she says, "sacrificed his political career to an act of justice."

* * * * *

Her prose writings have been translated into many tongues. They are clear and direct, and convey always the workings of a mind of the first order. Anarchism is often regarded in this country as an exotic. In her "Anarchism and American Traditions" Voltairine de Cleyre shows that many of the ideas most typical of the Anarchistic philosophy are rooted deep in the spiritual fiber of America. Her "Crime and Criminals" is a plea for the regeneration, rather than the punishment, of the criminal. "Let us have done," she says, "with this savage idea of punishment, which is without wisdom. Let us work for the freedom of man from the oppressions which make criminals, and for the enlightened treatment of all the sick." Her essay, "They Who Marry Do Ill," is a memorable statement of an attitude that has always fascinated a few, but is hardly likely to penetrate to the many. Her mind was alive right to the very end. One of her last published lectures is devoted to the present burning issue in the labor movement—"direct action" versus political action. Another recent lecture deals in masterly fashion with the Mexican Revolution. "Hail to the Mexican Revolution," she cries, "victorious or defeated. And hail to the next that rises!"

* * * * *

She wrote a hauntingly beautiful essay called "The Dominant

Idea." Every life with any dignity, she affirms, must have its dominant idea. The reign of nature is a reign of dominant ideas. She illustrates the principle by telling of a morning-glory vine that climbed over the window of the room in which she lived, and that, by mishap or chance, was suddenly snapped near the roots. The leaves hung limp, the sappy stem wilted and began to wither; in a day it was all dead,—all but the top which still clung longingly to its support, with bright head lifted. "I mourned a little," she says, "for the buds that could never open now, and pitied that proud vine whose work in the world was lost. But the next night there was a storm, a heavy, driving storm, with beating rain and blinding lightning. I rose to watch the flashes, and lo! the wonder of the world! In the blackness of the mid-NIGHT, in the fury of wind and rain, the dead vine had flowered. Five white, moon-faced blossoms blew gaily round the skeleton vine, shining back triumphant at the red lightning. Over death and decay the Dominant Idea smiled: the vine was in the world to bloom, to bear white trumpet blossoms dashed with purple; and it held its will beyond death."

* * * * *

Voltairine de Cleyre's life was dedicated to a dominant idea. Her guiding star was principle. She lived and died poor, and she shrank from notoriety. Like many powerful characters, she showed at times paradoxical traits. This ardent freethinker, who reacted violently from the Roman Catholic faith in which she was reared, and condemned Christianity *in toto*, applied Christian ethics in some of the crises of her own life. She refused, for instance, to prosecute the half-crazed boy who shot her in Philadelphia some years ago. She returned good for evil. She did not know the meaning of fear, and took her ground firmly even when she knew that imprisonment awaited her. I feel in her a tragic and tortured spirit. She fought without illusions, but she fought to the end. She lies in Waldheim Cemetery beside the men who were executed in 1886.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

Europe is Nervous

[By Our Special Correspondent]

"UNLESS MATTERS are changed here I shall revoke the constitution and annex the country to Prussia." These or similar words the German Emperor is reported to have addressed to the Mayor of Strassbourg, the capital of Alsace-Lorraine, at a dinner given in that city recently. Significantly enough the first intimation of a possible change of conditions in the Imperial provinces was given by the *Paris Matin*. According to the French organ the Kaiser had threatened to "smash" the constitution. But even in its milder version this word from imperial lips caused a tremendous sensation, the opposition party interpreting it as a *coup d'état*. In point of truth the Kaiser probably had no such thing in mind. His reign of almost a quarter of a century leaves no doubt as to that. On the other hand it cannot be denied that His Majesty did not choose his words very happily, and his enemies welcomed them as a weapon wherewith to further the dissemination of distrust. When the Imperial Chancellor undertook the somewhat difficult task of defending the Kaiser's speech before the Reichstag, who was it came to his rescue albeit involuntarily? None other than the Socialists! Scheidemann, Ledebour and others of their ilk saw fit to launch forth a flood of invective against the Emperor, to threaten revolution in the most incredible terms. Whereupon von Bethmann-Hollweg confined himself to repudiating their excesses with quiet dignity and commented upon the words of the Kaiser only so far as to say that no measures against the Alsatian deputies could be effectuated except with the consent of the Bundesrat and the Reichstag.

Yet I cannot help feeling that the leading spirits of the Empire have grown rather too nervous. Granted the deduction made by the Alsatian Landtag in the secret funds of the governor to have been cause for annoyance and that the withdrawal of the shooting-license in the Vosges was an act of downright discourtesy toward the Emperor, these are but trifling taunts not to be taken too tragically. The fact remains, however, that the threat of the Emperor to revoke the constitution met with high glee on the part of a cer-

tain class of "kickers," giving them a chance for unpatriotic actions.

I readily understand that the Kaiser was annoyed by what he considered lack of gratitude on the part of the Alsations. In conservative circles the constitution granted to Alsace and Lorraine was looked upon as a fatal mistake, from a national point of view. That, I think, is the unpleasant feature of the incident. That a sovereign occasionally give vent to his personal feelings is but human. To betray, in doing so, that in the granting of the constitution he sees an act of imperial grace rather than a political necessity would seem an error in judgment. Isn't it time that constitutional legislation, which is impossible without active coöperation on the part of the people, be as firmly established in monarchies as it is in republics? There is no other guaranty for the continuance of a political commonwealth and its healthy development!

* * * * *

IN view, however, of the riotous scenes enacted in our parliaments nowadays one feels tempted to doubt that the European nations have attained sufficient maturity for political self-government. Something heretofore looked upon as an Austrian-Hungarian abnormality due to the low cultural level of the people belonging to the Hapsbourg double monarchy, the six Socialists in the Prussian House of Representatives recently tried to transplant to Berlin. As yet the Budapest incident—an unruly deputy who had been removed from the session hall drawing his revolver and firing upon the parliamentary office—has not found repetition in Berlin. Still the passive resistance against presidential authority displayed by Borchardt and Leinert and their followers differs from the unheard-of excesses in Hungary in degree only, not in kind. What constitutes the foremost principle of democracy? Subjection to the will of the majority and to parliamentary rules. Systematic disturbance of the debate by violation of law and order points the way to anarchy! That right and order may have to cede to violence is the most dangerous factor

in the present political unrest. The adoption of an obstructional policy under the plea that the majority of the people is in harmony with it is a most dubious undertaking. The Socialists more than others ought to keep away from it, if they do not want to cede their influence over the masses to the Anarchists.

The removal of one or more deputies from the meeting hall by the police was also a most deplorable occurrence. Even the period of the hottest conflict, fifty years ago, when Bismarck as President of the Council of Prussia succeeded in enforcing the military organization against the will of the Second Chamber, knew no such scenes. In the Reichstag, where now and then the late Socialist Deputy Singer revolted against presidential authority, the session was adjourned to avoid an act of violence against a representative elected by the people. The dramatic expulsion of a considerable minority refusing to permit a recent session in Hungary to continue in an orderly manner may have been an act of self-defence on the part of the majority and their admirable president, Tisza Jr. Its consequences, however, may lead to unforeseen complications. Where shall the line be drawn if the opposing minority is subjected to police violence sanctioned by the majority? Such actions spell danger to the entire parliamentary machine. For political discussion is the most innocuous safety valve—barring the press—for the escape of heated emotions. After all the entire social structure rests upon the admission that nothing but the good will of the overwhelming majority can assure the duration of the whole and that the minority must needs submit. Only by way of compromise can the chariot of State be steered along the line of what in physics would be called the parallelogram of forces. No stone should therefore be left unturned to adopt conciliatory measures forestalling parliamentary conflicts, no matter how much just indignation may arise on account of individual instances.

In Hungary the parliamentary battles resulted in public demonstrations launched on the part of the laborers and suppressed by military force. I have little sympathy with a course of action that seeks and finds the support of the mob, yet I must admit that these demonstrations were based on a promise made years ago by the Emperor of Austria which still awaits fulfillment. "*An einem Kaiserwort soll man nicht drehn und deuteln*"—it must be kept, lest the people lose confidence in their ruler.

* * * * *

TWO resolutions worthy of notice—one deserving to be lauded, the other calling forth criticism—were passed by the Reichstag shortly before adjournment. With a tremendous majority in all parties, against the votes of Social Democrats and Poles, the army bills (*Wehrvorlagen*) were passed according to which two new corps are added to the army and a third line squadron to the fleet for immediate use in case of a naval war. There were also the necessary grants for submarine vessels and airships so as to keep up to date in these new fields of land defence too. Anyone having followed the trend of current events cannot but admit that a very serious menace to the safety of the German Empire has arisen in the Anglo-French alliance the point of which is directed against Germany exclusively. There cannot be any doubt that Lord Haldane's attempts to bring about a better understanding between England and Germany were perfectly sincere; likewise that the present English and French administrations have no intentions of warfare. Still a blind man can see that the immediate possibility of a critical change in conditions cannot be left out of the reckoning. To leave aside extensive preparations in the face of such open danger would, in my opinion, be tantamount to national suicide. The whole world learned that the German nation stands as one man where vital interests are at stake. That, I think applies to the millions who recently voted the Socialist ticket, too. In their tremendous majority they would, in case of serious trouble, stand pat against an attack from the outside. Were it otherwise, the outlook for the future of the empire would be woeful indeed.

While the Reichstag splendidly justified all reasonable expectations in this direction it failed to respond to a question which—very wrongly—is looked upon as one of minor importance. I have reference to the question of mixed marriages. This new problem revolves

around a decree of the present Secretary of Colonies, Dr. Solt, according to which henceforth marriages in Samoa between whites and natives are to be considered illegal, the offspring of such union to be looked upon as natives, i. e. colored. While the national parties found no fault with this decree a majority arose from the Centre and the Social Democrats demanding legality for such marriages. Americans know so well how foolish such a demand is that the matter requires no further discussion. The Social Democrats, however, believe in the theory of equality of all humanity notwithstanding the fact that Nature herself has marked the difference plainly enough. The followers of the Centre have constructed a similar doctrine for themselves: Equality for Christians belonging to the Roman Catholic Church but not for those who confess the Protestant faith. According to them it is a pious and laudable thing for a white Catholic woman to marry a Hottentot, but a sin against her creed to wed a respectable Protestant of her own people. Who can understand this? I confess, I cannot, not even with that highest degree of tolerance that I wish to see exercised in all matters pertaining to religious belief.

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IT cannot be denied that the Centre is anything but a firm and indestructible tower of strength and support for the State of the present day. Not alone in matters of mixed marriages does this party, next to the Social Democrats the greatest in number, rest upon a very unsound basis. Take for instance the question whether the Centre should be a strictly sectarian Catholic party whose highest infallible instance is the Pope, or whether it is a political German party which, with due consideration for its Catholic contingency, upholds first and above all the Fatherland and its interests. The former interpretation is desired by the so-called Berlin faction, the latter by the Cologne faction, named thus because the *Koelnische Zeitung* and its spiritual leader, Herr Bachem of Cologne, are at the head of it. The question suddenly became one of vital importance because the Pope, urged by the Berlin faction, whose leading spirit is said to be Count Oppersdorf, criticized the "Christian Trades-Unions" for allowing a small percentage of Protestants in their Catholic ranks. Evidently the Ultras dominating in Rome just now intend to push the confessional split to extremes in Germany, putting the country into a precarious position similar to the one it was subjected to during the Thirty Years' War! There is reason for felicitation in the fact that most of the strictest German Catholics are opposed to such action and that there is strong feeling among them because of the implacable stand taken by the Holy See. Proof of this lies in the frantic attempts made by the dailies belonging to the Cologne faction to appeal "from the badly informed to the better informed Pope." Such attempts recur in history from time to time, but have in no single instance met with success. The present instance promises to be no exception. Everything is done, therefore, to hush this latest manifesto on the part of His Holiness in the same way as his earlier ones against modernism. Little or no mention is made of it, but the anti-modernist oath survives and causes terrible qualms of conscience.

The encounter between the Prussian Minister of Agriculture, Herr von Schorlemer, and the Centre cannot be passed over without comment. The plucky baron had the temerity to voice in public his preference for Protestant settlers in the Ostmarken (East Marches), Catholics, according to him, being more apt to become influenced by Polish propagandism. A somewhat peculiar admission to be made by a Catholic! Forthwith the all too candid Minister became subject to no gentle attack on the part of his brothers in faith. By way of defence he pointed out that as long as twenty years ago the Centre disowned and insulted his aged parent whose patriotic convictions at the time forbade his vetoing certain military requirements. Fortunately there are many Germans of the same mind as the two Schorlemers.

* * * * *

IN the grandduchy of Baden-Baden Socialists and Liberals recently combined against the Centre. A similar party coalition was attempted in Belgium for the purpose of overthrowing a liberal government of twenty-eight years' standing. Without success, though,

for at the recent national election the united opposition party was beaten to a frazzle. Even in the Lower House the clerical majority is greater now than ever before. The vanquished seek consolation in the fact that the clerical victory was made possible solely through the "right of plural election" which accords every property owner at least twice as many votes as the poor man. After all every nation has the elective system it deserves. These continued threats of revolution are beginning to frighten off that large class of Liberals who favor progress within reasonable bounds and consider existing evils less insufferable than whatever may develop from the tohuwabohu of a general upheaval. In several cities street riots and demolition of Catholic buildings were the result of unpopular election returns. Of course these riots were quelled with scant ceremony, fortunately without compelling the authorities to resort to excessive measures. Recent events in Belgium, however, are but another proof of the futility of expecting a sudden development in the near future. The more turbulent the actions of the Social Democrats, the more pronounced is the distrust of them. In our times reform can be effected solely through the power of public opinion. The demands of the "fourth class" can hope for realization only in so far as they are considered justified by this last deciding factor. Following the example set by Germany, social reforms will presumably be introduced in all the states that have not yet done so. Thus alone may a peaceful development be expected in the next epoch.

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IN Italy, although all is quiet in the interior, warfare against Turkey still obtains. The war with Tripolis having come to a halt upon occupation of the coast towns, Rome decided to occupy Turkish territory in other places, ostensibly so as to have compensational objects on hand in case of an early declaration of peace. Rhodus, Asterpolain and numerous other islands in the Aegian Sea are now occupied by Italians and rumors are afloat to the effect that Mytilene and Lemnos are to be occupied in their turn. The disturbances in commerce and traffic suffered by the Eastern Mediterranean have created a desire for a peace conference of the Powers. Possibly the visit of the King of Bulgaria to different cabinets may be connected with such plans. All the world is agreed upon one point: That this war of almost a year's duration has become a satire on the pretensions of the Powers to maintain the "European equilibrium."

* * * * *

THE German capital is to be congratulated upon the advent of her new Mayor-in-Chief, Wermuth, the former Secretary of the Treasurer. As yet Herr Wermuth, a man of sterling character and unusual energy, has had no opportunity to show in what manner he will approach the exigencies demanded by his position. No better proof of his fitness for it can be found than his splendid administration of the Imperial finances. The fact that he was ready to sacrifice his position rather than relent in matters of the inheritance tax which he considered a necessity, speaks for itself. It is many a year since Berlin has had an efficient man at the head of its municipal government. One may fitly term the latter-day history of Berlin a history of missed opportunities. Thus the opportunity was passed by to make a Greater Berlin of suburban districts, all because those in authority failed to agree. In as vitally important a question as the acquisition of the Tempelhofer Feld a small neighboring community was permitted to get ahead of them. For successful administration of the third largest city in the world it is not enough to be a conscientious bureaucrat like the aged Herr Kirchner, who has been pensioned at last. The man to whom the welfare of the city is entrusted needs to possess comprehensive knowledge of the requirements of the community, must keep his eyes wide open to observe how great communal problems are solved elsewhere. The absolute failure of the Berlin administrative system caused the State to interfere and to unite the Metropolis and twenty-eight surrounding communities in a "Zweckverband Berlin." To make the best of the "Zweckverband," existing untoward conditions notwithstanding, to use it as a basis for the creation of a Greater Berlin, such will be the Herculean task awaiting Herr Wermuth. Prospects for such consummation are favorable inasmuch as Herr Wermuth himself is a mem-

ber of those official circles in harmony with which he is to operate in the future.

Berlin may, of course, find consolation in the fact that there is many a community where less administrative wisdom is displayed even than in the "red house" up to the summer of 1912. A shining example of communal lack of judgment, of almost incredible stupidity, may be found in the interesting city of Stassfurt, famous for its mineral wealth.

The estimable Mayor of Stassfurt recently conceived the ingenious idea of levying a tax on the dead of the community. According to His Honor a funeral is to be considered an amusement and taxed as such. The widow of a late citizen, applying for a funeral permit, received the following document which is worth being handed down to posterity:

"Five Marks.

Permit to arrange a Festival.

Herewith permission is granted the widow Liedke of this city to hold a funeral parade with music on the 5th inst., the procession to march through the Wachtel-, Rosmarin-, Prinzen-, Brücken-, Stein-, Fürstein- and Hacklinger Streets to the outskirts of the town."

After such display of Salomonian discrimination on the part of the municipal government the conviction is forced upon the reader that whatever salts may be gained at Stassfurt, attic salt must be a great rarity in that community.

Berlin, July, 1912.

LOUIS VIERECK,

Late member of the German Reichstag.

AN EXPLANATION TO THE OLD SUBSCRIBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL

Readers of this issue will note the absorption, by THE INTERNATIONAL, of the RUNDSCHAU ZWEIER WELTEN or REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS which has been published under that title and under the name of DER DEUTSCHE VORKAEMPFER (The German Pioneer) for the last six years by the Viereck Publishing Company.

Starting with the subscription list of MOODS in 1908, as a basis, THE INTERNATIONAL soon absorbed that of the defunct COLLEGE WORLD. Now, for the third time in its career, THE INTERNATIONAL adds a new strength of circulation to its present numbers.

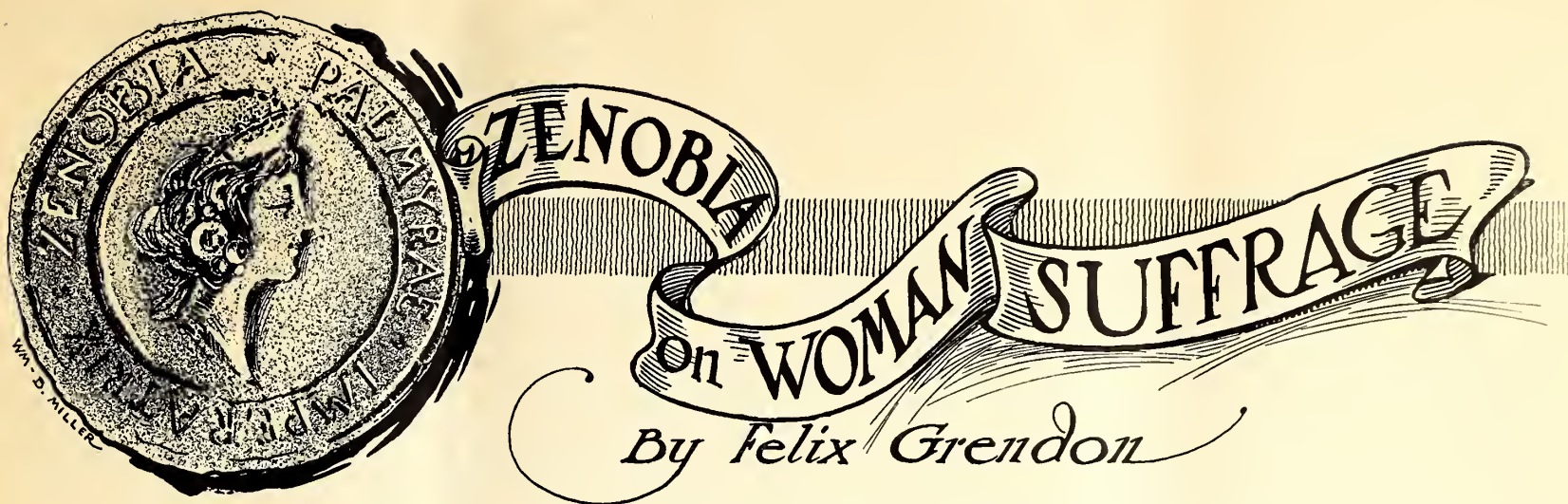
By this combination THE INTERNATIONAL more than doubles its subscription list and thus, from a business standpoint, becomes stronger and more capable than ever before of giving its readers the best matter available.

From an editorial standpoint THE INTERNATIONAL will remain substantially as it was. Mr. George Sylvester Viereck will be editor-in-chief of the magazine, Mr. B. Russell Herts will continue to act as managing editor. There will be an addition of four pages, giving room for stories, plays and essays of greater dimensions than was heretofore possible, but there will be no material alteration in the general point of view which THE INTERNATIONAL has held since its inception.

Mr. Louis Viereck, formerly a member of the German Reichstag and a well-known writer on politics and government, will act as the Berlin correspondent of THE INTERNATIONAL, while other expert contributors of international reputation will send monthly letters from Paris and London, dealing with things political, literary and dramatic. Notwithstanding these changes THE INTERNATIONAL will continue to permit absolute freedom of speech—even for its editors—and any work valuable in content and capably expressed will always be welcome.

From these facts I believe our readers are safe to assume that they will receive in the future INTERNATIONAL a magazine of greater proportions, greater interest and greater vitality than THE INTERNATIONAL which they have so well supported in the past.

MOODS PUBLISHING COMPANY.



[TRANSLATOR'S NOTE. A few months ago, a hitherto unlisted Ms. turned up among the old documents in the Abbey library of St. Gall, Switzerland. As it appeared, on cursory inspection, to be nothing but an old scrap book devoid of intellectual profundity, it was briefly recorded in the *Literarisches Zentralblatt* and then tossed aside by the scholar who had inadvertently exhumed it. Fortunately, the notice came to the eyes of an inquisitive young Japanese also studying in St. Gall. He promptly asked for the book whose title, "Resurrected Interviews," stimulated him to a minuter examination. The contents proved to be newspaper clippings gathered by a Benedictine monk, in the eighth century, A. D. Under one cover the collector had brought together interviews with celebrated personages published during widely-separated ages by leading Roman, Chinese, Egyptian, etc., dailies or weeklies. Through the courtesy of his Japanese friend, the translator is in a position to offer the public the following interview from "The Roman Courier, A. D. 270, (All Rights Reserved)." A glaring headline reads: *Zenobia on Equal Rights*. And a sub-headline inaccurately adds: *Denounces Roman Girls as Frumps.*]

MY AUDIENCE WITH ZENOBIA took place yesterday in her delightful villa Ariadne on the outskirts of Palmyra. A very pretty footgirl ushered me into the Queen's study. It is an inviting room furnished with tasteful simplicity and decorated with only three works of art: a marble statuette of an Amazon by Polyclitus, a full length portrait of the Mother of the Gracchi by the Impressionist painter, Cornelius Scopa, and a mural design in which a most extraordinary combination of segments, cubes and ellipsoids form a picture that could hardly be more unintelligible upside down than right side up.

No books or bric-a-brac littered the spacious room. But over the Persian divan on which I sat, I observed a quaint Ostrogothic scroll which, on close inspection, revealed the motto: "There's no Place Like Home—Thank Heaven!"

In vain I sought to make head or tail out of the geometrical fresco. I was just engaged in a last attempt at fathoming the thing, when Zenobia came in.

"So you find our Cubist masterpieces to your liking!" said the great lady, after an acknowledgment of my greeting.

"Cubist!" I exclaimed, a little puzzled. "The word has a comical sound. I feel sure it is one of your majesty's celebrated jokes."

Zenobia abandoned herself to an ecstasy of merriment. "An unconscious joke, I assure you," she finally replied. "I forgot that you were a Roman, a journalist in the imperial capital, and therefore not likely to have a speaking acquaintance with anything up-to-date."

"All Roman journalists," I replied in somewhat frigid tones, "are cosmopolitan gentlemen."

"Exactly," retorted Zenobia. "They have a comprehensive ignorance of all the novelties of the world, and they modestly hide this weakness under freshly laundered platitudes uttered with invincible complacency in an imposing style. In fine, they are, as you say, cosmopolitan—"

"But," said I, striving to recall the Queen from her very feminine digression, "who are these Cubists that draw like children and paint like misanthropes?"

"They are the very last word in modern art. They are the successors to the Impressionists—whom the Romans have just discovered—and the antagonists of the Pre-Pericleans who reached their zenith during the Julian age."

"May I ask what these Cubists are up to?"

"That is easily answered," replied Zenobia. "By putting new life into art, they are putting ginger into life."

"Dear me! They must belong to those violent revolutionists whom the Senate has just commanded the Emperor Aurelian to exterminate throughout the imperial domain."

"Ha ha ha!" laughed Zenobia merrily. "I dare say you cosmopolitan Romans will call them 'advanced.' Even our Palmyran art-critics like to consider them many centuries ahead of the times. So indeed, they are, if you mean the fashionable times. Now, I don't mind telling you, in the strictest confidence, that our Palmyran Cubists have simply started where the Geometrical artists of ancient Egypt left off. Look at the sculpture on the temple of Abydos, if you don't believe me. Or if you want to learn how slight an advance your illustrious Roman Impressionists form over the great Assyrian sculptors of antiquity, just walk into the Astartean museum in the forum of Palmyra and glance at the muscular statue of the Hercules of Susa or at the famous *Wounded Lion*—two trophies which my husband brought from the sack of Babylon."

The great lady came affably to my side, and continued in a low voice:

"However, let me warn you not to tell this—at least not above a whisper to anybody. If you do, our Educators will be upon you. Half of them, never having known that Egypt or Assyria had an art worth a cultured person's notice, will petition the authorities to put you in durance vile, on the ground that you are corrupting public morals. The other half will engage artists to crush you with expert evidence of the overwhelming technical superiority of modern works of art over ancient ones."

"That," added Zenobia, "is the double barreled gun pointed at any outspoken opinion expressed under a 'free' government of men."

Relieved that the talk had turned from art to politics, I lost no time in telling the Queen that my mission was to find out why the women of Palmyra had instigated the rebellion against Aurelian's rule.

"Because," replied Zenobia with simple dignity, "the intelligent women of my city are tired of helplessly looking on, while men make a botch of civilization."

"Do you really think that women can rule the empire better than men?"

"Can they possibly rule it worse?" was the quick retort. "Can you conceive of a state—ruled by no matter whom—tolerating a more abandoned indulgence of private vice or a more flagrant abuse of public trust than the Roman empire suffers at present?"

"You are dodging the issue, Zenobia, which is 'can women do any better?'"

"I regret to say that you are quite on the wrong track. The question is not whether the entrance of women into politics will result in abler political management than heretofore. If that were the question, you could, no doubt, put forward a strong case in the negative. And I could put forward an even stronger case against my

sex. But that issue is altogether irrelevant. What alone is relevant is the simple fact that women are at length determined not to sit with their hands in their laps while men run the State into a smash-up. And the question the men have got to answer is: what are they going to do about our determination?"

This feminine outburst amused me considerably.

"Oh well," I said a little airily, "we shall always be happy to have women act as the conservative brake on the wheel of State."

"Thank you," said Zenobia deliberately. "It happens that no sensible woman desires to bring the State to a full stop. We propose to guide it in a safer direction."

"Ah, you prefer to act as a sort of fly wheel absorbing and equalizing all irregular movements in the several parts of the great world machine."

"Nothing of the kind," was the distinguished lady's tart reply. "We shan't allow ourselves to be relegated to a purely decorative post. What's the good of a fly wheel when the power has given out? Men talk like scrubwomen of safe and sane and equable progress. In the light of the stupendous inertia of the body of male citizens, what are such phrases but impressive synonyms for no progress at all? No, no. Let men keep the fly wheel job as long as they can hold it down. For our part, we'll supply new motive force, and, if need be, we'll operate the machine to boot."

"Suppose the Roman Senate persists in its refusal to give the women a voice in the government?"

"Never fear! We won't take no for an answer. And we will take the vote by force, if the worst comes to the worst. I have already written as much to the Emperor Aurelian, and to show him that mine is no idle menace, I've assembled two hundred legions on a full war footing."

Despite my repugnance to female suffrage, I could not help respecting the indomitable spirit of this fearless woman.

"Your attitude," I said appreciatively, "though perfectly reckless, is nevertheless sublime."

"You remind me of my friend, the philosopher Longinus," returned Zenobia, with a spark of temper. "You speak as if assuming sublimity were like wearing the scantiest tunic from Athens on a walk down the Via Augusta, or driving the latest 90 slave-power chariot from Claire to the Palatine race course. What you and Longinus and most males do not understand is that woman has a more fundamental interest in the well-being of the State than man. In the final showdown, the preservation of the race and therefore of the State depends upon her. Her instinct bids her at all hazards to safeguard the race, particularly when its continued existence is threatened. And what her instinct bids her do, it is her right to do."

"In this sex warfare," I objected, "there is one inequality that your majesty has not weighed in the balance. May I remind you that when Phryne was accused before the Athenian judges of a capital crime, she secured her acquittal by the simple device of baring her person? What man could have gained release as easily?"

Zenobia shrugged her shoulders in an ecstasy of contempt.

"Had the judges been women trying a veritable male Apollo," she said acridly, "you may depend upon it that the prisoner would not have gone scot free. Do you think that we women, who have exploited the whole range of melodramatics before we reach 15, could be imposed upon by such cheap *ad captandum* effects? Not if I know my sex. Our training does not permit our aims to be obscured by the maudlin sentimentality that is perpetually vitiating the work of men."

"Yet the belief is widespread among Romans," I replied with dignity, "that women enjoy privileges not possessed by men. We regard woman as something finer, nobler, purer than ourselves. We place her on a pedestal as high as our deities. We worship her as Vesta, the goddess of the hearth!"

"Bosh!" retorted Zenobia, with projectile violence. "You place her on a pedestal either when you have company to tea, or between bed-time and breakfast. During the rest of the twenty-four hours you summarily jerk her off her display-window peg and let her wash your togas, shine your sandals, scrape your carrots, and curl your mustaches."

"That is one of life's mystic paradoxes," was my triumphant re-

tort. "Allow me to quote a famous epigram from the illustrious Tuscan poet, Gaius Chester Tonius: 'A woman never rises to a loftier eminence than when she stoops to scrub.'"

The effect of this quotation was, I confess, somewhat disconcerting, nay more, it was humiliating to my pride. Zenobia nearly doubled up with laughter and was lost to my presence for several minutes. I could not forbear casting a reproachful glance at her, whereat she recovered and wiped the tears from her eyes.

"If Tony would only stick to his last and write his paradoxes in verse instead of in prose," she said with ill-repressed glee, "his reputation would stay unsullied, since nobody would ever take the trouble to thread the labyrinth of his nonsense. However, to return to the point. These privileges that men are so eager to force women to keep—we do not want them. Moreover, we do not need them. We would joyfully exchange a ton of privileges for an ounce of rights."

"I'm not sure that I quite follow Your Majesty," I said, after reflecting a little.

I was about to favor the queen with a healthy, masculine view of women's rights and privileges, when her Highness's eloquence cut me short.

"What are privileges but sops thrown by the oppressor to the oppressed, by the strong to the weak! Well, we no longer need these sops, because we're no longer weak. The fact is, women are now stronger than men. It is not we who require their support, it is they who require ours."

This sally of Zenobia's tickled me hugely.

"It is plain," I remarked, controlling my laughter, "that Zenobia's fame as a wit and paradoxist has not spread without cause from the Caspian Sea to the Pillars of Hercules. For, of course, you do not mean what you infer?"

"Why not?" returned the queen, swift anger flashing into her eyes. "The evidence makes the inference unavoidable. Has it ever occurred to you that woman holds the same position in the modern family that man holds in the modern community? Well, though you may reply that the family leaves a good deal to be desired, you cannot deny that, compared with the State, it is a well-organized, equitable institution. If wives and sisters directed the family with the same bungling of opportunities and muddling of plans by which husbands and brothers misdirect the State, to what appalling straits do you think the civilized world would be reduced?"

I could scarcely believe that Zenobia was serious. At any rate, not conceding her premises, I refused to answer.

"Just like a man!" was her sardonic comment. "When driven into a corner, he always takes refuge in a contemptible silence."

"If women are as strong as you assert—" I began.

"There's no 'if' about it," came the imperious interruption. "Women *are* stronger than men. They are more logical in thought, more outspoken in expression, more unswerving in action, and more courageous in supporting their convictions. Do you wonder, then, that women decline to follow when men cannot lead?"

I was stung to the quick by Zenobia's arrogant insistence on feminine superiority.

"With such a wealth of virtue," said I, sarcastically, "it is strange that your sex has not always assumed the lead."

"Time was," she coolly retorted, "when the family was the unit of the State. Woman's voice in the family was as powerful as it was direct, and she was able to minimize the blunders of man by pushing her partner into public affairs and letting him play heroic parts in the rostrum, the Comitium, or the Senate. This was all very well as long as the community was a federation of families and nothing more. But the expansion of agriculture, commerce and industry to gigantic dimensions, with the consequent rise of great cities like Antioch, Massilia, Alexandria and Palmyra, brought about a radical change in the social structure. The community took the place of the family as the unit of the State. So rapid was this transition that, in the confusion accompanying it, an appalling crime occurred before women were fully conscious of the drift of events. Stupified by laziness, indiscipline, hero-worship, cowardice and greed, men let slip their freedom to the twelve knights of finance—I might say, the twelve money-bags—before whom the whole Roman world now cringes. To reclaim the race from this degradation has proved too

big a job for the feeble men. Wherefore it has fallen upon women to gird themselves for the task. Henceforth, we propose to take an active part both in puncturing the money bags, and in melting down their golden power."

"Do you seriously think you can accomplish so much by gaining the vote—the vote that even men hold in contempt and that, among the common rabble, has a market value of ten sesterces or less?"

"You need not remind me that the day has gone when the vote was an effective six-shooter of which the financial traffickers, higher up as well as lower down, stood in some awe. Do you suppose that women don't realize how pusillanimously men have allowed the money bags to substitute blank cartridges for real ones? Nevertheless, the vote is still a weapon—poor as it is—so, in default of a worthier instrument, we must be content to seize it in order to take our rightful posts in the ranks of the militant community."

"Perhaps your Highness justifies Woman Suffrage on the ground that the female sex will purify and refine the coarse arena of male politics?"

"Juno forbid! Politics have already been super-refined. Men have actually grown so tender and squeamish that party rivalries have declined to pretty games of battledore and shuttlecock. Worse than that, an outspoken disagreement on political questions is regarded as coarse, strictures on incompetent officials are denounced as unpatriotic, while unsparing exposures of corruption in the highest public stations are put absolutely under the ban. All this will stop, however, when we have galvanized politics with a little venomous womanliness."

"Your Majesty jests."

"Only as the hangman jests on the scaffold. Have you ever watched the Comitia Tributa on election day? Of course you have. Then you have seen free born Romans meekly slinking into the Comitium to deposit their ballots under the touching guidance of gladiatorial 'watchers' hired by tribunitial heelers. You know what these ballots offer: a choice between two Senatorial candidates guaranteed by exactly the same consular bosses and selected for the irreproachable respectability of their triplex patrician names. Now, how do our free men of Rome defend this state of affairs? Why, they do not defend it at all. They are too busy thronging to the Colosseum or the Flaminian Circus where their manly bosoms may thrill at the spectacle of kings and statesmen killing crocodiles, monkeys 'rah-ing' like college students, or gladiators clouting each others' jaws at 20,000 sesterces a clout. And when our fine flowers of Roman citizenship are not thus engaged, they are content to cry: 'anything for a quiet life, anything to preserve good feeling.'"

The Queen's diatribe, with its typically feminine misconception of our virile Roman sports and politics, amused me greatly.

"Do you think women will act otherwise, if ever they assume control?"

Zenobia answered without a moment's hesitation.

"You won't catch them meekly submitting to political bullies for the sake of concord, harmony or good feeling. In the pursuit of an ideal, women can be absolutely cold, merciless, cruel and unswerving, to a degree undreamt of by men. Should good feeling come between women and their ideal of a well-ordered State, good feeling would be swept aside like the dust before a chariot. Indeed, I will engage my word that, with the advent of political equality, we shall be able to repeat the stirring phrase spoken in a more spirited age by Senator Catiline; 'Gentlemen, the era of ill-feeling has begun.'"

"Your Majesty must admit," I said in protest against this explosion of conceit, "that very few women have shown marked capacity in statecraft, that still fewer have reached the first rank in the fine arts, and that none at all have gained renown in war."

"I admit nothing of the sort. On the contrary, it would be easy to overwhelm you with examples from Assyria, Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome, of ladies whose executive astuteness, administrative skill, military prowess and literary genius have made their names immortal. It is a pity that men are so culpably ignorant of the most elementary facts of history. Still, even a Roman journalist must have heard of the exploits of Semiramis who ruled a dominion larger than the Roman Empire, constructed Babylon and its hanging gardens, and led victorious armies into every civilized country then

existing. And I shan't insult your intelligence by reminding you of Queen Hippolyte whose Amazons fought victoriously against the army of Theseus until they were betrayed by Antiope, the only clinging vine among the sisterhood and the first anti-suffraget on record."

"Surely, Zenobia," I remonstrated, "you know that these stories are myths!"

"Myths? I dare say they are. But myths are the most original sources to which the historian's researches carry him, and they are usually more reliable than all his other sources. A myth is neither more nor less than a record of some former tremendous human experience whose salient significance has been preserved, while its petty social or political details have been forgotten. Everything and everybody becomes a myth in time. Even I and this historical interview I'm giving, will some day become a myth."

As Zenobia said this with a perfectly straight face, I decided to fall in with her merry humor. Accordingly, I gravely begged her to go on enumerating the female champions of the past.

"The list is tediously long," said the Queen of Palmyra. "So I shall confine myself to a few representative examples. To begin with our own epoch, there is Livia whose discreet and efficient regency during the dotage of Augustus turned the imperial government from tyranny to beneficence. In Trajan's reign we meet Plotina to whose influence we ascribe a brilliant revival of letters and the rise of the feminist movement. At an earlier period, Cleopatra did credit to her sex in ridding Egypt of her brother's vile political rule. Nor must it be forgotten that she successfully defied Octavian by force of arms, until her strong womanly nature went to pieces through an unfortunate fascination for a handsome, voluptuous Roman dandy. Besides all these, there are Sappho and Erinna, the immortal Greek poetesses, Julia Fadilla, the noted Roman writer, Sabina who erected a meeting-hall for women in Hadrian's reign, and Julia Domna, 'the Philosopher' as Philostratus called her, who is justly remembered for her enthusiastic devotion to art, politics and letters. It is only a generation ago that this famous lady formed the metropolitan women's club whose activities gave birth to the movement in Palmyra. If you want more names, any primer of history will tell you how Electra and her maids-in-arms cleansed Mycenae of official corruption and domestic iniquity, or how her sister Iphigenia with a handful of intrepid females helped Orestes and Pylades to escape from the savage Taurians. On that glorious occasion, Iphigenia uttered the words—now the motto of our Palmyran suffragets—'We must help the men to help themselves.' And I must not fail to mention the experience of Pompey in the war against Mithridates. As any schoolgirl that has read Pliny knows, the Roman general met with the most desperate resistance from a brigade containing a regiment of Amazons. Not until this regiment had been blotted out to the last woman, did Pompey conquer the Pontine king. But it is hardly my business to teach you history, especially as the great academies still admit men more readily than women."

This Vesuvian outburst of feminine exaggeration utterly abashed me. I reflected that I could only treat the subject with gentle irony.

"A gallant man, Your Majesty, always contends that women have no faults at all."

"They have one very serious fault," said Zenobia gravely. "They still dress to please men. It is true that the suffragets have given up the barbarous trains which men like to see women trailing through the city's mud. As for the other women, half of them still encumber their limbs with useless, dust-collecting draperies, whilst the other half wear costumes that neither conceal nor reveal, but plainly suggest."

The words drew my direct attention to Zenobia's garb which, I confess, I had already furtively admired. Her pale blue dress was girt high, and with a graceful overfold below the waist, it fell trimly to the knees. A royal-blue mantle of soft Corinthian silk was drawn under the left arm and fastened with a pearl brooch upon the right shoulder. Pergamon sandals completed her attire. I observed that both arms enjoyed free swing and were, like her shapely legs, entirely uncovered.

The draperies with which our Roman maidens enshroud their charms like caterpillars in cocoons, seemed frumpish and dowdy

compared with Zenobia's simple habit, and I fear that my complimentary gaze betrayed my thoughts.

"In this costume," said Zenobia gaily, "we shall conquer the world."

A sarcastic retort with which I was about to devastate her levity was lost forever upon the entrance of a graceful page bearing a helmet and sword in her arms.

"There!" said Zenobia, as she rose and placed the helmet on her head. "The hour is at hand. I must leave you and take my place at the head of my troops. Like every woman I loathe war, I regard it as man's most barbarous toy, and in good time I shall abolish it—if need be, at the point of the sword. But this is no time for mannish consistency. Our immediate duty is to beat men at their own childish game. Aurelian has flatly refused to grant Palmyran women their rights. We shall therefore proceed at once to wrest them from this reactionary Caesar."

"And if you fail?"

"If we fail, the clock of progress may be set back two thousand years."

"What compromises are you willing to make?"

"None at all. Yet, we shall be fair to men, if we are victorious. We shall surrender our public privileges for equal political rights. Contrariwise, if men surrender their domestic privileges, we shall grant them equal rights in the home."

"How about the anti-suffragets?"

"Oh, we shall be fair to them, too. The married ones never live very long, anyhow. As for the unmarried ones, we'll marry them off, as fast as possible, to our handsomest Palmyran heroes or to our bravest Roman prisoners. Matrimony," added Zenobia, as she graciously closed the interview, "invariably turns the most irreconcilable opponents we have, into fiery advocates of the cause."

The Two Youths

By FRANK L. KOCH

THERE ONCE LIVED two youths, who were almost inseparable. As is customary with very young men they spent a great deal of their time in philosophical discussion, and they were most anxious to reduce the conduct of life to an ethical formula. And because they could agree about nothing they were very good friends.

"I don't care what I do as long as I know it is right," said the elder youth.

"I don't care what is right as long as I know what I do," responded the other.

But both agreed that there were two unpardonable sins. The first and lesser sin was to hide any part of one's life from the world. And the second and greater was to commit any deed or give utterance to any word that was contrary to one's nature.

And so the two youths decided to do exactly as their natures dictated, and to publish to the world everything that they did.

The elder youth said: "The noblest occupation in this world is study. And the greatest of studies is Man. Hence I shall shut myself up in my chamber, and there, undisturbed by people, I shall make a study of mankind."

And the younger youth said: "The noblest occupation in this world is study. And the greatest study is Man. Hence I shall go out into the world, and there, surrounded by people, I shall make a study of mankind."

The elder youth said: "It is contrary to my nature to indulge my passions," and so he curbed his passions.

And the younger said: "It is contrary to my nature to curb my natural desires." And so he indulged his natural desires.

The elder youth said: "I believe that men should be as chaste as women." And so he preserved his chastity.

And the younger youth said: "I believe that women should be as chaste as men," and so he set about to make women as chaste as men.

The elder youth said: "We ought to be unselfish and help others. For if we do not help others no one will help us." And he became a philanthropist.

The younger youth said: "We ought to be selfish and help ourselves. For if we look out for ourselves, no one will have to help us." And he became a socialist.

And the World, which these two youths took into their confidence, began to notice them. And, as is customary when the World begins to notice a person, people began to talk about them.

And people said of the elder youth: "He is always telling us how good he is. It is impossible that a man should be as good as this one talks. How do we know what he does when he is supposed to be making a study of Mankind in the seclusion of his chamber? He is a prude and a hypocrite." And they made him president of a society for the suppression of a vice which they did not want suppressed.

And of the younger, people said: "He is always telling us how wicked he is. Surely he cannot be as bad as he talks—For is he not always in our midst, studying us, and can we not see that he is not a bit worse than other young men? He is a good fellow."

And the wealthiest billionaire in the land made him the husband of his beautiful and virtuous daughter.

Off Gibraltar

By SARA TEASDALE

A HUNDRED ships in the harbor
When evening lit the stars,
Lay resting at their moorings
With lights upon their spars.

My heart is a ship and ever
It sails a windy sea,
The night comes on, but no harbor
Holds out its arms to me.

Sorel—Metaphysician of Violence

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

M. GEORGES SOREL has been generally misunderstood in America because people have been led to look upon him as the "metaphysician" of Syndicalism. Syndicalism has been misunderstood for the same reason. There is more in Syndicalism than is dreamt of in the philosophy of M. Sorel. And there is more in the thought of M. Sorel than is expressed in the activity of revolutionary syndicalists. Syndicalism and M. Sorel are by no means one and the same thing.

M. Sorel has without a doubt borrowed more from the revolutionists than the revolutionists have borrowed from him. His thought is none the less profound, independent, and compelling. He would be the last person in the world to assume the role of professional thinker for the proletariat. Yet his reputation in the English-speaking world seems to be based upon the assumption that M. Sorel is one of the leading "intellectuals" of the syndicalist movement! If there is any lesson the direct-actionists might learn from the works of Georges Sorel, it would be his bitter warning against the disillusionment with which the "intellectuals" poison the sources of the revolutionary spirit.

Do not search in the "Reflection on Violence" or "Illusions of Progress" for the "theories" of Syndicalism. Read Sorel rather as a social historian and as one of the most profound analysts of society. Then his thought, irritating and disconcerting as it generally is, becomes truly enjoyable.

A metaphysician of violence, he is generally a very violent metaphysician. He dynamites the most imposing philosophical and sociological "systems." He wastes no time in pointing out the iniquities of the inevitable. For instance, he never writes heavy volumes to prove that the State has been captured by the powerful interests, that there is an inexplicably close relation between the Courts and Big Business. On the contrary, he believes that we should have a veritable sensation in the history of the world if such were not the case.

He is an acrid critic of the superficial method of the *bourgeois* economists and sociologists because he has subjected his own methods to unusual and unique tests. For twenty years, he tells us, he blasted at the perfectly good education that had been bestowed upon him. Having escaped from this straight-jacket, and by persistent effort got rid of the last vestige of a ready-made idea, he set himself the task of thinking for himself, of teaching himself. This in itself, according to M. Sorel, is no mean achievement, in these days of canned thought and college-cut ideas.

His violence is in no small degree the result of his reaction from the academic in any form. "I am not a professor, I am not making a bid for popularity, I have no aspirations to become the leader of a political party," he declares with pride. University professors are among the worst sufferers from his critical nitroglycerine. They are parasites—shopkeepers in ideas! Their time is spent in retailing the husks of discarded ideas. True thought is generated by Life itself, and never separated from it.

Pupils and followers are as bad as "masters." They have an insidious influence upon a thinker. They were disastrous for Marx. (And what say you, M. Sorel, upon the case of M. Bergson, whom you admire so much, and who has lately been suffering from such a prolonged attack of popularity?) It is one of Life's little ironies that even M. Sorel is looked up to as a master by the "Nouvelle Ecole." His own aim is merely to fan into life the "metaphysical flame" that is never quite extinguished in anyone's spirit, in spite of modern civilization and modern education!

To sense his live, dancing, often acrobatic thought, one must remember that he consciously disdains all the rules of conventional composition. His books present the interesting spectacle of a thought that is attempting to escape from the constraint of those ready-made formulas that have been established for the use of the hypocritical multitudes who pretend to think. His thought aims constantly to become personal and inventive.

This process is new in the field of social philosophy and is not without a dramatic interest. Unconsciously M. Sorel has discovered in the desert wastes of sociology and economics an oasis of Romance. We are continually surprised, shocked, coming upon unexpected revelations. M. Sorel was formerly an engineer, and like many engineers, there is a great deal of the poet in his makeup. We may often disagree with his conclusions: but at least, as M. Guy-Grand points out, his discoveries are always so ingenious and unexpected that we are thrilled and charmed. You may not be convinced: but you will often applaud the dexterity of M. Sorel's mental chorography. He flatters you upon the nimbleness of your intelligence.

His is not, however, mere superficial cleverness. His view of humanity—even if it isn't yours or mine—is an inspiring one. The legend of the Wandering Jew is for him the symbol of the highest aspirations of the human race. We are condemned ceaselessly to press forward, never resting, continuously trying to create a world for ourselves. Sorel abolishes the idea of a static future in which every relation of life will be automatically perfect. There will always be anarchists and revolutionists breaking down the mechanical framework of customs and folkways. In this aspect, he quotes Bergson's comparison of our personality to "a point which is wedging its way into the Future, cutting into it without cease." To Sorel this point represents the purest revolutionary activity. And just as the Future by its characteristic nature is radically and diametrically opposed to the Past, so also does *l'élan vital* or the vital impulse which represents the highest aspirations of humanity, find expression in breaking down everything that has been built up in the past. But he points out as well that men should beware the danger, after freeing themselves from illusions about the past, of becoming enslaved to illusions of the future. The revolutionary movement, he points out, can never follow a path comfortably set out for it in advance. Its very vitality depends upon its activity in the present. There is little use, except as an idle holiday pastime, in embroidering upon plans for the social future, as so many of the Socialists do. If there is really to be a social revolution, it will not be brought about by the Sisyphus-like task of remedying the epiphenomena of the capitalist regime, nor in attempting to abolish this regime by participating in and supporting its structure. In brief, the political activity of the Socialists, for Sorel, is in reality giving a new lease of life to the capitalistic system and is of an intrinsically reactionary type.

Of an inspiring pessimism—"nothing of any value has ever been accomplished in this world that has not been based on pessimism"—he has constructed no dreamy *Blumenweg* for the proletariat to slouch across into a happy future. He does not pose as "the peepul's furrend," nor stop to pat the "honest workingman" on the back. Briefly expressed, his philosophy calls attention in the most economical manner possible to the fact that if the proletariat as a class is to live, actually live, instead of becoming merely one of the coefficients of machinery, it must dispense with the motivating ideas which are driving in this latter direction. And it can live, not by embroidering largely and at length upon plans for the future, nor by the belief in "evolution," which throws the cushion of "representative government" under the feet of the honest and stupid (these virtues go often hand in hand) workingman, but by its belief and activity in "the general strike." In so doing it will become a part of the *élan vital* of society.

I have not touched upon his conception of the "social myth," his interesting studies of the rise of the Christian church. Interpreters have not been lacking to point out the immediate and direct threat to modern civilization in the work of Sorel. I have wished merely to call attention as well to some of its profundity and fascination.

The American reader will soon be provided with translations of these unique books. Intellectually we love to play with fire. (Why is it that we never get burned?) We still have to import from Europe most of our subversive literature. Sorel will be with us—somewhere in the neighborhood of 1925, I should estimate.

A Reversal of Musical Prophecy

By ARTHUR FARWELL

PROPHESYING is an entertaining occupation for the prophet, much more so, usually, than for his listeners, should he be so fortunate as to have any. When a prophet is dead and gone, however, and his prophecies have been in some sort fulfilled, there are many more persons who are ready to give him his due measure of belated attention. In fact they cannot avoid doing so, for he has made history—that is, *if* he has.

The prophet under consideration is the Bohemian composer, Antonin Dvorak, who made a protracted visit to America some twenty years ago, remaining here several years in an educational capacity, studying the condition and possibilities of music in America, and composing his instantaneously famous symphony, "From the New World."

This symphony, resulting from the composer's study of negro melodies, was a practical illustration of his theory and belief that in the negro folksongs was to be found a source of inspiration for native American composition. From the title which Dvorak gave his symphony, we must assume that he believed that such music, when developed into the higher musical forms, would be representative of this country. In view of the initiation of Mr. H. E. Krehbiel into the profoundest minutiae of Dr. Dvorak's belief, and his laudable vigilance and zeal in the public rectification of the errors of non-apostolic commentators on the matter, no other person would presume to explain exactly what the Bohemian composer thought and believed.

It will amply serve our purpose, however, to know that he recommended the utilization of the raw poetic material of negro folksong as an inspiration for American music. It is nothing to Dr. Dvorak's discredit, or to that of his belief, that his "New World" symphony was almost universally adjudged to embody little or nothing of the American spirit, and to be a thoroughly characteristic work of the Bohemian musician.

The expression of the composer's belief very naturally led to widespread discussion. Into this discussion was injected also the matter of the Indian music. Dr. Dvorak had dipped slightly into that as well, but he gained no insight into it comparable with his understanding of negro music.

On the side of negro music our prophet had considerable popular support. Many persons were to some extent familiar with negro songs, and a great many more were familiar with what they supposed were negro songs (the songs of negro minstrelsy), and there seemed no reason why Americans should not give place to such melodies in their compositions. Not being in his own country, the prophet was not without honor. On the side of Indian music, however, the idea, whether it was launched by Dr. Dvorak or chiefly by MacDowell with his "Indian Suite," met with little favor. The "Indian Suite" was too barbaric for the public to grasp in those pre-Debussyan days, and moreover it had nothing in common with the popular notion of Indian song, which was supposed to find its Alpha in the drum and its Omega in the war-whoop.

A similar condition of thought obtained in the critical fraternity. While both forms of folksong were hotly contested as the basis of our hypothetical national music, it was generally allowed that some worthy results might be obtained with the negro songs, though nothing was to be expected of the Indian.

Then came a lull of some ten years. As Dr. Dvorak's exhortation could in the nature of things be directed, in a practical way, only to the composers themselves, these had to have time to absorb the idea; and as only young composers could seriously entertain so radical a proposition, they had to have time to grow up to an artistic maturity capable of insuring at least an experimentally successful result.

The storm of discussion broke out again with renewed vigor shortly after 1901, in which year the present writer established a press for the publication of progressive and radical American compositions of a sort particularly calculated not to recommend themselves to publishers. The production of compositions based on

"American" folk-sources was a fundamental part of the plan. The discussion, on its reappearance, presented no new features of moment. The negro music was credited with certain possibilities of development; the Indian with practically none at all.

Now another decade has passed, and the unexpected has nobly lived up to its reputation. Through some whim of the gods which no one seems even to have attempted to explain, the position is wholly reversed; the Indian is the one whose songs have been seized upon by the American composer and made the basis of a vigorous and logical development, while with the negro melodies the composer in America has done surprisingly little and has worked only in a desultory and sporadic way. In the Indian field there have appeared operas, orchestral works and smaller compositions, vocal and instrumental, numerous and often notably successful both artistically and commercially. An occasional sonata or orchestral work marks the measure of the development in the negro field. It is not difficult to think of a dozen American composers who have devoted themselves, many in a whole-hearted and serious way, to Indian musical development, while scarcely four or five come to mind who have dealt similarly with the negro melodies. The press referred to has brought out, in the field of primitive development, a great preponderance of Indian compositions, as a great many more of these than of works on negro themes have been submitted to it.

The seeker for the reason of this unexpected and topsy-turvy condition of affairs will not find it as enigmatic as it seems. A number of factors have contributed thus to swing history out of the course designed for it. In the first place, and on the purely musical side, the melody of the Indian, primitive as it is, has proved an enormous surprise both as to its quantity and quality, the truth of this, while known to a few, never having been generally suspected when the subject first arose. The Indian melodies are extremely bold in rhythm, and as striking in contour as the designs on a Navajo blanket, while in "color" and color possibility in development, they rival the very costume of the Indian.

Of deeper significance than this, however, is the fact that the decade before the last represented, in a measure, a popular national awakening to the real nature of the Indian, his religion, his lore, and his arts. Before this time there had been but a superficial knowledge of the Indian, except for the special knowledge of the ethnologists who were preparing the way for a better general understanding of the race. The Indian presents an ideal opportunity for the study of primitive man, not through the medium of a few mouldering ruins, but alive and on his own ground. On the basis of the extraordinary and picturesque discoveries of the representatives of the great museums, a popular movement of interest in the Indian launched itself, which found expression in many ways, from the study of basketry to lectures on the symbolism of the snake dance. The soil was thus prepared for the general appreciation of an Indian musical development.

But particularly the composer was prepared to inaugurate such a development. He was given not merely a foreground of thematic material, but a background of newly discovered myth and legend as well, which acted as a poetic stimulus and guide to the appropriate and characteristic use of the melodies. He was given not merely the musical "color" of Indian melodies to work with, but plain indications, also, of the legendary and romantic forms upon which to lay them out. In the final revelation of the Indian *mythos*, the composer found a new world in which he could move freely in any direction touching the development of music.

No such possibility or advantage has presented itself with regard to the negro. His race has been brought to American soil in comparatively recent years. He is not living on the scene of the childhood of his own race, a fact which deprives the ethnologist and archæologist of the data which they require for their studies. Consequently the latter have turned in the direction of the Indian and have unearthed a great poetic and in some degree unified myth, for

which we have nothing corresponding from the negro race. What we have from the latter race is mostly unrelated folk-lore and legend, which is a much lesser source of inspiration than racial myth. Moreover the number of available negro melodies is infinitely smaller than that of the Indian, which can now be obtained in thousands from the reports and the phonographic records of the different museums.

Even when a composer finds a good negro melody he does not quite know what to do with it. Its words are apt to be a spontaneous outburst of religious enthusiasm, and give him no clue to any poetic myth or legend that may be lurking somewhere in the negro soul, awaiting programmatic musical expansion. A composer who traces up the meaning of the words of a single Indian song will very likely find himself with enough material in hand for the construc-

tion of the scenario of an opera. For this reason we find that the American composer is driven to seek the development of negro music in the abstract musical forms, which are less congenial to him than the modern romantic and programmatic forms. The negro thus far provides musical "color" only (and often a very beautiful sort), while the Indian provides both color and formative idea.

Dr. Dvorak was a true prophet; the American composer has found a vast new source of inspiration in the primitive music of America. But contrary to his thought, the pendulum has swung heavily to the Indian.

If the ethnologists of the future accomplish for the negro race what has already been done for the Indian, there is still the possibility that a corresponding musical development may arise. But at present the Indian is a couple of generations ahead.

To a Defeated Candidate

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

SURELY WE STUMBLE toward an evil day,
For us of late is freedom's path too steep,
Her words perverted in our mouths; we keep
Our bondage willing, aye, endure the sway
Of trickster's hands and redder hands that slay:
Yet this no season to lament and weep,
But to arise and with tempestuous sweep
Hurl the false idols from their seat of clay.

Thou whom the people's voice acclaims their own,
Thou their defender, shalt approach the throne
Of the blind goddess with the awful rod.
And she will know thee victor without flaw,
Or else set Guile above the shrine of God,
And break in twain the tablets of the Law.

The Futility of Female Poets

By MICHAEL MONAHAN

THREE-FOURTHS of the poetry printed in the magazines is contributed by women—a remarkable output considering the great number of these periodicals. This proportion fairly enough represents the degree in which the sexes are given to verse, tho it seems unlikely at first blush that the numerical disparity should be so great.

The reason of this disparity is worth looking into and shall be, if you please, text for the following remarks. I shall not flatter the daughters of the Muses nine in what I am going to say, more's the pity, for I love all women and not least those who have never turned a rhyme or considered emotion from a literary point of view. But we who serve Minerva are obligated to tell the truth at whatever personal hazard; so here's at you, ladies all!—with the profoundest regard for your various adorable perfections. . . .

I have heretofore affirmed that poetry is the male principle, departures from which are to be classed under the head of sexual anomalies. Since the dawn of literature there never has been a woman poet of the first class. I do not except Sappho, who is extravagantly praised because her fame is largely mythical and of whose work only a few fragments remain. It is very curious and suggestive that Sappho *felt* rather as a man than as a woman in the most celebrated of her pieces, a highly sexualized poem,—which fact caused the Greek fathers to fall foul of them and has left the poet's moral reputation looking rather queer to this day. Observe, ladies, that Sappho assumed the male principle in writing the lines to Anactoria, and no better description was ever written of a man in the throes of passionate desire.

This truth unpleasant to state is directly challenged by this most famous female poet: in literature women are always imitative of men and these latter days very often of each other. Notice among our magazine warblers of the female variety how as soon as one hits upon an agreeable or novel tune the others take it up instantly with a great twittering, so that one is put to it to identify the original author—who very likely herself caught it from a man! Thus, when a few years ago the Neo-Keltic revival brought into sudden fame such foreign writers as Fiona Macleod (a man by the way!) Jane Barlow, Nora Hopper, Katherine Tynan, Nora Chesson, Moira O'Neill, etc., immediately the lilting Irish refrains were caught up by American female imitators who had never been nearer Ireland than Hoboken, and the magazines were swamped with their second-hand Gaelicisms. Next to the recall of George Moore to Dublin, this was perhaps the most unfortunate result that has attended the visitation of Kathleen-ni-Houlihan in our time. It surely made many people very sick of the whole Neo-Keltic business and with good reason:—the pert American chaffinches had put to shame and silence the Irish linnets.

As good an illustration as could be asked of the imitative instinct of the female poet—she is in fact nothing if not an imitator; her poetry is a function rather than an inspiration.

Consider another point, Mesdames, and pray keep off a little—the hat-pin, I am well aware, can be in practised hands a weapon mightier than the pen. Ah! thank you. Well, to resume: A poet is judged, as Matthew Arnold has told you, by his *great lines*. Needless to quote from Shakespeare such monumental instances as,

The multitudinous seas incarnadine.

Or,

*Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.*

Or,

*My nature is subdued to what it works in
Like the dyer's hand.*

Or to cite examples similar in effect from Milton, Pope, Dryden, Byron, Shelley, all the great *men* poets. Every one of them has written great lines like Horace's

Exegi monumentum aere perennius,

which we recall as readily as the titles of their most famous poems. In a word, the *line's the thing* in poetry.

Now, Mesdames, you divine what I am going to say, tho I have no pleasure in the graceless office. Well, then, I scarcely know one of your adorable sex who, in the severe sense indicated, has added anything to literature. For you of a truth make many poems but never the *line* that spells the *sacer vates*! Not indeed the greatest of you. It is well known that George Sand absorbed the talent of her several artistic lovers and really gained the better part of her literary fame by prostituting her moral character. Her best she got from men and the range of them was somewhat diversified from Chopin to De Musset. Some of them indeed live to better purpose in her works than in their own.

It is curious that while the French woman thus made herself, so to say, by imitating and taking from men, the English woman known as George Eliot spoiled her later work by an obvious and slavish parodying of her little philosophical prig of a husband Lewes. A striking instance of the ultimate dependence of even the strongest female minds upon the male initiative.

Not long ago I was privileged to read in MS the poems of one of the best known and most deservedly popular of our women poets. They were in all the passionai moods and tenses, clever and specious but acutely reminiscent of the later English poets from Shelley to Kipling, especially the latter, who was often parodied with amazing skill. Mind, I do not say wittingly parodied—tho women have very small conscience in these matters:—the lady had simply absorbed it like an Edison phonograph, and when she came to write, it was simply Kipling again, modified by her special talent. She could so give you a fair copy of the Neo-Kelts or any other existent poetical mode, and like most women poets, with the greatest ease and facility. She boasted of her memory, but had she only known, 'twas a great

handicap to her originality. Her equation was perhaps three parts mime to one part minstrel. I must have read hundreds of her light, clever, often fanciful or spirited pieces, but *not a solitary line of poetry*, in the sense mentioned above.

All female poets have a common stock of "tears," "raptures," "regrets," "great hearts," "divine passions," "infinite yearnings," etc. That uncertain luminary, the Moon, which so potently aids the illusions of love, seems responsible for much of their rhyming and rhapsodizing and they are her modern Corybantes. Heine rather indelicately said of some German emotional actresses, that they literally *made water with their hearts*. Similarly our female poets are prone to excess in their erotic effusions.

Finally, it must be granted that the public in general hates poetry whether by men or women, and the reason is patent enough. Poetry is a more artificial medium of expression than prose and with the adjuncts of rhyme, etc., mediocrity more easily disguises itself therein. To write prose is to come out in the open; to write poetry is to take up an ambush: the public instinctively feels this and gives preference to the honester medium. The practice of poetry lends itself therefore to inferior literary talent of the imitative order,—in a word, to the peculiar talents of women; especially as verse is consecrated to the sentiment of love with which the sex is almost exclusively concerned. This facile art has its uses and delights, I do not deny. It diversifies agreeably the pages of the magazines and is a great convenience in the "make-up," as printers say—that is, in the filling of odd corners. It is mere repetition and iteration, of course, both of words and ideas, but even this is not without value in a time when the taste for original poetry is declining or almost extinct. And surely it furthers the literary spirit in our most remote outposts of culture to be able to boast of a "lady poet" who has had a poem in the "Century" or "Scribner's." I met a lady recently who is the pride of Tuscaloosa because she has had a quatrain in "Harper's."

Few men of strong literary talent give themselves wholly to writing verse nowadays; mainly because the public hates it, with good reason, as I have shown. And so the *ars poetica*, or what there remains of it, is by general consent abandoned to the weaker sex. This is become so much the rule that one is apt to associate that rarity—a *man poet*—with marked feminine attributes; and thereanent hangs many a scandal.

There, ladies!—mayhap I have prosed too much, but my intent was kind. And when all is said, I would debar you from nothing that puts you in a pretty conceit with your charming selves: which is, it must be allowed, the chief merit of your poetry.

Unlösbar

Von KONRAD NIES

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—THE INTERNATIONAL will print from time to time poems by distinguished authors in French and in German. One of our contemporaries, the Smart Set, makes a specialty of occasional French contributions. We, believing German to be of far greater importance to this country, shall initiate our new policy with a German sonnet. Konrad Nies, the author of the following verses, is the most widely known among living German-American Lyrists.]

WAS fragst du nur? Wie soll ich dir erklären
Was unerklärbar ist? Warum dies Wühlen
In Rätseln, deren Glut nicht Worte kühlen,
Die unlösbar uns Qual und Glück gewähren? —

Ich hab verlernt im Kampf mich zu verzehren.
Im Sturm der Fragen, im geheimnisschwülen,
Weiss ich nur eins: dass tief und echt mein Fühlen,
Und dies Erkennen heiligt mein Begehren.

Drum wolle nicht, dass ich dir Lösung künde
Von Rätseln, die das Herz verstrickt in Gluten. —
Wo lichte Gipfel glühn, drohn dunkle Gründe.

Wer wund von Zweifeln, wird in Schuld verbluten.
Nur was als Sünde ich empfind', ist Sünde. —
Doch jedes Glück entströmt dem Quell des Guten.



WHEN SELMA died
No loved one watched, bereft and sorrow-eyed,
Above her calm profundity of sleep;
There was no one to say a prayer, or weep
A tear for some old memory; no hand
To close the dingy shade; no one to stand
At the dark door and guard her squalid rest,
Or draw the spread across her quiet breast.
Outside, the reeling music cried and whined
And wheedled in the night; through the black blind
A sword of yellow light fell in the room
Splitting the gloom.

They came to look, the blighted and the seared,
To stare at her from out their drawn eyes, bleared
With drink and sin. A little while they gazed
Down at the slight pinched figure on the bed,
And one there was who gently stooped and raised

The cold, unjewelled fingers of the dead;
Another creature who had watched the while
Cracked her red lips into a sneering smile;
And one, whose soul was lonelier than the rest,
Let fall the rasping semblance of a jest.
Then, cackling, they passed out, and no one knew
That on the dead girl's cheek a faint rose blew,
Nor that a terrifying, startled trace
Of unforgotten childhood marked her face. . . .

But one there was who bowed beneath the ruth
Of her dishevelled youth.
And when they went, he lingered by the bed,
For he knew all the sorrow of the dead;—
Her's was the grief of loving overmuch,
And all her hopes had withered at his touch:
Her's was the fate to play the harlot's part,
And all her dreams were tangled 'round his heart.

You Whom I No Longer Love

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

WHY AM I WAKEFUL thinking of you in the night,
You whom I no longer love
You who love me no more . . .
And yet if you would turn the handle of my door
And stand before me, white
Like a young dove,
For just a little while
I think I would look up and smile.

What are these thoughts of you that strangle me
In this silent midnight hour?
Memories . . . dreams that cloud my eyes
And like a tempter rise
Mocking my misery . . .
Somehow I wonder if the flower
Of old-time joy would burst to flame
If, dear, you came.

Yea, if you stood beside me in the night,
You whom I no longer love,
You who love me no more,
I would give you both my hands as before
And tremble with delight . . .
No thought would I have of
The years our hearts were dumb,
If you should come.

(. . . And at this moment you are wakeful, too
Thinking of me, as I of you . . .)

The Little Tin Gods

An Aspect of the New York Panic of 1907 by HARRIS MERTON LYON

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Ever since the publication of "Sardonics," a collection of short stories by Harris Merton Lyon, we have looked forward to another book from the pen of this brilliant young literary insurgent. This wish will shortly be gratified by the Saint Louis Mirror. The following story, strikingly interceptive of certain aspects of the Panic of 1907 upon which the recent investigation of the Money Trust has thrown so glaring a light, will be encompassed in Mr. Lyon's forthcoming collection.]

TO TELL THE TRUTH, this should not be called the story of the Little Tin Gods, for it concerns, after all, only one. This is the story of one Tin God, of one who did all along what somebody told him to do—a Tin God who did what was expected of him and who, when the time came, could do nothing else. It is enough.

J. Wallington Beardsleigh lived in upper Fifth Avenue and had a wife, an imported touring car, an electric runabout and three clubs. With a ruddy, handsome smile he wore fifty-three years lightly upon his trim shoulders and his gray head. In matters of dress he was most particular; his grey mustache was neat and slightly waxed; his pearl grey suede gloves were faultless; his black broadcloth overcoat showed the fashionable silk lapels of London and Paris; and above all, the subdued tones of his business dress were enlivened smartly by a bit of bright cravat—a *chic*, clever youthful cravat, a cravat which changed its color fastidiously with the changing weeks, a gay, dashing little cravat which made a fine distinction between dark *cerise* and *vieux rose*. He "wore" a costly walking-stick and permitted himself a delicate perfume upon the lapel of his waistcoat.

He was a *bon vivant*, a teller of sly, good stories, an affecter of the fashions. He carried himself always with a bit of an air whether he happened to be at the race track or in a theatre aisle. He was a first-nighter, an *habitué*, a chorus girl *connoisseur*; a *farceur*, a *raconteur*—really, it requires a great deal of French to describe exactly Mr. J. Wallington Beardsleigh. Possibly you have met that sort of a person before.

Success breathed from him benignantly, from his pomaded hair, from his carnation boutonniere. He was liked by every one—even by his wife, whom he met punctually, when she was in town, once every twenty-four hours. He was liked because of his pleasing personality—whatever that means—and because he was successful... the president of a Fifth Avenue Trust Company, the jolly dashing "Wallie" Beardsleigh. Did anybody say anything about the Beardsleigh of fifteen years ago, the lawyer who put through the big crooked deal? Not in New York; not in the grey old lascivious city. It applauds such things.

Today he was on top—the envious said through cunning and toadying. When his trim figure alighted from the runabout in front of the Pocahontas Building each noon, he would walk briskly into the offices, nod cheerily right and left and ensconce himself smartly in his private room—a polite bluff by a smug crook, commented the envious.

Lct me describe this room to you; it was such a satisfactory sort of a private office for President J. Wallington Beardsleigh of the Pocahontas Trust. For one thing, every bit of furniture in it was slick and shiny; everything was covered with a glistening, pleasing veneer, everything was polished consummately. It was an ornamented little office, an embellished, adorned, decorated, furnished, gilded, varnished, enameled, lacquered, little office. There was a great deal of oil and shellac in this private room. And it was an easygoing place, peaceful, placid, calm, quiet, almost demure; an unexcited, composed, unruffled sort of place. The telephone bell was a velvet drumming; the office servants passed in and out on noiseless feet, deferring humbly to Mr. Beardsleigh. There in tranquility the placid, well-

groomed president would sit down and open his morning mail. At the end of an hour, perhaps, he would reach for the telephone and call up Some One in Wall Street to ask a few questions, possibly to make a luncheon engagement. Then he would don his smart hat, pause to adjust his scarf in a gilt mirror, and step out to his waiting car. It was in such unostentatious ways as these that the Pocahontas was managed.

At three-thirty in the afternoon he dropped into one of his clubs for a moment or two of chat while his tour-car was being brought around from the garage. From there perhaps he was whirled off to the races down on Long Island, if nothing kept him in town. At another club he dined; and in the evening, as a poor, tired business man, he went to the theatre.

You probably do not recall October twenty-first, a certain Monday, in a certain year. But it was worth while remembering for a number of reasons; for one, "The Black Spaniel", a musical show, opened that night on Broadway. J. Wallington Beardsleigh was there. So was Johnings Ballue.

"Did you notice the little blonde, second from the left?" asked Beardsleigh, in the foyer, after the first act. He smoothed down his waistcoat and trimmed his mustache with a light finger, his legs a bit apart, his manner that of a *vieux chien*. "The one they've given that extra little dance all to herself?"

"Yass," was the affected, drawling answer of Ballue. You could never have told from Ballue's looks that he was vice-president of a bank. He had more the air of a British novelist than of a director in the Harrison Trust. "Her name's Crème Condiss. That is, she says it is. I ran up to one of the dog towns and happened, y'know, to meet her. By the way, Beardsleigh, take lunch with me tomorrow, can you? Come down to the bank first. I've got a rare find, by George! You'll envy me."

"What is it?"

"Oh, nothing but a piece of Colonial china—I won't tell you what—upstate farmhouse—octogenarian—top pantry shelf—his mother's mother had owned it." The connoisseur rubbed his hands in suppressed joy. "One of these things that the children had been making mud pies in, y'know. Oh!" he held up his manicured hands—"that glaze! that coloring! M-m!" he paused. They were approached by a squat elderly individual who bulged like a black-and-white beetle in his evening clothes.

"Haw, Pirkit!" The languid Ballue paused to say.

"Well, well, Pirkit, old boy," shouted Beardsleigh.

Pirkit, president of still another bank, was hard of hearing, and, like many a person so afflicted, he had the large, bleak, impassive eye of a goat. His nose betokened a constancy of rich dining. He held a fat little hand behind one ear.

"What do you fellers think of Arciturus in the third tomorrow? A mile and a quarter? Heh? Good, I say. Heh? You get on Bonus Sum today. Heh? I say, fifty to one is purty near as good as the Street. Heh? Rippin' good weather for sport, too."

"He cleaned up a cool ten thousand on him today," murmured Ballue to Beardsleigh under his breath. The goat eyes never blinked in their expressionless greed.

"Lucky old dog," roared Wallie jovially. "Come around and deposit your pocket money in the Pocahontas."

Pirkit grinned. "Pocahontas, heh? Think I'm a chump? Let Hunniwell have my money? Heh? And me lined up with the opposition. How 'bout you, Ballue?"

The other winked broadly. "Oh, we're staying on the outside altogether. Getting ready to lend you some call money at 90."

The three laughed pleasantly as they journeyed toward the smoking room. There they encountered Davis, of the Picadilly Savings. He was the youngest man of the quartette and he bore unmistakable signs of his feverish youthful enjoyment of the financial game. He was not as yet completely graduated into the smug, amply-abdomened set, though his wife was bending her social energies upon him and had almost brought him into the class of club-dawdleys. Feeling the need of a distinctly classy *forte* of some sort and being by nature afraid of oil paintings or china, he had taken up fox-hunting. He was a stoutish, young man with shifty, burning eyes. His nerves were quite broken down and he gestured jerkily as he talked.

"Hullo!" he said, his arms flopping restlessly. "What d'ye think of the show? Pretty good, huh? Notice the fourth from this end, from the right?" He puffed at a small cigar greedily. "What d'ye think of W. P. going to that figure today? Surprised me. Good news, too. I'll buy a half dozen more horses. Just what I needed and I wondered where it was coming from. That's Hunniwell's fine Italian hand though," he declared, boyishly nodding toward Beardsleigh. The latter answered with a smile and turned to Ballue.

"Old man," he said, affectedly, "you remember that green slip we were discussing on that vase"—he pronounced it *voz*—"of mine? The one we thought it absurd to consider Chinese? Well, it is. No, really, I'm not joshing you. It sounds perfectly silly I know; but it is Chinese,—about 1350, too. I don't believe eight hundred was half what the *voz* is worth."

"What d'ye think of Arciturus in the third tomorrow? Heh? Purty good—Heh?" Pirkit was shrieking to Davis. The bell sounded for the second act.

"I'll wager some critic," Ballue was saying with a yawn as he went upstairs with Beardsleigh, "some critic will come out in the morning and say—'The Black Spaniel' is a doggoned success."

"I know an evening paper," chimed in Wallie as they all laughed, "that will probably head its deep and thoughtful criticism with 'Lucky Dog!'"

At one o'clock it happened that the four of them were back at the club taking a night cap. Beardsleigh stood in the middle of the floor, a popular society novel in his hand, picking flaws in the author's description of a scene. The telephone bell rang out in the hall. They could hear a servant answering. "Yes—he's here." Then the man appeared in the doorway and said:

"Mr. Beardsleigh, you're wanted, sir."

Beardsleigh lifted his neat eyebrows in surprise and crossed the room.

In a moment his voice changed from a languorous, affected "Hello," to a sharp exclamation.

"What! Tomorrow! Great God, I can't do it! I'll need all the cash I've got. I—"

There were some short sentences from the other end of the line. Then Beardsleigh went on:

"You're sure? They've gone to smash? Positively? I know, yes, yes. But I'm taking a big risk and all I've got is your word. You—"

The curt informant evidently cut in again.

Beardsleigh almost screamed in reply:

"Oh, God, no! Don't do that, please—please don't! Listen, I—Hello! Hello! Central—give me that number again. You can't get it? Why? Oh, yes he will. Try, for God's sake, try!" After a moment he slammed the receiver down and came slowly into the room, a sickly smile on his face. His white hands ran through his hair and he moistened his lips, as if to speak. Then he turned on his heel, went out to the desk and wrote a message.

"Call a messenger and send that," he said loudly. When he re-entered to where the three gaping men sat, it was with an air of manifest bravado.

"What in thunder—" began Davis.

Beardsleigh shrugged his shoulders foppishly with a nervous jerk. "There'll be a small portion of Hades turned loose—panic—nothing less. Each of you'll get your dose of medicine here tonight—before you leave—bet you the drinks you do—"

"Heh? What?" shouted old Pirkit with his hand behind his ear, his watery eyes fixed upon the speaker's drawn face.

"Are you joking?" sneered Ballue, twisting a cigar. Beardsleigh had sat down and was pulling at his face; it seemed grotesquely as if he were massaging it.

"I only wish I were," he faltered, his brain busy with other things.

Inside of a quarter of an hour Davis, Ballue and Pirkit were telephoned for by the men who owned them, their banks and their sold-out depositors. There was no use disguising things pleasantly any longer. Each had to face an inordinate demand for money. By some subtle means already the grim rumor of the panic was spreading over the darkened city. The newspapers had hold of it. The people—what would happen when they heard of it? From time to time the four sleepless men got little tidbits of news—later comers brought it in, messengers flew thick and fast, the telephone worked constantly. A half hour, an hour, an hour and a half, two hours went by. Panic had fallen upon the little, white-faced cigar-smokers, the four of them in the sombre room. How they smoked cigars! The ashes fell over their clothes and dusted the tables and the carpets. Their faces grew pallid in the artificial light, the lines bitten deeper upon them as if by some subtle acid. The old clock ticked irritatingly on the silence as each of them thought, thought, thought. Beardsleigh tried to remember what his main securities were; of course, Hunniwell owned them, but what were they? How much cash had he on hand in case of a run? His back sagged forlornly; his eyebrows puckered. He lit a fresh cigar and scratched his pomaded scalp. Three other brains in the room were monotonously going over the same questions. Three other consciences were smitten by the same thought: What would the Big Man do in the morning?

Beardsleigh thought of appealing to Ballue. But at that moment Ballue was wondering if Pirkit could come to his aid; and blunt, old, unemotional Pirkit was ready with a desperate appeal to Davis. A sight of each one's face prevented each question. They drifted away at last with a nervous round of laughter.

"Well," said Beardsleigh jauntily as he stepped out to his waiting runabout, "*la nuit porte conseil, messieurs!* The thing will look all right by daylight." When he was safe in his car, he broke down and sobbed dryly, his soft hands pressed against his temples. Instead of going home he went to a Turkish bath.

The next day he was in his office by eight thirty for the first time in his life. At nine a little crowd had begun to eddy about the door of the Pocahontas and to drift inside and at half past nine he noted what seemed to him a remarkably large number of people in the lobby. All the time he was trying to get in connection with Hunniwell, but the Big Man had not as yet turned up at his Wall Street office and no one knew just where to find him. It was thought that possibly he had gone to Washington. Beardsleigh called in a teller.

"What are they doing? Drawing out?" he asked.

The teller nodded.

At ten o'clock he had to ask for police to maintain order. The run had begun.

All that day seemed to Beardsleigh a phantasmagoria of Terror, a nightmare of false shapes, grotesque, distorted things that are supposed to come only in fever and delirium. Most awful of all was the sensation of falseness, recurring dumbly, leadenly, sickeningly—falseness to his trust, falseness among his friends, especially the falseness of the Big Man in time of need, the falseness of the whole foolish panic. He strained at the terrible burden. These things did not come upon him all at once. He went to work quietly, at first, to levy upon his presumable resources, using his old cunning, his high handed aplomb. But the whole city was in a panic. He tried here and there, uptown and downtown, to get assistance, first jokingly to cover his apprehension and then in deadly earnest when he found he was caught. He called up a conservative man, Burlett, who had done him favors in the past.

A dry hard laugh came back over the wire. "I'm sending a man around there now, Mr. Beardsleigh, to draw out the three quarters of a million I've got with you people," marked Burlett. "Need it over here. We're apt to have a flurry ourselves."

The instrument dropped from his nerveless hand and clattered to the floor unheeded. His stomach felt peculiarly weak and the top of his mouth was very dry. He licked his lips spasmodically. Three quarters of a million in one check!

Then in earnest began the tossing of his little ship. Things moved past his mental vision uncannily. Faces seemed to him all dead white in color. He remembered talking to some newspaper men and declaring that he had plenty of money to tide over the little difficulty; he pointed to a pyramid of currency in the middle of the floor behind the three tellers. He tried to address the crowd of depositors once but could not be heard above the clamor, and Brown, his assistant, pulled him roughly down off the chair and thrust him back into his private office. That office! That slick, sleek, well-kept, silent office. Newspapers, telegrams, wearing apparel littered the once spotless floor; his desk had been rumaged through and the documents lay in confusion like so much dry flotsam; the telephone had been crunched under his heel; glasses of water had been spilled; ink had been upset; and over all lay countless fluffy wads of cigar ash.

At noon he sneaked out and got away to lunch; but he did not lunch. He went straight to the bar of the hotel.

"Give me a Manhattan cocktail," he ordered. "No—wait a minute. Make it straight whiskey. Rye."

He gulped down four of them in quick succession.

Should he go back? Laboring under a sort of official impression that he ought to be upon the ground in case anything important in the way of assistance turned up, he decided to return. The police helped him fight his way through the shoving, defiant gang. He, President Beardsleigh, who was wont to come down at twelve and trip his way up the silent immaculate steps.

How vulgar! he thought as he was hustled along.

On the steps, just before he entered the Pocahontas Building, he stood still, his aesthetic sense thrilling strangely to a certain sensation. He could hear a cry out in the streets, the most ominous of all human sounds, hollow, forlorn, portentous with foreboding, the one cry in all the civilization of the cities which grips the heart—the shout of the newsboys announcing their "Extras." It echoed in his ears as he pushed his way in. It stuck in his brain after he was in his office.

Why had that cry held him? he asked himself. Then he admitted. His soul was a blank check, his nice little dilettante soul, upon which Hunniwell had merely to write his name—and cash it. Soon his depositors, that shuffling, good-natured American mob out there, would know. They would learn that he had sold them out, body and soul. Trust them to find out that their money was gone!

"I've got to get down to the Street," he exclaimed to Brown.

His assistant, a young, clean, square-jawed boy, looked him straight in the eye.

"Yes, I think you'd better," he answered. "You'd better get some of the rest of these miserable thieves to go in with you. Oh, I don't care now. My job's gone and I'm glad of it. If I didn't have work to do, I'd tell you more about what I think of you—you—great—big—fake!" Beardsleigh's eyes glared. So did Brown's. It seemed to be a day of glaring eyes.

"You wait, sir. I'll pull this out and then, damn me, if I don't attend to you!" ejaculated the president as he left.

In Wall Street he had to pursue Hunniwell around from office to office. The whole place was in an uproar; nobody cared for anyone else. There was no pity, no sympathy, no offer of assistance. Vaguely he caught stray rumors—the Southeastern had failed; the Clearing House had repudiated the Liberty State; the Olympic in Brooklyn had gone to the wall. Excited financiers tore around in a perfect babel of telephonic conversation, personal appeals and importunings. Call money was going up—up—up. Nobody knew where anything stood. Little bald-headed men rushed out of tall grey buildings and burrowed into taller and greyer buildings. Everywhere policemen attempted to manipulate frantic crowds.

At three-thirty Beardsleigh got word with Hunniwell. The Clearing House bankers he had depended upon had "gone back on him," he said, Beardsleigh was to come to an all-night session of financiers at Delmonico's. Until then he could do what he liked; what he did, did not matter. So he made his way back to the Pocahontas.

He expected the place to be quiet again after its close at three o'clock. But it wasn't. A long file of people stood along the curb. He questioned a policeman.

"They'll wait there all night for their money," said the officer.

Beardsleigh with a grey face made his way to his office through the pandemonium outside. Brown, bending above a pile of checks, sneered at him in return for his sneer and left him alone. Outside there were yells and moans and the crowd grew thicker; out there in the lobby he heard the shuffle, shuffle of myriads of feet and the droning babble of ominous voices. Once in a while a sharp nasal was raised in argument. He felt the burly, vindictive, restless tumult of the people on the other side of that varnished partition. He could see cabs drive up and wait for some fashionable depositor to enter and get her money—too late. He recalled how motor cars all morning long had coughed as if in angry impatience while their masters drew out their thirty and forty thousands in cash. Beardsleigh chewed his shiny pink nails as he saw the police-

men threaten the throng of wide-eyed, curious bystanders. Out of sight of the people himself, he paced the floor, his eyes staring straight ahead, his face in his hands. He recalled a chance remark he had overheard in the Waldorf bar: "Oh, the little Tin Gods make their little mistakes!" some one had said, gaily.

For the first time, for the very first time he realized where his money had come from. Never before had he known of his depositors, except in a social way, and only one or two of the noted ones at that. But this big, brutal, human thing he had never known, this thing with its deep, menacing voice, its fearful accumulated power, its beastly, indomitable aggressiveness. For the first time the little Tin God heard the thundering awakening of the great Jove. He was appalled whenever he looked into that whirlpool of twitching human faces out there, so full of red blood and vulgar strength. He grew mawkish at the thought of this terrifying power. He knew his bank could not stand.

"Give me my money!" shrieked an old woman. "What do I care what time of day it is? I want my money. I'm a widow and I have to have it!"

The nervous tellers tried to speak in the pandemonium; once, even, angry fists beat against the veneered panels of Beardsleigh's door and he shrank back in spite of himself. It was not that he was afraid, exactly, but this was such a brutal way of forcing the fact home upon him. The fists of his depositors against those varnished boards! What an incongruous, vulgar thing to happen to the President of the Pocahontas Trust!

It was supper time before he got away. Brown sent the books in by a subordinate. They had used three windows all day long, out of sheer bravado.

Paid out, seven million, five hundred thousand dollars!

Beardsleigh drove to the club in wild confusion, his thoughts tumbling about like frightened fish in a net. What was going to happen? What would Hunniwell do? A sudden shock made him aware of what other things were going on around the city. He was just bracing himself at the bar with another drink of whiskey when a member rushed in aghast and exclaimed:

"My God, what a day! Wallie, old man, have you heard what happened? About Ballue? He killed himself this afternoon! Oh, this is awful, awful! Why the hell can't it be stopped?"

Beardsleigh looked at him in a stupor. His wrist fell heavily against the glass of liquor, knocking it over. He clawed his mustache uncertainly and spoke at last:

"You say—he—Ballue—he—"

The other looked up with a fierce light in his eye. "Pirkit has been arrested. Hah! By God, *arrested!* And Davis is in a sanitarium since five o'clock. He broke down when he heard of Ballue, you know."

A dazed silence followed the words. Beardsleigh's eyes winked weakly and the one hand continued its monotonous clawing at his mustache. He signed to the bartender to refill his glass, and shook the contents down his throat nervously.

"Ballue—d-dead? Pirkit, old Pir— And Davis?" Whimsically it appealed to his sense of the artistic, once the first dread had passed. How the flies die at the first frost! Ballue, the china collector! The man who had invited him to take lunch with him that day to show him a "find" in Colonial china! Ballue, who had always been so particular that his tie, handkerchief, and hose should exactly match in color! Ballue, who had sold out his depositors with a jest! Ballue dead!

But he had too much on his mind just now; his own troubles rushed back redoubled. He looked around the club with a shudder. He could not endure staying there that evening. If he had been dazed before, he now became ex-

actly the opposite, flushed, nervous, in meticulous haste. Arranging to meet several of his directors at the Holland House, he swung out into the night air with a freshly lit cigar between his teeth. The rush of the cool autumn air dispelled the nasty morbid feeling of the club rooms and revived his courage. He tried coaxing himself into a semblance of self-reliance. He had talked the matter over with the directors by telephone and messenger all day; they were as powerless as he, to be sure; but they would all meet the big chiefs that night at Delmonico's and surely something could be done, surely all those old, grey headed men who had spent their lives in the business would find some way of relief. He did not understand why they hadn't been able to do so long before this. If he were in control of the situation, he surely would have righted matters. He remembered several legal loopholes. Anyway, things might change entirely around by the next day. Maybe there was nothing much to be feared.

As he thought of this he passed by his own bank; he was compelled to do so in order to reach the Holland House. A thin, querulous line of shivering boys and men had already formed before the doors of the Pocahontas; some of them carried lunches and dinner pails, prepared for a vigil of fifteen hours until the bank should open! The sight struck into him like a knife. And the next moment he was thinking of Ballue.

The dinner with the directors was a solemn affair, gotten through with in a sort of nervous woe, eaten as if by four wooden automatons wearing tragic masks. Automatons—each one of them at last felt himself to be exactly that. Automatons! Some uncouth man had long ago called their whole kind by a blunter name—"dummies." Here at the table they would have argued, schemed, devised; only they had done nothing else all day and were worn out with over much futility. It was best to wait, wait and see what the Big Men would do up at Delmonico's later on. And so the meal dragged to the end, sombre and anticipatory.

At one o'clock in the morning Beardsleigh and five of his associates were still waiting in an antechamber while Hunniwell and the big chiefs on the other side of the door argued, inspected securities, discussed the market, and argued again. Once in a while he could hear their voices. Every few minutes coffee, cigars and liquors were brought up. The lights in Delmonico's had been turned low and the hush of a weary night hung over the place, broken occasionally by the dull intonation of some one reading off and checking a list of stocks, in there among the captains. Not once was Beardsleigh asked for; not once was his opinion requested. He might have been a block of wood, so far as he counted in the game.

At two o'clock he still waited. At half past two, some one came out for a breath of fresh air and casually remarked to Beardsleigh that the Pocahontas securities had not attracted much favor. He talked lightly as if the Pocahontas was but a drop in the bucket.

"Pretty poor stuff," said the men. "Oughtn't to get tied up with that sort of junk on your hands."

"I know it, I know it," whined Beardsleigh, "but what's Hunniwell going to do? It's up to him. Hunni—"

"He's busy with bigger things right now. He'll drop twenty million before this situation's over, and he's working hard in there to save his precious hide. Remember, he's got other things to think about besides Pocahontas. His whole string's in danger." He turned on his heel and walked curtly back through the door.

Beardsleigh lit a cigar and tried to smile. The other directors sat stolidly waiting, however, and in a few moments he himself lapsed into a stoney motionlessness. The clock ticked away for another half hour, relieving by its regular insist-

ency the droning hum of voices behind the door. At a little after three, just as he had about given up the vigil and had half raised himself to depart, the door was partly opened for a moment, accidentally.

He could see Hunniwell's flushed face. "They've got the old man in a corner, all right, to judge from the way he looks," thought Beardsleigh.

Just then his own name was mentioned by some one around the long table. Beardsleigh could hear it distinctly.

"How about Beardsleigh?" It was said in a sneering, taunting tone full of the speaker's bitterness against Hunniwell.

Hunniwell glared heavily and roared:

"To hell with Beardsleigh! Listen to my main proposition, will you?"

At that instant the door was banked shut. In a few minutes, a messenger came out and told the waiting man that he need stay no longer.

"Who says so?" asked the president of the Pocahontas, in a flat, incredulous voice.

"Mr. Hunniwell."

How he got home he could not recall, did not care. His brain was too tired to think of possibilities, and he even went so far as to feel that he did not care what happened to the Pocahontas. He thought of Hunniwell with a sneer.

He recalled Ballue with acquiescence instead of horror. He thought next of the fists against the varnished panels; of young Brown who had reviled him to his face; of the widow's voice, shrieking for her money. He went to a glass and viewed his full figure there. The scarf that had always been neatly tucked in hung outside his crumpled waistcoat; the mustaches that had always been neatly waxed were torn and chewed; his hair was dishevelled; his face filled with hard, sardonic lines, his shoulders bent, and his eyes—What had happened to his eyes? He saw a look there that had never been in them before. He peered more closely. The whites showed clear around the pupils. God! He looked as if he were dead—half-dead—dying! Jaded, haggard, battered, worn! All these things meant much to Beardsleigh. He gauged himself always by the surface; his looks struck inward and affected his soul. Around his mouth there crept a last smirk as he remembered his soul, the soul that Hunniwell had bought, the blank soul that Hunniwell could sign his name to and cash it. Again he recalled Ballue. This time surprised at his own equanimity. Ballue had been a dilettante, also; but he must have been a calm one clear to the end. Next he considered his wife, but with a ghastly shrug of his shoulders. She was out of town and had not heard as yet. What would his wife say? The smirk curled more deeply over his lip.

For an hour thus in the grey light he went over detail after detail, recalling every tiny incident of the affair. How warm the whole world seemed! How sickly, how morbid, how colorless, how apathetic at that hour! It was as if his entire life had been a stale debauch and now lay pale and drawn and wretched at the end of things. All his pomp and tinsel seemed at last a brittle, garish, impalpable, artificial show of colored dolls. He sighed and reached out his hand. It touched a last edition of a newspaper, the first newspaper he had seen that day. Then an odd thing happened. This, remember, is the story of one Tin God, of one who did all along what somebody told him to do—who did what was expected of him—who, when the time came, could do nothing else. The time had come.

He read two enormous headlines and stopped suddenly at the third. In curt words he saw his name mentioned as one who would probably be arrested on the next day if his bank closed. Again he thought of Ballue. He patted his head a moment indecisively and adjusted his scarf with precision.

It happened in the little tiled bathroom, at daybreak.

Reviews of Recent Books

Lafcadio Hearn, by Nina H. Kennard; D. Appleton & Co., \$2.50, net.

HEARN'S IS ONE of the blossoming flowers of American literature. But really he was neither by birth nor tendency an American at all. His father was Irish, his mother Maltese; his works were esthetic, impersonal, unnational, and the best of them dealt with Japanese themes and attitudes. Hearn was not even born in America, but in Ireland. Nothing but the frightful dearth of artistic talent in this country could possibly have prevailed upon us to regard a man who lived here for a few years between his sojourns in Europe and his last years in Japan, as an American literateur. Such an inclusion may be attributed to our growing realization that Longfellow and Whittier and Hawthorne are not, as we have always regarded them, world figures, finalities. The glorification of Hearn comes with the appreciation of Poe and the half-valuation of Whitman. It is, in a way, a blow at the whole Puritanism of our literature, for Hearn embodied in his work essentially the pagan, the conventionally irreligious spirit. He was, of course, of an intensely religious nature. He drank in the mysticism of his adopted country in the east, during his last years, with all the avidity of a child tasting its first bottle. But his soul craved freedom and beauty too deeply to be satisfied with the pseudo-mysticism of America or with the Catholicism of his native land.

Mrs. Kennard's book clarifies this idea of Hearn. It makes one feel his simplicity and intensity more than the other volumes that have been written about him. It makes us see new virilities in his work, and a new gentleness. If anything is lacking in the book, it is what was lacking in Hearn himself: a quality of roundness which gathers within itself personality and intellect together, and sets accomplishment no higher than thought and thought no higher than experience.

B. R. H.

* * *

The Call of the Carpenter, by Bouck White; Doubleday Page & Co.

EVERY GOLDEN personality in the world's history has attained a certain immortality by calling down through the ages to some other personality in almost every generation that has been akin to it. A certain sympathy exists between Bernard Shaw and Plato, and such a kinship it was that enabled Ernest Renan to picture the personality and time of Jesus for the other people of this century.

With the best intent in the world, Mr. White is unable to transport us beyond the realm of his own critical ingenuity. He awakens new

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products of historical research, he emphasizes unexpected qualities in the surroundings of the Christ figure. Both the author and the reader, however, remain outside the surroundings. He does not enable us to enter into the life. He does not make us vibrant with the spirit of those most studied years in the world's history.

In reviewing the period, Mr. White happens upon several clever and suggestive points. Justly, we think, he makes Mary, the mother, a more masterly woman, a being of greater initiative than the usually drawn picture of her allows us to imagine. In the same way the background of the time, the Roman usurpation, the economic difficulties of the native population in Judea,

the whole relationship between the classes is rendered vivid by a kind of unexpected modernism. We students of capital and labor today can understand the interrelation of rich and poor two thousand years ago only when this is pictured to us in the terms of our own problem. Mr. White does this and so he vitalizes it for us. Whether he is historically justified in so doing must remain a question for the debate of archaeologists; it cannot concern us. It is sufficient that he has made certain phases of the period interesting and understandable. Insofar as he has been able to gain for us a better knowledge of the figure which has cast a glamor over all the ages, Mr. White has rendered an important service. But it remains for some larger craftsman to do him complete and artistic justice in the light of the latest research.

B. R. H.

* * *

Two plays by Tcheklov. Translated with an introduction and notes by George Calderon. Mitchell Kennerly, \$1.00 net.

AMERICA is producing noteworthy poetry, promising drama and interesting criticism, but in the field of translation we must still look to England for such exquisitely suggestive renditions of great masters as Mr. Granville Barker's paraphrases of Arthur Schnitzler and Mr. George Calderon's presentation and translation of Tcheklov. Mr. Calderon grasps the keynote of these quaintly Russian comedies when in his introduction he tells us that although the characters act collectively and not as individuals—that they are moved by a "group spirit"—at the same time their conversations are nothing but soliloquies given vent to in company. Each one is surrounded by his little wall, which is without a gateway opening to anybody else.

The two plays in the volume are "The Cherry Orchard" and "The Sea Gull." The former is thoroughly Russian. Its conditions are of a sort with which we Westerners never come into contact. The latter is more universal, although it has a definitely Eastern European flavor. There is a great deal of sadness in these plays—a very poignant sadness—but the comedic spirit is always supreme. That, if anything, makes Tcheklov more delicately emotional than his more virulent and vociferous countrymen.

The introduction shows a good deal of mature reflection and discrimination. Those Americans who have heard Tcheklov praised as one of the greatest of Russian writers and who had previously only an opportunity to read his one-act farces or short stories, will realize in this volume the greater powers of the man and the import of his work.

B. R. H.

(Continued on page 64)

The Clowns in the Ring

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER

WHENEVER I WANDER into the Author's Club in London I make instinctively for the table on which various American journals, usually the popular weeklies, lie outspread. They supply me with a kind of perverse pleasure—such as one might derive from an impossible melodrama. It is with strange, sad thoughts that I contemplate the pathetic humor, the watery "satire" and the crass cartoons.

Especially is satire a term and thing which seems to be but feebly understood in our land. The New York *Evening Post* sought recently to refute the charge of a German critic, Henry Urban, who had pitied us for our dearth of

satirists, by proudly quoting—"Dooley!" This was a strange confounding of quaint personal philosophy and popular dialect fun with what has been one of the greatest literary engines for moral reform in the history of civilization. The true satirist is the moral conscience of his time, the censor of its customs and its tastes. His purpose is not to arouse mere amusement, nor even to preach; it is to stir the hearts of men to scorn, shame and hatred of evil, folly and injustice. To this end he may employ the keenest ridicule, the most subtle irony, the fiercest invective—all weapons of the great classic satirists, or even malice which, in part, was Heine's.

Sometimes, like Cervantes or Butler, he may achieve his purpose by pointed burlesque or epic humor, or again, if such genius be his, by the golden wit and lambent mockery of that modern master, Anatole France. No, the great satirist does not attempt merely to make you laugh. He would move you to indignation, confound your smug beliefs, make your brain breed swords and your heart fires. He does not attack mere abstract conventions, but persons and, if necessary, all society. He is disdainful of mobs, no slave to the many, nor to fashions, nor to those in power. His avocation calls for supreme and stoic moral courage,—like that of Maximilian

Harden, journalist, the great editor of that formidable little weekly *Die Zukunft*,—a man whose tremendous gifts and incorruptible personality have made him a national figure and a moral power in the Germany of today. With such a man at the helm of a great national organ, there is small danger of the claims of the advertising manager ever rising in importance over moral or intellectual claims. In our land the odious and dangerous tyrant of the advertising department usually reigns supreme, though he is himself but a slave to other tyrants—the public and the advertisers. I am prepared for the customary retort that “magazines, like other business enterprises, must be run on business lines,” but to answer it would be to undergo an immediate temptation towards satire. The austere fact, however, remains that magazines should not primarily be considered as business enterprises, and that the business man himself has really no business to monopolize the portals that lie between the artist and thinker and their public, nor to decree what these men shall give their public. Only another thinker or artist has that right.

Not only have we no real or acknowledged satirists, but we are also lacking in the finer development of his fellow in pictorial art, the so-called “cartoonist.” It is depressing to contemplate the enormous mass of cleverness, good draughtsmanship and misapplied energy which go to waste in the American press day after day. Here, too, the cartoonist—properly caricaturist,—aims only at tickling his audience into a laugh. When some great national abuse or flaming corporate crime, flagrant enough to infuriate people less patient than the Americans to red revolt, engages his all-too-facile pen, he will inevitably do his best to turn it into something comic. It is not “seeing the humor in things”; it is failing to see their ghastly and monumental meaning. In his blind, blundering way, the average newspaper “cartoonist” is always doing his best to accustom our people to consider theft, political corruption, official inefficiency and leprous wealth as subjects fit for light-hearted jokes and a cavernous grin. Well may the bloated powers of evil who squat behind or upon the subsidized section of the press, feel themselves safe so long as the futile funny man scratches off his futile “cartoons.” Let some misguided fellow endeavor to startle, shock or move his audience with a piece of serious work and he will be flung to the wolves. But usually, like his crude barbaric brother of the comic supplement (a criminal who outrages all the decencies of humanity), he is but ill-equipped for anything save sheer buffonery. The inspiration, taste, culture, historical sense and symbolism which are necessary to create great national draughtsmen, like Forain or Felicien Rops or Henrick Kley are lacking in him. He is content with an easy mediocrity, with the imitation of more popular caricaturists, with the cheap praise of the ignorant. Temperament, vision, and imagination are not factors in his world; his very ideas are only spindrift gathered from the superficial life of the nation. He is a squirrel in a cage.

Last year the bloody street-riots in Berlin and the ruthlessness of Police-Chief Jagow, gave occasion for several great and dramatic drawings

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in *Simplicissimus*. The impression they made has lasted. One of them, done in monochrome, simply represented a street vista, empty of all life, a sidewalk and the corner of a building. The walls of this and the flagstones of the pavement were dramatically disfigured by a great bloodstain, and in the gutter with its head half-torn off, sprawled the pathetic rag-doll of some child. The effect was devastating. One shuddered—but one would have also shuddered in a different way to think how one of our slang-ridden newspaper cartoonist would have handled such a theme.

It has become patent that many of these evils of corrupted taste, debauched forms and degraded standards may be traced to one common, original source. This in America, as well as in England, may be termed the public-school type of mind,—a helpless, half-baked affair sent forth in myriads every year and quite unredeemed by subsequent college life—if that redeems anything. This sandy and unstable soil offers almost nothing to stimulate the growth of native art or wit. It has been spoiled in the making; it is sterile, unidealistic, undisciplined, blind to wide vistas of life, alienated by abstract beauty and misled by many fetishes and gross idolatries of business, success and “a good time.” It may thrill to sport or politics, but not to literature. But being very numerous and representative it has become all-powerful, and brutally so. One need not abuse, but one must pity these disinherited multitudes, whose souls have been cheated of so many spiritual gifts and influences. But until the mass is leavened by the rise of great men, this almost universal type of mind will remain incapable of understanding greater work in American art and of supporting worthier journals with such unenlightened patronage as theirs. The corruption and narrowing of public taste are being constantly furthered by periodicals which are content “to meet the people on their own ground.” Such servile rags, when not edited from the street, are edited from the boudoir, the home or the business manager's desk—how many editors have I heard curse their chains! From this arises a great demand for mediocre work for mediocre minds. The public really writes and paints its own productions, furnishes both demand and supply, with consequent auto-intoxication of the people by the people;—a sort of cannibalism in the realm of art. “Government of, for and by the people” may be the ideal, but as applied to art at present it means death. The artist must rise out of the public, but he must remain above it even while toiling for it.

Whitman's cry for leaders, for personalities to sustain a lofty art and literature in his democracy has been neither regarded nor fulfilled. Personality is Nature's most aristocratic seal of nobility upon the soul of man and renders him, as does nothing else, dissimilar to his fellows. For this reason, perhaps, democratic multitudes are usually and unconsciously intolerant of it, to their own great loss.

“Do not democratise literature,” said George Meredith. But we, with our “genius” for trade, have done even worse, for we have merchandized it. Is it not time that in America other men save millionaires and merchants be permitted to set up standards for their fellow men to follow and revere? Obviously, unless we are to become entirely mammonized, it is high time. And the price will be high too, and exact much devotion. So that I may end this fulmination on a note typically American and “optimistic,” I will say that one of the first steps in the right direction will be the launching and faithful and defiant maintenance of some popular American publication with art and literary standards as lofty as the best in Europe, though not necessarily similar, and the support of a group of sincere and gifted personalities to devote themselves to such a task. Authors' Club,

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Correspondence

*Leonard D. Abbott's article in the June number
"Renaissance of Paganism" elicited the following
letter written by Charles B. Mitchell to the St.
Louis Mirror:*

Cavalry and Religion

A RECENT DISCUSSION of Paganism in modern literature and life has greatly interested me, and seems worthy of wider notice. Mr. Leonard D. Abbott contributed to the June issue of *The International* an article on the Renaissance of Paganism, in which he named, among the exemplars of the new movement, Walter Pater, Oscar Wilde, Edward Carpenter, Ellen Key, Ibsen, Nietzsche, Richard Le Gallienne, Maeterlinck and Rodin. Mr. Joyce Kilmer, in the following issue, took up these authors and artists, one after another, for the purpose of proving that the affiliation of most of them with ancient Hellenism were more or less superficial, and that the work and spirit of each includes characteristic non-Hellenic elements. Of Wilde, for instance, Mr. Kilmer says: "How is he pagan? Because he wrote poems about the Greek gods? Or because he sinned an ancient sin? These seem rather flimsy reasons. Wilde's poems about Christ loom up far more prominently than those about Eros, and his sin is dignified by classic example no more than shoplifting is. This pagan poet died a member of the Roman Catholic Church, and left to the world, as his chief legacy, these two vitally Christian works, *De Profundis* and the *Ballad of Reading Gaol*."

One must concede that the use of pagan material does not make one a "pagan artist." No more does Wilde's panegyric of Christ in *De Profundis* make that exquisite work a distinctively Christian one. *De Profundis* seems to me the most pagan thing Wilde ever wrote. He repudiates the first principle of Christian ethics when he declares his utter aversion to external law, and that his contrition is not for what he has done, but for what he has made of himself. And his appreciation of Christ suggests to me what might have been written by a genuine disciple of Socrates or Plato, touched by the Greek decadence, if such an one had known of the life of the Nazarene. Paganism, as Mr. Abbott urges, in his rejoinder to Mr. Kilmer, is a "mood," a "spirit," an "ideal," an evanescent, almost impalpable thing, not a set of philosophic dogmas drawn from this or that Hellenic source or a batch of poetic raw material culled from a classical dictionary.

But Mr. Kilmer's criticism is superficial when he objects that the artists named by Mr. Abbott possess non-pagan characteristics also. Mark Pattison says of Erasmus: "In the annals of classical learning Erasmus may be regarded as constituting an intermediate stage between the humanists of the Italian Renaissance and the learned men of the age of Greek scholarship... His acquirements were vast, and they were all brought to bear on the life of his day. He did not make a study apart of antiquity for its own sake, but used it as an instrument of culture." This indicates the only proper use of Hellenic

(Continued on page 63)

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 61)

culture under modern conditions. Paganism, pure and simple, has been forever left behind. A "Pagan Revival" which should not reckon with the "Hebraic" elements made by Christianity a part of the current coin of civilized consciousness, could never be more than a hot-house plant, a literary curiosity, a sterile anachronism. Mr. Abbott indeed reminds us that "the Christian religion has been the deadliest foe of Paganism," and does not believe that they can ever be reconciled. But such a doubt seems an implicit denial of the unity and continuity of history.

Of course, Mr. Abbott is right if he identifies "Christianity" with orthodox theology, and "Paganism" with the passion of Sappho—which latter he does not. But Christianity, like Paganism, is a spirit capable of many different embodiments. If Mr. Abbott means to say that the Christian spirit and the Pagan spirit cannot be blended into something finer, saner, sweeter, more beautiful and inspiring than the world has ever known—well! one shakes his head as he thinks of Clement and Alexandria, Guarino da Verona—the old Renaissance schoolmaster so lovingly portrayed by Professor Van Dyke—Schleiermacher and Walter Pater. Pater is Mr. Abbott's exemplar of modern paganism—and Mr. Kilmer's too; but there is little reason to doubt that "Marius the Epicurean" is a spiritual autobiography, and that if Pater had lived twenty years longer he would have died in Anglican orders.

The unity of the soul and the world; the supremacy of the present; the divinity of Beauty; the guidance of life by an ideal rather than by a law; the sanctity of flesh as well as of spirit; the Shadow of Fate—are not these the essentials of "paganism"? Only one of the number comes into necessary conflict with what are usually considered the essentials of Christianity. Prof. Sidgwick elaborates the point that the dominant conception of Christian ethical thought is that of law. But this is just the point where Christianity has departed from Christ. Jesus's great aim was to overthrow law, and enthrone the ideal. "To be perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect"—this was His definition of the human goal. Jesus is in harmony here with paganism as against Christianity—only He immeasurably enriches the pagan ideal by His revelation of the possibilities of the soul. His teaching of the Love of God dispelled the pagan shadow of Fate, and replaced it by a cheerful, trustful reverence. He, too, taught men to live for to-day, and to respect the body; but He glorified to-day by linking it with Eternity, and the body by making us realize that it is the habitation of the Eternal. He revealed and commanded and inspired the spiritual beauty of faith and love and hope, but did not fail to notice the beauty of the child and the lilies. He did, indeed, neglect the beauty of the human form, because there was nothing of the artist in the soul of the race from which He sprang; and here paganism has to supplement Him; but to Socrates and Plato the beauty of fair forms was only the first step of a ladder by which the soul ascends to the Invisible and Eternal Beauty which Jesus named "Our Father who art in Heaven." Clement of Alexandria, in the cool, clear morning of the Christian day, manifested a more accurate insight than Mr. Abbott when he maintained that Jesus fulfilled the philosophy of the Greeks as well as the law of the Jews. Only by mingling the streams which flow from Cavalry and Helicon can we brew for our age the true nectar—the drink of the gods.

CHARLES B. MITCHELL.

Reviews of Recent Books

(Continued from page 59)

The Tragedy of Hamlet, by Henry Frank. Sherman French and Co.

THE BASIS of "Culture" is "Knowing your Shakespeare." Everyone who speaks English feels a claim to the genius of the bard, everyone who speaks at all feels the right to criticise him. School children are early taught to remark that "Shakespeare was a great poet." Young ladies beholding *editions du luxe* on the book-shelves of their friends exclaim how they love Shakespeare! Gentlemen who have heard that G.B.S. once threw a bomb at the distant god of the theatre, express a highly intellectual belief that Shakespeare is passing. So, the world is full of Shakespearian commentators, a few of whom have actually read some of his plays. Among these latter are those who wish to celebrate that achievement as a mountaineer who places a flag on the highest peak he has reached. We are deluged with books praising, analyzing, dissecting, befogging Shakespeare's art. Perhaps because of *Hamlet's rebuff*, which is in the nature of a challenge, the Prince of Denmark has suffered most at the hands of the commentators, from Rosencranz and Guildenstern, the first of the tribe, to the present-day inquisitors, all trying vainly to pluck the heart of his mystery.

But among the civilized races of the earth are those to whom Shakespeare's plays are something more than the keystone of a library, to whom Shakespeare does not stand for a controversy or a cult, and these are a sensitive crew. They are not as a rule fond of commentators. They feel the last word has not and never will be said about Shakespeare; but the last word was written somewhere around 1616 A. D. Still, if after much contemplation a man be smitten with a desire to write and publish, let him set forth something new and do so with the pen of an angel.

In "The Tragedy of Hamlet" Dr. Henry Frank first announces to us clearly and without reservation, that Hamlet was a melancholy Dane; he next hints that Shakespeare was a psychologist far beyond his times; then he breathes quaintly that Ophelia was hopelessly in love with Hamlet, and he concludes with the statement that Shakespeare was a poet, and no mean one at that. We seem to have heard these things before.

Yet he has approached the ghost from a new and interesting standpoint,—the standpoint of telepathy by which he explains its appearance most convincingly, and he also has some new light to throw on the pathology of Hamlet's

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"lunacy." These facts he sets forth after the manner of Polonius, himself, and whether they are worth gleaning from the insincere padding that wraps them about, depends on the patience and leisure of the reader. Books on Shakespeare are in constant demand among a certain class of readers who may be called educated by hand. To pay, these books must be large, must be fervid and must be moral. Doubtless the book in question pays well.

It would be as unfair as it would be ridiculous to say Dr. Frank has not studied his Hamlet. He shows evidences of having memorized it twenty years ago or so and writes and quotes from memory. When we contrast his excerpts from the play with the text of any edition we are less surprised than we had been at first to find his book entitled "The Tragedy of Hamlet by Henry Frank." The work is divided into eight chapters and an appendix called "A String of Pearls from Hamlet" where the author enhances the value of his misquotations by presenting the "pearls" in gorgeous settings.

"As rare, and undiscovered ores, for ages buried in the bowels of the earth, have ages since scattered their symptoms athwart the soil, which oft the rude and plodding mountaineer has, unnoticed, smote beneath his heel, but which to the tutored mind reveal a world of unimagined wealth; so, from the unfathomed depths of his profound research, the contemplative philosopher spreads here and there a symptom—an intimation—of his knowledge, which but sympathetic minds can grasp, and to the unprepared are meaningless as broken snatches of forgotten songs. His speeches are dark, his sayings cast in similitudes which only those can grasp who walk in the light of what he beholds."

We could even close our eyes to such blind ignoring of the text as the analysis of Claudius as a man of "flinty mind and nerves steel. In the midst of all suspicions he never winces or emits the slightest intimation, by look or action, of his awful deeds. He is not given to grief or pain. . . ."

It may be that what we rude and plodding mountaineers take for ignorance is really the symptom or intimation of the contemplative philosopher and beyond our ignoble grasp. But we can and do raise our voices against one who writes with authority on a subject which he has not the energy or interest to quote accurately. It is as if a stranger were wheedling himself into our confidence by fulsomely praising a friend of ours whom he has met but casually. To those who know and love Hamlet, this book is a personal affront.

JOSEPHINE A. MEYER.

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Who holds the Key to the Panama Canal ?

EDITED BY: GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK and B. RUSSELL HERTS
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THE INTERNATIONAL

and REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS ~

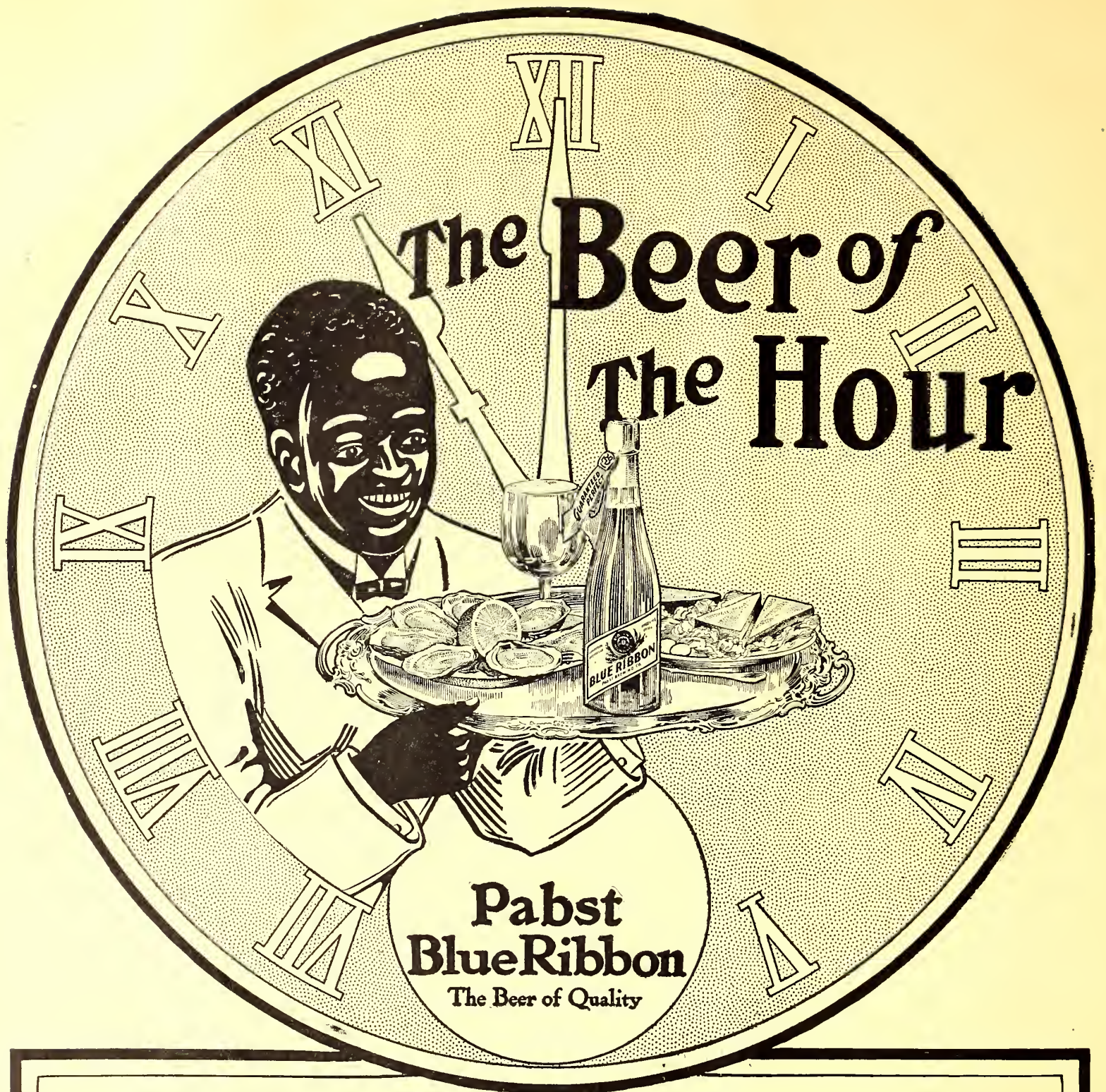


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REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS~

The Progressive Party

WHETHER OR NOT Theodore Roosevelt will be the next President of the United States, is more than we can foretell. But we may accept as a fact for more reasons than one that the Chicago Convention of the Progressive Party marks a new epoch, not only in American politics, but in the history of the world. For the first time the semi-religious spirit which has sometimes accompanied municipal house-cleanings, has been applied in a large sense to national politics. Those who battle with Theodore Roosevelt battle not for office, but for an ideal. For when the Progressive forces first met, their cause seemed almost hopeless. Even the Roosevelt leaders could not foresee the almost terrific momentum which the new movement was destined to acquire. Today the election of Theodore Roosevelt is no longer an impossibility. The odds still favor Wilson. Only a miracle can elect Roosevelt. But Roosevelt has always been a worker of miracles. He and those who are with him have the faith that moves mountains. No third party ever started under happier auspices than the party of Roosevelt and Johnson.

* * * * *

ROOSEVELT, like Bryan, stands for an ideal. But while Bryan's ideal is a will o' the wisp, Roosevelt's ideals are "realizable." Roosevelt may be an opportunist, but he is an opportunist in the grand sense of Bismarck and the first Napoleon. Woman suffrage, Socialism, all reform movements of national importance, will find whatever is feasible in their creed nailed firmly to the Progressive platform. Recently I overheard the conversation of a few young enthusiasts. "You see," one of them remarked, "we are 'white'

Socialists—we are Roosevelt men." The "red" Socialists, the ultra-radicals and doctrinaires, whose creeds have been transplanted from alien soils, will oppose Roosevelt. The common sense of the "white" radicals will refuse to abide by this suicidal decision.

* * * * *

THERE is little doubt that Roosevelt will receive the labor vote, in spite of Mr. Gompers's indorsement of Dr. Wilson's platform. A great lithographic concern recently made a canvas in its Baltimore factory among two hundred employees of whom one half (approximately) were Republicans and one half Democrats, with a sprinkling of Socialists. Of these one hundred and ninety-six (196) declared their intention to vote for Theodore Roosevelt. Let college presidents and bankers vote for Wilson or Taft. Their vote, fortunately for democracy, counts no more than that of the least of these laborers.

* * * * *

THE most significant concomitant of the Progressive campaign, however, is the entrance of woman into national politics. This is an event likely to be remembered when the Progressive Party itself will have gone down to death as—eventually—all parties must. The most momentous achievements associated with Roosevelt's career are: the Panama Canal and Woman Suffrage. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe in Weimar one hundred years ago bitterly regretted that he would not live to see the changes in the face of the world that would be brought about by the new high road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Ocean. When Roosevelt "took" Panama he set the clock of the world half a century ahead. When Roosevelt made himself the champion of woman suffrage, he accelerated the clock of the world by one or two hundred years. Lincoln emanci-

pated a few million negroes, men of a race distinctly inferior to ours. Roosevelt's declaration for woman suffrage liberates one half of the American nation.

For whether Roosevelt wins or loses in 1912, the Progressive campaign will go on to ultimate victory. All the Tom Taggarts and Penroses in the world cannot kill the issues promulgated by Theodore Roosevelt, even if, in some states, the bosses may win a brief respite. Roosevelt will sweep the West in the coming election. Even if not elected, he will hold the balance of power in Congress, and the Progressive Party will rewrite the laws of many states in the spirit of Theodore Roosevelt and social justice.

Panama

THE decision of the Senate to admit American ships to the Panama Canal free of tolls, marks another chapter in American history. England may be in the right technically, but she has forfeited all moral claim to our consideration by her impertinent attempt to meddle with American legislation. Apparently the English still look upon the United States as a British possession—was not the dream of Cecil Rhodes a reunion between England and the American commonwealth?—and Tories of the type of Senator Root evidently set the seal of their approval upon the British interpretation. We are masters in our own household, and if we have given up a parcel of our sovereignty in our pact with Britain, our patriotic duty demands its repudiation. Our action may not be strictly approvable from the point of view of ordinary commercial ethics. Nations are not bound by the moral code of the shop-keeper. The right of eminent domain, which the state exercises over its own citizens, must be undisputed wherever the American flag is unfurled, and the Panama Canal, owing to Theodore Roosevelt, is our exclusive possession. For once the Senate has acted according to the will of the people, and behold, the railroad-subsidized newspapers and the press agents of Great Britain, of whom there are many in the United States—for is not Great Britain represented even in the United States Senate?—violently assail this epic decision.

* * * * *

ON another page we print an article from which it appears that we should not stop with fortifying the Canal and making it our own, but that we must extend the Monroe Doctrine sooner or later to British possessions which threaten American interests. The Bermudas, as our contributor explains, are the American Heligoland. Germany bought Heligoland from Great Britain. We must secure the Bermudas, by peaceful means, if possible. We must be prepared to make any sacrifice to bring this consummation about. With British guns within reach the Panama Canal will be more of peril than a blessing. If we cannot obtain possession of the Bermudas, we would, perhaps, be wiser in dumping the mud back into the Canal and closing it to the world's traffic.

We have always regarded Great Britain as our friend—though God knows we had precious little reason to do so—but now that British and American interests clash again and again—we are beginning to wake up to the "British danger" that Professor John W. Burgess pointed out many years ago in his lecture at Berlin. Now is the time to bargain with Great Britain. For England's statesmen know that Germany will be with us in case of a conflict. The New York *Sun* recently pointed out that a tacit alliance already exists between Germany and the United States in the Far East. Let us extend this cordial understanding—to borrow the French phrase—to the South American continent. We shall yet discover that England is the only enemy who can seriously menace the Monroe Doctrine. Germany, on the other hand, would refuse to set foot on South American soil even if the Monroe Doctrine had never been formulated. Far from being an enemy, Germany, compelled by self-interest, is our natural help.

Lieutenant Becker

LIEUTENANT BECKER will defeat Wilson in the State of New York unless the Democrats put up a candidate whose integrity is unquestioned. Gaynor is no longer a possibility. "O that mine enemy would write a letter!" exclaimed a French statesman.

Gaynor has written one letter too many. Dix likewise means almost certain defeat. Gaynor at least is a man. Dix is a puppet. We print in this number an article by Herman A. Metz, the former Comptroller of the City of New York, on Wilson's chances. The bold and fearless exposition of Mr. Metz's point of view plainly marks him out as the most available gubernatorial candidate among all those whose names have so far been mentioned. We also print an unearthed interview by one of our most gifted contributors, in which Diogenes unbosoms himself on the police situation. No police reform will ever be effective until the police force is taken out of the hands of local politicians. Civic service formerly was a lottery. To-day it is a science. We should establish a West Point for policemen just as we have a West Point for soldiers. Unless such steps are taken, two new heads will grow for every head cut off from the bleeding trunk of the hydra of municipal corruption.

The German-American Press—Again

OUR remarks on the failure of the German-American press in its cultural mission has evidently fallen on fertile soil. We have been assailed for our point of view, but we have at least aroused discussion—the first step to reform. Some German-American newspapers, like the Louisville *Anzeiger*, attempt to justify the pandering to social snobbishness in the columns of the German-American press. Others are ashamed of it, but insist on its necessity. The *Anzeiger* also points to the splendid service of the German-American papers in the time of the Civil War, and still later, when they were actively engaged in defeating Mr. Bryan's argent arithmetic. All these achievements, however, lie in the past. Few papers adopt the bovine attitude of the Chicago *Wochenblatt* which complacently declares in effect: "We are satisfied with German culture. We don't care for American culture." Such a statement is actual treason to the ideals of the New World. The German-speaking press has the supreme task of making better Americans of new-comers to this country and of mediating culturally between the two countries. The German-American press, as we have stated before, is frequently equally false to our ideals as well as to those of the old world. Living in an inland island intellectually, a large majority of the editors deliberately ignore the progress of the world outside of their own petty and provincial domain. They fail, because they fail to respond to the demands of their readers and to the demands of the times.

* * * * *

THERE are exceptions of course. In every state there are some papers published in German, where individual editors bravely fight against almost overwhelming odds to save themselves and their readers from insularity and Philistinism. Such editors are more frequently to be found in small towns—such as the editor of the La Salle County *Herold*, Carl Zwanzig—than in the large towns, where too often the German press has lost its native idealism to be imbued only with what is worst in American politics. The publisher of one of the great metropolitan German dailies is known to dicker annually with the rapacious local Democratic machine. He surrounds himself with a small, but (happily) unrepresentative association, by means of which he attempts to give the impression that the mantle of political leadership among his competitors has fallen upon his shoulders. At one of the meetings of the association some years ago his chieftains were in ignorance up to the last minute as to whom to endorse. Resolutions denouncing the local Democratic machine had been prepared, when a few minutes before midnight, the "leader" appeared almost breathless and informed them: "Gentlemen, we are for Tammany Hall!" (This, I am afraid, lets the cat out of the bag.)

It is one of the missions of the German-American press to supply the antidote of German idealism to the venom of graft which infects our body politic. But how can they apply the antidote if, as in this instance, they have themselves succumbed to the poison? The fact that, as far as we know, not a single German publication in the United States champions the cause of the Progressive Party, proves how utterly German-American editors, even granting their honesty of purpose, misread the signs of the times.

G. S. V.

Ettor, Giovannitti and the Giant Labor Awakening

HOW MANY REALIZE that an actual class war between capitalists and workingmen is being waged all over America to-day, and that our prisons are being used as places of incarceration for labor leaders whose only crime is that they have been loyal to the interests of the working class? New York, Paterson, Passaic, Perth Amboy, Boston, Lawrence, Lowell, Fall River, New Bedford, in the East; Los Angeles, Fresno, San Diego, Spokane, Aberdeen, in the West; Grabow, Louisiana, in the South—are a few of the cities and towns in which the conflict has raged during recent months. Two leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World, Joseph J. Ettor and Arturo Giovannitti, are held in jail in Lawrence; a third leader, Rudolph Katz, of the Socialist Labor Party, is imprisoned in Paterson; a fourth spokesman of labor's view, A. L. Emerson, President of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers, is in the county jail at Lake Charles, Louisiana. These four men, in their present situation, embody and symbolize a labor awakening such as this country has never before known. They voice the discontent of great hosts. They represent the advance guard of a revolutionary army.

ALL the leading countries in Europe have had something to say about Ettor and Giovannitti. Their case was recently discussed in the Italian Parliament. Socialist and trade-union organizations in England, France and Germany have sent messages of protest and of sympathy. The labor unions of Sweden propose to boycott American goods if Ettor and Giovannitti are not soon released. In America keen interest is being shown. Great mass-meetings in defense of the imprisoned men are being held from coast to coast. Many outside of the labor movement are making themselves heard. Jacques Loeb, the eminent biologist, is circulating a petition in which he asks for a fair trial and expresses the hope that the Massachusetts authorities will not repeat the "judicial and technical mistake" which led to the hanging of four Anarchists in Chicago in 1887. Prof. W. T. Taussig, of Harvard University, declares: "The indications are that Ettor was arrested not because of a determination to enforce the criminal law, but in order to put him out of action. Such use of the courts breeds lawlessness, because it causes workingmen to believe that the law is against them."

THE facts in connection with the imprisonment of Ettor and Giovannitti are briefly these: In January the great strike in Lawrence was in full blast. Ettor and Giovannitti, young Italian leaders of the most radical branch of the trade-union movement, had been summoned from New York to lead the workers in their fight. On January 29th a group of strikers were taking together on a street corner. A policeman ordered them to "move on." There was some great protest and resistance. Policemen charged on the increasing crowd, and in the ensuing *melée* Anna La Pizza, a working woman, was shot dead, presumably by a policeman. For her death Ettor and Giovannitti, admittedly miles away from the scene of the shooting and attending to their work as strike organizers, were held responsible and have been imprisoned ever since. And this is Massachusetts justice!

THE case of Rudolph Katz in Paterson is an equally vivid illustration of the flagrant abuse of power in times of industrial crisis. On May 31st Mr. Katz walked through the city of Paterson. The hour was 6 A. M., and only working people were in the streets. At the Reinhardt mill on Clay Street, where the silk manufacturers Siff and Cohen have their plant, a strike was going on. Mr. Katz intended to do a little "picketing;" he meant to ask workingmen not to injure the cause of the strikers by "scabbing;" he wanted to dissuade them, that is to say, from working in that particular mill. "I walked up and down in front of the mill," he says, "exchanging a word here and there with members of the Industrial Workers of the World on their way to work in other mills. I also spoke to a man who scabs in Siff's. I shook hands with him since I did not know that he was a scab. Then Mr. Siff commanded the police to arrest me, which they promptly did." Rudolph Katz was sentenced to six

months' imprisonment, and Gov. Woodrow Wilson, when approached by a committee from the Socialist Labor Party, saw nothing in this case demanding action on his part.

IN Grabow, Louisiana, a stormy conflict between employers and workers in lumber camps led to a similar result—the arrest and imprisonment of the workingmen's leader. On July 7th the Brotherhood of Timber Workers tried to hold a public meeting on a country road fronting the office of the Galloway Lumber Company. Their object was to voice their grievances and strengthen their organization. To the amazement and consternation of all, soldiers concealed in the office opened fire on the crowd, killed three men and wounded twenty. The workingmen naturally fired back. Emerson, the chief speaker of the occasion, and other members of the Brotherhood were arrested and are still held in jail.

THE issue that all these conflicts raise is stated in the question: Is it a crime to strike? Our employers and police authorities show an increasing disposition to answer this question in the affirmative. They treat strike leaders as though they were criminals. For awhile they may have their way, but in the end I cannot believe that any large section of the American people will share or sanction their attitude.

THE laws of progress and of growth are the fundamental laws of life. We cannot stand still, even if we wish to; we must advance. The very meaning of progress is that we break down boundaries, see larger truth, achieve a fuller justice. The working class to-day is feeling more and more clearly that it is an exploited class. Some of the keenest thinkers of modern times have reinforced this feeling by exhaustive economic investigations. Those who want to read the academic side of the argument will find it in Marx's "Das Kapital," and in a thousand other books. For myself I do not need to read scientific works on political economy to realize the exploitation of the workers. When I see Lawrence and walk through its streets, that exploitation cries at me from the very stones. When I compare the meager wages of wage-workers in the woolen factories with the immense profits that a few capitalists and stockholders have drawn from these same factories, I feel that the bare facts are all that is necessary to justify the workers in their revolt. These facts, so far as Lawrence is concerned, are exhibited in a report on the woolen mills lately presented to the Senate at Washington by the Bureau of Labor, as follows: "The full-time earnings of 7,275 employees (about one-third of the 21,922 operatives covered in this investigation) are less than \$7 a week. Of these 7,275 who earn less than \$7 a week, 5,294 were over eighteen years of age, and 36 per cent. of these were males. The average wage for the entire 21,922, or one-third of the total number of people in Lawrence fourteen years of age or over, was 16 cents an hour. Approximately one-fourth—23.3 per cent.—earned less than 12 cents an hour, and about one-fifth—20.4 per cent.—earned 20 cents an hour or over." Seven dollars a week! How can any man bring up a family decently on such a stipend! The wonder is not that Lawrence workers have struck, but that they have been patient so long.

WORKINGMEN not merely have a right to revolt against oppressive and unjust conditions—it is their duty to revolt. I see in such men as Ettor, Giovannitti, Katz and Emerson heroes of the labor struggle. They are charged with being violent and extreme. Granted, they are extreme. Granted, they are at times violent. But the labor struggle is not a pink tea; it is a bitter conflict of interests and can only be carried forward by fighters, by rough men, by men of iron will and unyielding strength.

THESE labor leaders held in jail are fighting the battle of progress. They are heralds of labor's awakening, and will live in history as men who paved the way for a world which shall neither exploit nor be exploited.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

The Chemists' Congress

DURING THE FIRST PART of September will be held the Sessions of the Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry, which will be attended by chemists from all parts of the Globe, including such distinguished scientists as Sir William Ramsey, Dr. C. Duisberg, Gabriel Bertrand of Paris, Giacomo Ciamician, W. H. Perkins, and many more, who will discuss with their colleagues the problems which are at present engaging the attention of the chemical and industrial world.

They will first visit Washington and will be officially received by President Taft, after which a garden party will be tendered them at the White House. From there they will proceed to New York, where arrangements have been completed for a very elaborate scientific program, consisting of lectures and presentation of papers on various topics, many of which will be illustrated by practical demonstrations and lantern slides. The sessions will be held in Columbia University and the College of the City of New York, the large halls and rooms of which have been courteously placed at the disposal of the Congress by the faculties of these institutions.

Everything is being done which will contribute to the success of the meetings, and no effort is being spared to promote sociability

and provide suitable entertainment for the guests. Several observation tours through the United States have been planned and visitors will also be afforded an opportunity of inspecting the various industrial plants of America.

The importance of such gatherings of men who have solved so many intricate problems in the various branches of human endeavor and who have thus contributed so much to progress, cannot be estimated. We feel sure that the proceedings of the Congress will leave an indelible impression not only upon the people of the United States but upon those of other civilized countries and will serve as a stimulus to further scientific investigation.

The meeting of the Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry in Washington and New York in September is an event of more than ordinary interest. To the American chemist it is of far-reaching significance, for the election of William H. Nichols of New York to the presidency of the Congress is a graceful appreciation of the growing importance of our chemical industries and will serve as stimulus to future achievements. A number of chemical societies will participate in this convention and the most elaborate preparations have been made for the entertainment of our foreign guests. The inaugural meeting is to be held in Washington.

M. J.

Germany, England and a Slice of Turkey

[By Our Special Correspondent]

THERE IS NO BETTER PROOF of the comparatively satisfactory relations between Germany and England than the fact that the Kaiser has gone on his annual Northern trip. On these relations depends, after all, the world's peace. This, therefore, would seem a suitable period for academic discussion. The Berlin *Nord und Süd* recently published a symposium wherein a number of Germans and Englishmen distinguished in the political and economic field of their respective countries gave expression to their opinion as to the most effective methods of settling the differences between the two countries. From these interesting articles I have culled what would seem most pertinent and of greatest interest to my readers.

It is not surprising that Lord Balfour, the erstwhile conservative leader, blames Germany alone for England's unrest and the inimical position of the two nations toward each other. In the past decade, he says, not only the army of Germany, but her navy as well, has attained imposing alarming proportions. Furthermore Germany has striven with might and main for territorial expansion. Parrying with German Imperialism, England, Lord Balfour declares, has been placed in a constrained condition, for "she has suffered too much from the evils that accompany the endeavor of a single state to dominate Europe." The English statesman evidently claims for his country the right to settle the question whether or not Germany with her tremendous increase of population, may demand territorial expansion. Or at least he thinks England ought to leave no stone unturned to check an enterprise so undesirable from her own point of view. England, then, allied herself to France as closely as possible, seeking at the same time the coöperation of Russia. But her friendly attitude toward Russia is based on such concessions made to her old rival in Asia as will eventually endanger her own future political power. It is more than likely that Mr. Balfour observed with somewhat mixed feelings the attitude of Lord Haldane toward the Germans. Lord Haldane, by the way, was recently made Lord Keeper of the Great Seal—thus being prevented from paying further visits to Germany! For Balfour, this ruthless representative of the people, has nothing in common with the pacificatory sentimentality displayed by Baroness von Suttner, the celebrated advocate of peace everlasting. On the contrary, he hints that only Germany's retreat from militant policy can prevent war.

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A PROMINENT captain of industry, Walter Rathenau of Berlin, is of similar opinion. According to him, however, an agreement of mutual neutrality is of primary importance. England, he says, has ever looked upon the strongest continental power—which-

ever it happened to be—as her enemy, who must be vanquished above all others. For that reason alone she allied herself with France, awaiting a favorable opportunity to open warfare upon Germany. For, Herr Rathenau goes on to say, there are several reasons why, unless the unexpected happens, prevailing conditions must needs mean war—war produced by England's needs:

1. Because a "Two Power Standard" will in the course of time demand greater sacrifices on the part of England than of any other power.

2. Because new technical contrivances may effect the old superiority of the fleet.

3. Because the increasing concentration of naval forces in North European waters shakes England's position in other zones.

4. Because naval competition imperils her prestige in the eyes of the colonies, and

5. Because a policy endeavoring to isolate another nation is constantly subjected to extortions and compelled to make sacrifices.

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HIS EXCELLENCY VON WERMUTH, the new Chief Mayor of Berlin, pours oil on troubled waters. In his contribution he recalls his own friendly coöperation with England on more than one occasion; in 1881 during the Exposition at Melbourne and again, two years later, when Heligoland changed hands according to the famous agreement made with Caprivi. Herr von Wermuth seems convinced that the voice of reason must be more powerful than belligerent chauvinism and points to the irrefutable logic of the economic relations between the two people: "The commercial relations between Germany and England are unique. In the entire universe there are no two nations between whom an exchange of commodities has taken on such dimensions with such equality of profit. Our export to England has gradually increased to something like a thousand million marks—the import from England amounting to a little less. Thus we are as yet a trifle ahead. But the picture changes if we draw into it the British colonies and possessions. The exports of the entire British Empire to Germany amount to 15 to 25 million pounds more than ours to England. We are the most secure and most solvent customer England can find for her colonial products, for her wool from Australia and the Capeland, for India's cotton and rice and hemp. From the mother-country we obtain not only our coal, but the bulk of her other products and by-products. We, on the other hand, provide England with sugar and the manifold products of our great industries. These, again, do not stay in the British Empire, but constitute an important factor in her intermediate trade.

Was there ever more profitable mercantile reciprocity? And this wonderful exchange is not subjected to marked fluctuations, but on its firm, solid basis, from decade to decade rises and falls rhythmically, forming the true picture of Germany's share in international commerce. Well do I remember the gloomy prophesies voiced at the end of the last century anent England's commerce and navigation and accompanied by frequent side glances at German competition. Let's see how they were fulfilled: During the first decade of the new century Germany's trade output showed an increase of seven thousand million marks. England, showing the same figure, remains that much ahead of us. Our export, as well as England's, increased in a most gratifying manner, not spasmodically, but in perfect equilibrium. Ten years ago the English merchant marine had nine million register tons, against twelve million to-day. Ours increased from two to three million."

These figures are so incontestable that even the most enraged Jingo must admit their validity, unless his judgment be irretrievably warped. As a matter of fact it was in consideration of these facts that England's entire business world took a decided stand against those who add fuel to the flame of war agitation. Yet what guaranty have we that these considerations will continue to exert more influence than the earlier reasons that impelled the British nation toward warfare?

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OF COURSE England will not have recourse to the extreme expedient without having thoroughly discussed the principal question: Is there absolutely no other way of liberation from her present precarious position than through bloodshed? No, says Dr. Kurt Abel-Musgrave, an English writer, summing up the situation in the *Vossische Zeitung*, declaring:

- "1. That Germany needs space for its increase of population;
 - "2. That the English colonies have no attraction for Germany;
 - "3. That England would prevent the development of German colonial territory, if she had the power to do so;
 - "4. That the combination of parties which governs England is not strong enough to wage battle against Germany;
 - "5. That England's power of alliance has been considerably weakened while that of Germany is greater to-day than ever before.
- "Viewed in the light of cold reason these five principles look like undeniable facts.

"What can England lose in a war with Germany?

"An Anglo-German war would mean the most terrible conflict in the history of the world. No matter on which side the victory, the result would be inconclusive and bring forth a chain of wars for revenge affecting all parts of the earth. Historically the Teutonic element would probably be weakened in favor of the Slavs and Mongolians and our own would be disabled in the fulfilment of its cultural mission. On the other hand, England would not gain her ultimate purpose—to secure her colonies—then or ever after. For India, Egypt, Africa and many other colonies would hail the opportunity to break away from her dominion. The road to India would be lost once for all. Even Albion victorious would sink, exhausted, into comparative insignificance, a battleground, henceforth, for radical social experiments. Capital would in large measure take refuge where it would be sure of undisturbed development. Thus the principal of "Britannia rule the waves" would be destroyed forever. England can defeat Germany only at the price of her own destruction.

"The practical English politician looking for deliverance from this chaos must not close his eyes to the painful realization of the fact that the average modern English citizen—that above all the laboring masses—are entirely unwilling to shoulder the burdens demanded by their country's desire to dominate the world and to rule the seas. We must further remember that Albion the haughty, chasing a phantom, has humbled herself so far as to entrust to France the road to India, the Mediterranean. To France, who turned up her nose at the suggestion of a formal alliance. He must also admit that England's domination has lost much of its significance since aviation created new roads of approach and new vehicles of destruction. He must, finally, allow that the conquest of Germany could stay the arm of Nemesis but for a short while. For the immutable laws of human

progress decree that from some corner of the earth an avenger arise, impelled by the will to rule, and tear the sceptre from the hands of the short-sighted Briton.

"What, then, is the solution?

"'Let England become a nation again,' says Professor Spencer Wilkinson. But the history of evolution cannot wait until the suffragettes, and the Ben Tillets and Tom Manns, 'wake up.' There is but one way: An agreement with Germany recognizing unconditionally the justice of Germany's natural expansion and territorial development. Germany is ready for such a settlement, if only for the sake of insuring the supremacy of the Teutonic race. And the gaunt spectre that for years has kept Albion sleeping with one eye open will have to cede its place to the kind spirit of peaceful evolution."

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UNFORTUNATELY England seems a long way from realizing the necessity for peaceful understanding with Germany. Quite recently the Conservative Leader, Bonar Law, expressed his standpoint diametrically opposed to such a solution in a speech made in London. His supposition that population, power and wealth have increased more rapidly in Germany than in England seems correct if we consider the following table, showing the increase in the birth rate:

	In England.	In Germany.
1851	33.9	34.6
1908	26.5	32.

According to these figures the tendency to race suicide through decrease in the birth rate is much more pronounced in England than in Germany and it is to be expected that ere long the population of Germany will be twice as large as that of England. Similar conditions prevail in regard to wealth of the nation. According to Steinmann-Bucher, a German expert, Germany's wealth will amount to 600,000 million marks in 1930, against 424,000 million marks for England. The value of this prophesy seems somewhat problematic; still the fact remains that the increase in England's national capital does not exceed 7,000 to 8,000 million marks per year, while the increase in German capital amounts to at least 10,000 million marks. Thus it appears that financially, too, Germany is getting far ahead of England.

Yet Bonar Law is sufficiently optimistic to believe that England would again rule supreme if she were ruled once more by his party. "If," he says, "the Unionist Party is placed at the helm again, it will try to bring about an agreement by which our country will be re-enforced through the inexhaustible resources of the great sister nations, resources that are now disseminated throughout the universe."

Possibly the Conservative Unionist Party may gain the upper hand and put such an agreement through. Still that will not alter matters to any considerable extent. The "sister nations" in Canada, Australia and South Africa are neither densely populated, nor do they own fabulous riches, to be sacrificed at the altar of the British Idea. The requirements of England's armaments according to the "Two Power Standard" call to mind the famous barrel of the Danaids. Lack of men may prove fatal to the equipment of the countless ships that are being built in England.

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IN our generation an epoch of thirty years has far greater significance than in the past, when record-breaking railroad and steamer trips and wireless communication over gigantic distances were undreamt of. How the map of the world has changed since 1882! And how will it appear in 1942? It is to be expected that greater changes will take place in the Asiatic peninsula than anywhere else. For here European Turkey is beset with dangers. The division of Turkey started about eighty years ago with the disruption of Greece, whose example was followed by Bulgaria, Roumania and Servia. The English took Egypt and Cypria; Tunis and Bosnia fell to the share of France and the Herzegovina was appropriated by Austria. A smaller strip of land was taken by Montenegro. The Isle of Crete belongs to Turkey only nominally and would have seceded from the Sublime Porte long ago had not the garrisons of the protective powers prevented this step.

The Turco-Italian war has lasted almost a year now, for Italy, in possession of the coast of Tripoli as well as the islands in the Aegean Sea, wants to hold on to as much of the spoils as she possibly can. It seems now as though the Albanians also wished to profit from the "sick man's" predicament, for of late their attitude has been revolutionary. Even the regular army seems no longer a reliable instrument in the hands of its generals. All this looks like the beginning of the end for the Ottoman Empire on the old continent, strenuous efforts on the part of the Young Turks notwithstanding. Were not a question of such international import at stake as the free passage through the Dardanelles, were it not, especially, for Constantinople, (for which there is a general scramble), there would have been a grand wind-up long ago. To all appearances, the course of evolution seems about to sweep aside this obstruction, too, so that some day European Turkey will be but a historical idea. Meanwhile the diplomats of the world wonder how to effectuate peace between Italy and Turkey, before the dissolution of the latter power becomes an irrevocable fact.

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DURING the recent meeting of Kaiser and Czar at Baltishport, an obscure little port of Esthland, on the mouth of the Gulf of Finland, subject for conversation was no doubt supplied by the solution of the Oriental question, which for many months has been

the small black cloud on the fair sky of our peace advocates. It is pleasant to consider that the Russo-German understanding, patterned after the famous Potsdam agreement, is bound to allay Germany's anxiety lest in case of a bloody encounter with Western powers she be attacked simultaneously from the back by her neighbor to the East. In view of such friendly relations it would seem peculiar that Germany is sending an additional army corps to her Eastern border, while Russia intends to expend several millions for the armament of her fleet, the lion's share falling to the Baltic Sea. Of course such trifles need not necessarily interfere with the *entente cordiale*! Sven Hedin, the Asiatic explorer, alarms the world with the report that Russia has an eye on Scandinavia, with the idea of securing that long desired free passage to the Atlantic. I think more likely the Czar has in mind the appropriation of Constantinople and the Dardanelles, based on the famous testament of Peter the Great. The political situation seems more favorable for such a course of action now than ever before, and the case may perhaps be settled without requiring warfare on the part of the powers. The crisis in Morocco having concluded without the drawing of swords, one may now hope that other differences between the nations may find a settlement equally peaceful.

Berlin, August, 1912.

LOUIS VIERECK,

Late member of the German Reichstag.

Why Taft Should Be Re-elected

By CHARLES D. HILLES

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—*THE INTERNATIONAL*, desirous of representing facts as they are, is always glad to extend its columns even to those with whom it disagrees. For that reason, we take pleasure in printing Mr. Hilles's defence of Mr. Taft's nomination.]

SENATOR ROOT, the temporary and permanent chairman of the Republican National Convention, in his notification address to President Taft said: "Your title to the nomination is as clear and unimpeachable as the title of any candidate of any party since political convention began." This statement is confirmed by the exhaustive report on the contested seats signed by the former and present chairmen of the National Committee and the chairman of the Credentials' Committee. It proves clearly that the majority of the Republican National Committee and afterwards the Credentials' Committee of the Convention itself, treated every case with fairness and justice. Added to this is the admission of almost the entire press of the country both editorially and through their news columns, that the nomination of Mr. Taft was in every way legal and in conformity with all rules and precedents.

President Taft was renominated and it is believed he will be re-elected because his administration since March 4th, 1909, has been most creditable and because in his various functions as Chief Executive he has conserved the best interests of the Government and of the people. It is upon the record then of the present administration that we ask for the votes of the people in the coming election.

At the outset of an enumeration of the acts of the President, no matter how briefly presented, one thing should be understood and thoroughly appreciated by all, namely, that the President of the United States does not make the laws nor has he any power to repeal those on the statute books, no matter how defective they may be. A President appoints his advisors and such other officials as are provided for by the Constitution and then, if he is honest, he will attempt to execute the laws as he finds them, administering the affairs of the Government in the most efficient and economical way that can be found through the various channels that are open for this attainment. It must be fully realized, too, that a President must take up the work of his office where his predecessor left off and that no radical change can be made in any department or in any policy, but that such changes must be brought about gradually and without injury to the interests of the Government or the industrial and commercial interests of the country.

No President has ever had more important appointments to make than has President Taft and no President has ever approached this

task with such calm and judicial deliberation and with the desire to select the man best fitted for the place regardless of any other consideration whatever except worth and merit. Mr. Taft's appointments to the Supreme Court, including a Chief Justice and five Associate Justices, has met with country-wide approval, regardless of party or section. His many other appointments, particularly to the Courts of the country, have been made with the same determination to secure men best fitted for the positions.

Next to the matter of appointments the President probably considers of most vital importance what he has done in the way of economy and efficiency. Naturally with our increasing population our expenditures must increase in like proportion and yet during the administration of President Taft he has actually brought about a decrease in the expenditures of the Government and saved to the people, many millions of dollars, while at the same time he has brought about in every department a most efficient administration of the country's affairs.

As one of the three branches of the Government it is the function of the President to sign or veto all laws sent to him by the Congress. One of the most important laws he was called upon to sign in the early part of his administration was the so-called Payne tariff law passed at the extra session in redemption of the pledge made by the last Republican National Convention, and of the promises of the President himself in his speeches before his election in 1908. This tariff law was in a large measure a reduction in the various schedules from the Dingley law. It was, as all tariff laws must be, a compromise, and at the time it was passed was undoubtedly the best tariff law that could have been framed and presented to the President for his signature. We have now been under the operation of that law for somewhat more than three years and it can be said without a question that it has most forcibly vindicated the wisdom of its framers and the judgment of the President in approving it. Previous to its passages, for two years we had a deficit in the public Treasury. Since the passage of the Payne law we have had a surplus, amounting in the aggregate to \$100,000,000 for the three years. Under the operation of the law our foreign trade has increased both in imports and exports, giving us a favorable balance of trade amounting to some \$500,000,000 annually, and yet the per-

centage of imports which entered free of duty was, in 1912, larger than ever before, except during the operation of the McKinley tariff when sugar was imported free of duty. And in this connection can also be mentioned in confirmation of the statement that the Payne law was a revision downward, that the advalorem rate of duty on imports has been less under the Payne law than under either the Dingley law or the Wilson-Gorman tariff. President Taft's action, then, in approving the Payne tariff has been fully vindicated and needs no further defense.

For the same reason that he approved of the Payne law, which protected the country's industrial interests as well as its laboring classes, he has disapproved and vetoed the tariff laws sent to him at the extra session of the 61st Congress and the present session of the 62nd Congress, because those laws would not be protective and would injure if not destroy many American industries. President Taft, then, has been most consistent on the tariff question. He has been a Protectionist, and should he be re-elected will see to it that no American workman loses a day's labor and that no American farmer loses any percentage of his home market because of the operation of any tariff law that may be presented to him.

The Administration of President Taft will prove noteworthy because it has brought about more anti-trust prosecutions than during any similar period and because of the fact that in these prosecutions he has most successfully and fearlessly assailed the most powerful trusts in the country. The President, through the Department of Justice, has done his best in this respect to execute the so-called Sherman anti-trust law, and if he has failed in any respect to meet the wishes of the people or has failed to bring about results that might be desired by many, the results must be laid to a defective law and not to a negligent President. Should he be re-elected he will not only strive to have the law made better, but will carry out his policy as relentlessly in the future as he has in the past. At the same time no honest individual, no honest corporation, no body of men acting under the laws of the country need fear any attack upon their business by President Taft. He will be just as zealous in helping honest men in honest business methods as he will be in his attempts to dissolve dishonest bodies and curb men who are disobeying the laws of the country.

President Taft has done much toward conserving our natural resources. He has in speeches and special messages advocated legislation that would bring better results than had been possible under the laws of the past. He has particularly had at heart the interests of the Government employees throughout the country and has advocated legislation favoring a suitable plan of retirement, thereby not only rewarding those who have given the best part of their lives to the service of the Government, but making for more efficiency and economy in the various Bureaus devoted to the public service.

The work of President Taft in promoting the so-called arbitration treaties is too well known to need elucidation, and in spite of the unsuccessful outcome of his wishes in this respect it is believed that should he be re-elected we may yet enter into such treaties with the great nations of the earth as will secure peace that will lessen, if not abolish, all thoughts of war. A new and excellent treaty with Japan has been secured under President Taft, China has been opened to American finance on equal terms, war in South America has been averted, peace in Cuba has been maintained by a word of friendly warning, treaties with Honduras and Nicaragua that will make for permanent peace in these countries have been negotiated and await the action of the Senate, the difficult situation in Mexico has been handled with firmness and tact that has brought about a re-establishment of law and order without resorting to an expensive and bloody war.

Under the administration of President Taft work on the Panama Canal has been advanced to such a state that its opening is now but a question of a year or so.

Two new States have been admitted to the Union and a Bureau of Mines has been created. A census, which has been entirely non-political has been completed; postal savings banks have been established; the Post Office Department, with its ever increasing necessities, has been placed upon a business basis and made practically self sustaining; Treasury agents and customs employees have been reorganized, fraud weeded out of the customs service and in every instance wherever changes have been made in our method of administering the Government, economy and efficiency have guided the President and his heads of departments throughout every transaction.

There has not been an administration, there has not been a year, a month nor a day since the Republican party was born, that it has not been progressive and has not aided the progress of the Nation and the prosperity of the people. It has met fairly and courageously one issue after another, as new conditions have arisen. It has established a sound monetary system, it has through tariff laws protected us against unfair and under-paid foreign competition, it has preserved through the Constitution and the judicial channels of the Government peace, justice and righteousness to every citizen, regardless of section, race or creed. New problems have ever been coming up for settlement. Some of these problems have been solved by President Taft, others remain to be taken up by him in the future should he be re-elected, there is no doubt whatever that he will be equal to every emergency, will be as conscientious in his investigations and executions and that he will serve the people from the standpoint of justice and not emotion and with a view to the welfare of the Government itself and the best interests of the people at large.

The Seance

By J. WILLIAM LLOYD

A NIGHT, still, warm, full of electricity.

We sat around the medium, quiet, expectant, hand-in-hand, talking, if at all, only murmurs.

A large, square room, hung on all sides, even before the open windows, with dark tapestry.

The only light came from an antique bronze lamp, depending from the ceiling, the flame covered with a globe of dull greenish-yellow glass, inscribed with mystical characters, resembling Sanscrit—a light, pale, weird and unreal beyond description.

Madame G——— was a woman of undoubted honesty and the deepest enthusiasm in her faith. Dark, pale and delicate, with high-bred, aristocratic features and deep-set eyes, she was one, once seen, never to be forgotten. Wonderful were the revelation that sometimes fell from her lips.

Seated in our midst, with bowed head and folded hands, she seemed to vibrate like a harp to the touch of invisible presences. And while a fine current, like that from a Faradic battery, ran through the linked hands about her, she gave messages to each from

loved ones on the shadowy shore. Her voice, like her face, was vibrant, wonderful, fitting every word with subtle intensity of meaning.

Suddenly she lifted her head, her frame rigid, her eyes staring straight before her.

"I see— Oh!— look at him!— his eyes are like balls of fire—his teeth shine through drawn lips. Crouching, stealthy, he creeps upon her. I see a long, curved dagger in his sleeve. She sees, but seems paralyzed. He is close to her—he raises to strike— O God!—will—"

At that instant rang through the room a scream—long-drawn, agonizing, awful. Never had I heard a cry so full of hopeless pleading, mortal terror and inarticulate hate. I am no coward, but my every nerve shook.

The medium was silent, trance-like, but all else was confusion.

A lady fainted. "My God! this is awful," said her escort—"air! air!"

I tore open the window curtains—and there—were *two big-tailed cats* on the roof.

Woodrow Wilson

By HERMAN A. METZ

ONCE AGAIN the quadrennial battle is on for the greatest political prize in the world,—a four-year term, with privilege of renewal, of the Presidency of the United States—an office which, however “republican” may be the methods and conditions of its attainment, or “democratic” the time-limit of its tenure, is really, while it endures, practically as powerful an executive sovereignty, as anywhere exists,—not, indeed, in respect of the literary theory of its attributes, but certainly in view of the variety, extent and importance of the interests and affairs which it can affect and the degree in which it affects them.

This year, for the first time in many years, the really noticeable contestants for this prize are not two, but three: one of the two great parties which have traditionally been the only ones to be seriously considered, having itself suddenly become *two parties*, as though by “*fissiparism*,” that physiological process which high authority defines as follows: “Reproducing or multiplying by fission, or spontaneous self-division, a mode of asexual generation by division into two or more parts, each of which, when completely separated, becomes a new individual: it is a usual process among the protozoans, protophytes and other low organisms.” To the same effect the Encyclopedia Britannica says: “There are organisms which are *fissiparous*, and when cut in two form two fresh independent organisms, so diffused is the vitality of the original organism.” Some such rather excruciating experience having been undergone, apparently, by the Republican Party, of glorious memory, we find it now in two segments, pretty “completely separated,” and each of which accordingly (and particularly *one* of them) now forms a “fresh independent organism,” confronting its twin, and also the Democratic Party, in the stricken field into which these three champions have now all been noisily ushered by their blatant heralds, to fight out the great triangular duel of which the Presidency is to be the prize.

If my metaphors are mixed, the confusion may pass as a not inappropriate feature of an informal comment on a situation than which nothing could well be conceived as exhibiting a more bewildering, grotesque, topsy-turvy, inter-misplacement of its elements; one widely noted symptom of which is one which we might most suitably designate by Mrs. Malaprop’s delicious phrase: “A (*mad*) derangements of *epitaphs*.” For it may be as political “epitaphs,” *post mortem* memorial characterizations, that the epithets, which Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt have been lavishing upon one another, may soon, in the light of events, come to be regarded.

After what is perhaps the shortest and speediest political career on record, and after a contest in the Convention perhaps unexampled in respect to length, intensity and bitterness, the present Governor of New Jersey, Woodrow Wilson, has attained, under what, to many, appear to be on the whole decidedly auspicious circumstances, that near-climax or high stage and degree of political success, of political ascent, which consists of the official candidacy for the Presidency of the United States, as the nominee of the Democratic Party, that one of the two great parties of tradition which, unlike its recently “fissipated” quondam rival, to all appearances still preserves its “integrity,” in the sense, at least, of its continuing to be *one* party, unbroken, undivided, with substantially the whole of its normal vote at least presumably available and likely to prove actually forthcoming, for the electoral benefit of its candidate, during the interesting crisis which is to occur on next election day.

In this situation, everything considered, what of Wilson’s chances of becoming President? Should he be elected, what of his chances of real success in being President, of his so serving us in that high office as that he will have won glory for himself and procured real, important, lasting benefits to the country?

My own opinion is that our candidate’s chances of success, both in becoming and in being President during the next term, may without irrationality and quite sincerely be pronounced to be gratifyingly *good*. This, let me say, is not the conventional, half-bluffing, professional optimism of the party member, “accepting” the

Convention’s programme, not only as one to be loyally supported, but also as one which he must loudly profess to believe wise, desirable and assured of success, no matter how far otherwise he may really think.

The opinion above expressed is really my own actual, candid judgment in the matter.

There are difficulties and causes for doubt, of course. Mr. Wilson was finally nominated only after a long and bitter struggle, during which it was only too clearly shown that a majority of the delegates did not regard him as their “first choice.” What finally procured for him the required two-thirds vote, was undoubtedly the acceptance, by a number of Western delegates, of the claim made on his behalf, that he was more genuinely, or more obviously, or more intensely, or uncompromisingly, a “progressive” (whatever that may mean) than any other of the conspicuous candidates.

Now this question as to progressiveness, while its injection into the problem under the condition of that particular crisis undoubtedly operated to his advantage, may well prove to have later caused him to be confronted with an embarrassing and even dangerous dilemma in the very different conditions of the longer continuing stages subsequent to the nomination.

That greater “progressiveness” which, when only *abstractly* “imputed to him for righteousness,” won for him the nominating votes of those demanding that sort of thing, without proving fatally prohibitory of the support of these differently minded, might easily, if and when it should later have to be expressed more definitely and in detail, prove to be, either dangerously disappointing and unsatisfactory to “progressive” enthusiasts, or, on the other hand, equally or even more dangerously alarming and repellent to voters of the other, the so-called “reactionary,” school. It is a question of fact, for instance, whether the candidate’s carefully prepared “speech of acceptance,” *by the very qualities* which have won for it the warm approval and commendation of the great Eastern papers and business men,—who are openly and scornfully opposed to what in “the West” are called “progressive” policies,—will not seriously endanger his popularity at the polls in those regions and with these voters whose enthusiasm for “progressiveness” is quite as great, to say the least, as the enthusiasm for “sane and safe” conservatism is among the others.

All this I realize, and I candidly admit that, but for the “spontaneous self-division” which has just happened to the late lamented Republican Party, we might well fear a possible other defeat due to the failure of one wing or the other of our party to support our candidate. But in the actual case it seems incredible that the party unity which, after all, did survive that awful struggle in Baltimore, can possibly be so far impaired in the actual voting at the polls, by the unorganized, unavowed, unconcerted dissatisfaction of individuals, as to counteract appreciably the terrific vote reducing effect wrought upon our adversaries by that “complete separation” into two bitterly hostile segments, which occurred at Chicago. Wilson will almost certainly get the great bulk of our usual vote, and very probably thousands of votes from ex-Republicans who will prefer his “progressiveness” to Roosevelt’s and his “conservatism” to Taft’s, and who, by thus going to him, will feel that they are “taking to the woods,” and thereby avoiding both the “dismal swamp” of Taftism, and the “erupting Volcano” of Rooseveltism.

Hopeful of Wilson’s election, I am also confident of the success and substantial utility to the country of his administration. I believe him to be on the one hand sincere in his professions of interest in certain proposed reforms, of some of which I cannot conscientiously approve, but, on the other hand, I am convinced that he is too intelligent, too well informed, and too careful of his reputation for sense and patriotism, to go to dangerous lengths, in actual practice, in any attempt to carry out impracticable or unjust policies, no matter how earnestly pressed upon him by well-meaning but mistaken visionaries.



• W. E. MILLER •

THE HYMN OF ARMAGEDDON

• BY 'GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK •

"And I stood upon the sands of the sea, and I saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads. . . . And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon. . . . And the great city was divided into three parts."

THE APOCALYPSE.

APOCALYPTIC thunders roll out of the crimson East:
The Day of Judgment is at hand, and we shall slay the Beast.

What are the seven heads of him, the Beast that shall be slain?
Sullivan, Taggart, Lorimer, Barnes, Penrose, Murphy, Crane.
Into what cities leads his trail in venom steeped in gore?
Ask Frisco, ask Chicago, mark New York and Baltimore.
Where shall we wage the battle, for whom unsheath the sword?
We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

Though hell spit forth its snarling host we shall not flinch nor quail,

For in the last skirmish God's own truth must prevail.
Have they not seen the writing that flames upon the wall,
Of how their house is built on sand, and how their pride must fall?
The cough of little lads that sweat where never sun sheds light,
The sob of starving children and their mothers in the night,
These, and the wrong of ages, we carry as a sword,
Who stand at Armageddon and who battle for the Lord!

God's soldiers from the West are we, from North and East and South,

The seed of them who flung the tea into the harbor's mouth,
And those who fought where Grant fought and those who fought with Lee,

And those who under alien stars first dreamed of liberty.
Not those of little faith whose speech is soft, whose ways are dark,
Nor those upon whose forehead the Beast has set his mark,
Out of the hand of Justice we snatch her faltering sword,
We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

The sternest militant of God whose trumpet in the fray
Has cleft the city into three shall lead us on this day.
The holy strength that David had is his, the faith that saves,
For he shall free the toilers as Abe Lincoln freed the slaves.
And he shall rouse the lukewarm and those whose eyes are dim,
The hope of twenty centuries has found a voice in him.
Because the Beast shall froth with wrath and perish by his sword,
He leads at Armageddon the legions of the Lord!

For he shall move the mountains that groan with ancient sham,
And mete with equal measure to the lion and the lamb.
And he shall wipe away the tears that burn on woman's cheek,
For in the nation's council hence the mothers too, shall speak.
Through him the rose of peace shall blow from the red rose of strife,
America shall write his name into the Book of Life.
And where at Armageddon we battle with the sword
Shall rise the mystic commonwealth, the City of the Lord!



• W. E. MILLER •

Who Holds the Key to the Panama Canal?

By R. P. STEGLER

SOON AFTER the close of the Spanish-American War the United States Government announced its intention to undertake the building of an inter-oceanic canal and entered into a treaty with Great Britain providing for the neutralization of the Canal by whatever route it might be constructed and for its use on equal terms for all nations. There are hardly any actions in the history of the foreign policy of the United States comparable to the skill and clearheadedness with which the whole affair was directed and concluded. Great Britain, exhausted at the time through the Boer War, could hardly do anything else but agree, and the good will of the other Powers was above any question. But there is another reason why Great Britain could agree without the least hesitation. Because she holds practically the key to this wonderful work of modern engineering in the possession of the Island of Bermuda.

The leading argument for the undertaking of the building of the Panama Canal was of a strategic nature: To secure the possibility of a quicker and more independent movement of our fleet. But all the qualifications which guard the locks of the Panama Canal are only the "A" in an alphabet and require the logical "B" represented by a strong fleet to complete the protection of this highway, which is a structure unequalled in history, built by American engineers and financed by American money only. As long as Great Britain is in possession of Bermuda she holds the key to the Panama Canal in her hands and in a steadily strengthening of Bermuda as the naval base the British Government shows that it is not at all willing to let that key pass into other hands. The location of Bermuda Island enables Great Britain to keep a close and constant watch over every move of our Atlantic fleet, and a squadron of half the size of our Atlantic fleet, with a base like Bermuda to fall back on, is more than sufficient to hamper and even to cripple any American squadron which would try to force its way South in order to reach the Panama Canal. A close observer of British naval policy cannot fail to see that England has strengthened and strengthens to-day her West-Indian squadron in proportion to the growth of the United States navy, but always with the advantage that Bermuda is so much nearer the Panama Canal than the base for our Atlantic fleet, and that a British fleet which would lay for an American squadron in the entangled straits of the West Indian Islands could, in case of emergency, always seek refuge in one of the many British ports there, nearly all of which are sufficiently equipped to render immediate assistance and protection to a British warship. Any American squadron would be entirely at the mercy of Great Britain unless it were of such overpowering strength that British bluff would not dare to attack it. But as we do not possess such a fleet at present, Bermuda represents to-day a similar question to the foreign politics of the United States as Heligoland in British possession did to Germany twenty-four years ago, and constitutes a constant menace to the Monroe Doctrine.

In order to cover its own movements the British Government, in regular intervals, launches news of seeming attempts of other nations to interfere with United States politics in regard to the Panama

Canal. Even its intimate ally, Japan, was drawn into this foul game through newspaper articles, which had their source in Downing Street, and all this for no other reason but to deceive the American people and its Government. But wrong carries its own punishment, and through the immediate action of Japan's Foreign Office the nothingness of these false statements was promptly revealed. "Timeo Danaos," and that should be remembered constantly in all the dealing which the United States has with Great Britain. England always likes to play the lamb in wolf's skin, and prepares a basis for a mighty and powerful fleet under the cover of high-tuned peace assurances right in front of our coast, on an island which geographically belongs just as much to the United States as the state of Massachusetts. An island which, moreover, was taken from us by a reprehensible trick, as any student of American history can verify.

Not so long ago as to be forgotten, American citizens were pressed with the very assistance of the British Government to serve under the British flag. To-day that same Government would not hesitate a moment to reap the fruits of the labor of this country, if we should neglect our duty and should not be prepared to defend our own work and position among the world's nations. The victorious outcome of the Spanish War and more so the Panama Canal naturally include burdens which we must be willing to carry, and every American citizen who does not fully realize this in the coming election for the Presidency becomes a traitor to his country. Great Britain's note in regard to the toll question of the Panama Canal as far as American vessels are concerned, was no more and no less than an insult and shows again that we always have to expect a meddling with our inner affairs on the part of England, and that that friendly cousin is apt to take too much interest in things which are none of her business. But she thinks that the powerful and ready fleet within only two days' steam from our insufficiently protected coast assures her the right to do so. Hence, treaty or no treaty, the United States was right in disregarding the impertinent British message. If we are willing to learn from these incidents, now is our chance, because it shows us again what we will have to expect, if the political relations with Great Britain should be less cordial and less correct. The very reason why the construction of the Panama Canal was undertaken by the United States remains an illusion, as long as Great Britain keeps on developing Bermuda for a naval base of her West Indian squadron, which is continuously strengthened with a care giving all reasons for suspicion, as the work of the Panama Canal nears its finish. South of Newport News, Va., we do not possess a single dry dock large enough to take in even a warship of moderate size, if such a necessity should arise, and the largest guns of the forts on the Panama Canal entrance range not far enough to reach Bermuda, this thorn in our flesh.

I am convinced that only a man whose ability succeeded in making the Panama Canal an American highway will be able to cut this Gordian knot which faces the United States government again in the question of the possession of the Galapagos Island in the Pacific. The latter are just as vital for the protection of the Panama Canal as Bermuda and a strong, ready fleet.

A Song of Life

By LOUISE KOBBE MANNING

LIFE seemed a song,
A song whose melody was passing sweet
With merry music for my dancing feet,
Yet all along
I knew the hunger of a heart within
And heard strings breaking on Life's violin.

The Importance of Women in Art

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—In the following article, Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff brilliantly replies to Michael Monahan's article on the "Futility of Female Poets." THE INTERNATIONAL agrees with Mrs. Wagstaff and favors woman suffrage in literature as well as in politics.]

CENTURIES of oppression have inured woman to intellectual inactivity. Her apparently prolonged ignorance and unproductiveness are the result of continuous masculine tyranny.

In the felicitous state of harem life, the bucolic contentment of sexual subjugation and unenlightenment, the Eastern woman has gazed with seeingless eyes upon the moving panorama of the world.

Wild beasts in a condition of rigid domestication lose half of their inherent cleverness. The house-pet in its stupid inertia compares unfavorably with the sensitively alert, intelligent, roaming mongrel. Prison a swift-winged songbird and its lyric note will depart. Similarly the human being expands more fully in liberation. Hence the restriction of the legal and moral rights of the female have only hampered the progress of her development. Contact with the pulse of life, experience and adventure, have invariably been forced upon the male. And therefore he has continued advancing with every phase of human evolution.

The physical responsibilities of domestic life have likewise confined woman's realm. The very burden of her sex is an unmitigated handicap. Alike popular prejudice and the restrained dominion of the male have obviated the possibility of her growth during the ages of her unenlightened past. As a gaudy-plumaged chattel, her soul in chains and her body decorated ornately for the mere purpose of gratifying the lawless admiration of man, she has endured only too long, in Gustave Flaubert's words—"the pitiful limitation of her sphere." Nourished upon indolence and passion she has accepted the will of the "superior male," with almost delighted tolerance. Socrates found ignorance to be vice. Perhaps only in an age of genuine enlightenment can woman become really chaste.

But why has she been so long content in her conjugal submission? Mainly because, for those of average mental endowments, marriage holds the greatest possibility of happiness. Without it, she fails to fulfill the function of her sex. It is sometimes a beatific state. But progress and contentment are incompatible.

Prior to the advent of Christianity, woman's legal rights were insignificant; but under the Roman Emperors, especially Justinian,—who prided himself on improving the condition of woman,—her realm of liberty enlarged somewhat. After the Reformation and the Council of Trent noticeable changes again occurred for her betterment, and the Magna Charta in England also broadened her horizon. But matrimony, even in mediæval times, permitted practically no opportunities for the mental advancement of woman. In its most felicitous state it creates, with its rigid limitation of freedom, a smug self-sufficiency. Accompanied by the continuous intimate revelations, the drain of personality, the absorption of another's, the increasing subservience to the masculine will, it tends to deaden ideality, stifle the imagination and individuality as well as weaken the volition. Therefore obviously the inactivity of woman's creative faculties is traceable to prolonged social bondage. Roussel in his admirable treatise on the "Système de la Femme" says: "On ne doute point que les mœurs sociales et une infinité de circonstances puissent altérer le caractère primitif que la nature a donné."

Woman, as a result of her environment, her habits and her enforced responsibilities, has never been allowed the free usage of her natural endowments. Aesthetic endeavor has been necessarily confined to man. Yet, possessed of a more complex emotional organism than his, woman's desire for expansion has recently in America and on the Continent found ardent and imperative utterance. Suffrage, the adoption of professional careers; the limitation of offspring; the freedom and acknowledged position of the unmarried; participation in industrial and economic activities, all are but manifestations of woman's deep-seated craving for intellectual emancipation.

Observe, for example, the increase in the number of feminine editors, journalists, poets and essayists in America and Europe. France is overflowing with female writers and young art students collected from all parts of the globe. The American artist's salon in Paris is two-thirds composed of women, while in England and in this country, it is said that one-fourth of the poetic output is from the feminine pen.

Strindberg and Ibsen have voiced in the North the consummate note of female emancipation. George Sand, Mary Woolstonecroft in her "Rights for Women," Goethe, Ellen Key, Maeterlinck and d'Annunzio have been the clarion voices of the moral and spiritual insurgence of woman,—her claim for recognition as man's equal,—that universal urge of progress in the human heart so aptly spoken of by Swinburne when he asks:

"Who hath cursed
Spirit and flesh with longing."

But it is not a longing of the senses for wider experience that has impelled woman to rebel. Rather is it a re-action from the martyrdom of mawkish conventional ethics, and the awakening of an underlying spiritual desire for beauty,—beauty in the expression of life and art. The best art is a revelation of highly developed individuality. And the beauty of art demands a finer sensibility than the beauty of nature. Woman, therefore, finding intrinsic congeniality in the sphere of thought, will seek in it a means of escape from the tyranny of the senses.

Thus will arise the Nietzschean Super-Woman clad in all the resplendent individualism of the modern age, to achieve the noblest work that has yet been given to the world. Man's absorption in scientific affairs is increasing: Mechanism is killing ideality; therefore it remains for woman to assume the heritage of aesthetic activity. The artistic future of America lies in its women. We have yet to acclaim the Golden Age of Woman, when the Empire of Beauty and sex-equality will illumine the world with transcendental glory. When such an epoch arrives we shall look back upon this era as one of darkness and slavery. A century ago Shelley cried:

"Can man be free, if woman be a slave?
Woman and man in confidence and love,
Equal and free and pure together."

Instead of the heroic types of a Pocahontas, a Molly Pitcher or a Barbara Frietche,—instead of a Charlotte Corday, a Joan of Arc, a Katherine of Russia, a Queen Isabella, a Mme. de Pompadour, a Cleopatra, a Diane de Poitiers, a Beatrice d'Este, an Heloise, a Francesca, a Faustina, a Helen or a Phryne, whose lives of renunciation, inspiration or sublime passion were dedicated to an Idea and revealed an innate artistic genius, we shall create more intellectual giants like George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Browning, Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Sevigné, Carmen Sylva, Christina Rossetti, Vittoria Colonna, Aspasia, Blanche Nevin, Rosa Bonheur, Angelica Kauffmann, Mme. Melba, Mrs. Shelley, Sappho, Matilde Wesendonck, Teresa Carreno, Jennie Lind and Mme. Chaminade. We shall bring forth women whose fecund brains shall create the deathless Lyric, the perfect Sonata or the noble bronze that will thrill the universe with ardor.

The hetarae of the Periclean Age were skilled in the ways of love, yet they were women of the most advanced state of culture, the counsellors of statesmen, philosophers, sculptors and dramatists.

Endowed with a higher amount of intuition than man, cerebrally he is woman's inferior. Is it not the wife in Strindberg's "Father,"—that sardonic masterpiece of sexual satire, who says,—"I've never looked at a man without knowing myself to be his superior."

Of late years Locke, Swedenborg and Balzac, as well as numerous other philosophers, have opposed the tenets of the materialists by averring that Intuition is the premier faculty of the human brain, thereby placing the male stronghold, Reason, secondary. "Intuition is in fact the key whereby the interior region of the mind, the permanent enduring part of human nature is unlocked; it is the instrument by which the deep, the central truths of existence are attained to by the intelligent."

Woman, through her immense love-capacity, her acute sensibilities, her delicately attuned organism and her keen imaginative powers will sacrifice all things for beauty: She will perish for an ideal, a passion. Has there ever been a male Alcestis? She willingly renounces her personal freedom for love; her life, if need be, for the supreme achievement of motherhood. Who loves with fine frenzy can create sublimely. For love is the most exalted of arts. "Great love is like great genius," says Rousseau. Love and art demand colossal sacrifices. For they are the only means of escape from life. In deifying the human form and emotions, we endeavor to transcend the hideousness of reality; it is the mortal ever seeking something loftier, more complex and nobler than mere existence yields. From the imperfections of the real arises the necessity of the Beautiful,—the Spiritual.

The creative faculty being one of the most delicately complex functions of the human brain requires for its basic elements inspiration, susceptibility, and ideality. What male mind could "hear the voices" that have agitated the feminine soul?

By nature of her exquisite impulses, her intuitive sensibilities, woman is more fitted to excel in art than man. It is incorrect to assume that she who has attained eminence in the past has been mentally virile. In her femininity consists her strength; rather has the male artist possessed peculiarly delicate susceptibilities that have attuned his more rugged being to the finer vibrations of human feeling. Plato, Swinburne, Michelangelo, Keats, Shelley, Tennyson, Euripides, Shakespeare, Winckelmann, Wilde, Beethoven, Chopin and de Musset are acknowledged to have had certain feminine characteristics that penetrated their souls with a sublimer exaltation. Hegel says, "Where the aesthetic sense is deep enough, it is an unconscious moral sense and keeps men pure, and the moral sense in its perfection becomes the aesthetic."

Woman is at present less civilized than man. She is closer to the fundamental truths; the earth-throbs echo in her ears and the cry of "gentle growing things." She is all tune and rhythm and harmony. Her life is a ballad,—she is sun-winged,—her passions animate her soul with color. She exhales light and tone,—her nature is melody.

She is a song-bird that has never dared to utter its primal rapture. She has only to tear asunder her cage and utter, as Ibsen's little Nora, wonderful, astounding verities. Can she not sing and dance and command the lyre of poetry, with a finer skill than any man? Her function is exalted,—it is grace and lyric breath commingled. She is all inspiration and elemental fire; and the higher arts demand no mechanism.

Sculpture is purely emotional expression, and allied the closest to poetry. Poetry is a revelation of the subliminal ideas. Woman by reason of her singularly psychic powers is in more intimate contact with the subconscious life than man. She has only to express the seething vortex of ideality within her and she will unburden divine truths. She approaches divinity as man cannot,—for her loves sanctifies;—in Plato's words:

"There is none so worthless, whom love cannot impel by divine inspiration."

With the widening of woman's horizon she will arrive at the ultimate goal of beauty more rapidly, more securely than man; Anointed with a starry crown of re-birth, inspired by the rejuvenation of her natural powers, her spiritual renaissance will come to be a reality.

Moral emancipation will obviate the strife between the sexes, that purposeless duel of inequality. And when marriage becomes a renewable legal contract, woman will attain that spiritual wisdom born of a nobler vision, that her inherent talents demand. The international female clamor that is now commanding attention throughout the various civilized countries is but the hysteria of enslaved womanhood bursting from its prison, pleading for the right to possess and utilize its life in its own way untrammelled, idealistically.

Restored to a condition of self-respect, alleviated from enforced domestic travail, owning her being and free to dispose of her soul according to her own higher inclinations, woman will, in the saying of Horace: "Sublime feriam Sidera vertice."

Art is the beacon-ray casting before her the luminance of her intellectual emancipation; that romantic renaissance, that great revived movement of the soul after a long period of prosaic acceptance in all things.

Since the Greeks found wisdom in venerating the artist as an inspired seer whose brain was visited by the gods of splendor and emotion,—so let us likewise revere these new comers into the realm of beauty,—Woman,—not for her sex alone; but for its noblest utterance,—Art. And we shall say to her in Pater's immortal words:

"Awake, then! and see thy dream as it is in comparison with that erewhile it seemed to thee."

Nocturn

By CLARK ASHTON SMITH

INTENSIFIED and re-enforced with clouds,
In searchless secrecy descends the night;
Against the shrinking lakes of western light,
The hills ambiguous stand, disguised with shrouds
Of mist-inwoven and unfeatured gloom;
A little and engulfed from sight, they sink
In rising tides of dark, upon whose brink
Of chartless waves, no beacon-stars illumine.

Lost utterly are earth and firmament,
As in some final night of doubts and fears,
Wherein the abysses of Oblivion lie.
Till, lo! the heaven-eclipsing clouds are rent,
And through the rift, a lone star brightly peers,
Like some great watchful and unsleeping Eye.

Diogenes on the System

By FELIX GRENDON

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—This, the second Resurrected Interview (see translator's note to the first, in the August INTERNATIONAL), has been translated from the Corinth Papyrus, B. C. 335. (All Rights Reserved.) It bears three quaint headlines: "Diogenes Finds an Honest Man;" "Criminals Divide the Swag with Watchmen;" and, "Money Talks, but Does Best Work on the Quiet."]

NEWS THAT OUR brilliant cynic and incorrigible paradoxer, Diogenes, had returned from his lively experiences in the slave markets of Crete, sent me on a flying visit to his home. At his cozy little villa, "The Tub," I found the philosopher busily polishing a small bronze lantern.

"The famous lantern!" I exclaimed.

"Not yet," he replied dryly. "But it will be in ten minutes. By that time I shall have placed it on yonder pedestal, where it is designed to enchant those visitors of mine who insist on my living up to a legendary reputation and who feel personally aggrieved when I tell them that I have never carried a lantern since I played 'German savage' in my boyhood days."

"Then," I said, a little chagrined on my own account, "you don't go looking for an honest man by day?"

"By Olympus, no!" he exclaimed, laughing heartily. "I should sooner look for an honest man by night, when he is much more apt to be prowling about to get the air, with the reasonable assurance that no watchman will be abroad to molest him. Besides, why should I hunt for an honest man when I can always modestly point to one in the Tub?"

"Do you intend your fling at our Watch force to be taken literally? Do not our 'finest' risk their lives protecting respectable citizens? And are they not courageous, uncomplaining and tireless in the pursuit of their work?"

"Shades of Charon!" exploded Diogenes. "Is not every beast of prey courageous, uncomplaining and tireless in the pursuit of its work, namely, its game? As for protection, I don't believe that you really know what our watchmen protect us from. Let me be candid. They protect us from peace and safety. And would you like to know their game? You and I and the rest of 'respectable' society—we are their game."

I could hardly restrain my merriment at these audacious paradoxes, so characteristic of the cynical philosopher.

"You smile," Diogenes cried out, "and think perhaps that I am thereby flattered. 'But my years have taught me,' he added, with comic bitterness, "that there are daggers in men's smiles."

"You say," continued the philosopher, after an eloquent pause, "that you regard my view of our municipal Watch system to be a prejudiced one. But have you ever reflected how the system developed? Of course not. Then allow me to give you a little coaching in history."

"Our savage ancestors, I need hardly tell you, were nomads. Since they did not cultivate the soil, they did not value land, nor did they care a jot for personal possessions. They owned their things in common, that is, the belongings of each individual were the belongings of the entire community."

"When the nomadic was exchanged for a stationary life, however, land and other possessions acquired value, and communism gave way to private ownership. Wherever a new settlement was made, the first comers naturally took such land and other property as lay within their grasp. Belated settlers were thus left a Hobson's choice between famine, murder and sudden death on the one hand, and on the other, starvation wages for perpetual service to their fellow tribesmen. Naturally, the disinherited—the Helots or Workers as we call them—did not relish their situation. From time to time they grumbled at their luckless plight and even cast hungry eyes at the possessions which they were permitted only to tend or to help increase."

"What," I interposed protestingly, "have these diverting facts to do with our System of Watchers, with Corinth's 'finest', in short?"

"A little patience is a wondrous thing," said the philosopher,

shaking his finger at me reprovingly. "I was about to observe that the intermittent mutinies of the Workers soon caused the property-owners—or Oligarchs, as we call them—to become conscious of the basis of their power. To secure this basis in perpetuity, they solemnly decreed that private property was the moral foundation of cultured society and that any attempt to deprive an Oligarch of his private holdings should constitute the most heinous crime. Nor was this all. They hired a number of the landless, moneyless Workers, organized them into the Watch Force, and paid them to browbeat their fellow workers and to frustrate the afore-mentioned crime."

"Beware, Diogenes," I boldly interrupted, "our aristocratic Watch Commissioner will hardly be overjoyed to hear himself called 'hired.'"

"Never fear. He doesn't take the *Daily Papyrus*, which only prints what's fit to read."

"To recur to the theme, Diogenes. Do not the watchmen detect burglars and gamblers?"

"They do—as a magnet detects a little steel."

The Cynic chuckled at his quip. When he recovered his gravity he grew more explicit.

"There were Workers whose aversion to work was so acute that they preferred the risk of taking oligarchic property to the pain of tending it. These restive workers aspired to gain oligarchic power with the same forceful despatch that had given the original oligarchs their ascendancy. There now existed, however, the great law of private ownership, forbidding such procedures as subversive of public morality."

"What was to be done? The more desperate of the mutineers became criminals. They were shrewd enough to surmise that if the watchmen could be hired to keep one eye on the law, they could equally be hired to wink the other eye when the lawbreaker opened fire. Add to this that the watchmen had no inborn love for the Oligarchs, and no strong objection to turning their own servitude to masterdom, and you will readily understand the sequel. When the denizens of the underworld offered their official enemies half of whatever swag they might obtain, a bargain was promptly struck. An offensive and defensive alliance between the criminal and the Watch Force thus came into existence, and the guardians of the public peace became a menace to private safety."

"Do you mean to say," I observed incredulously, "that the Oligarchs in power cannot discipline watchmen who extort blackmail?"

"They do not dare to. Remember, the supremacy of the Oligarch rests on the individualist principle of grab-as-grab-can. Having sanctioned that principle for his class by the supremest law, he cannot punish those who apply the principle by slipping through some loophole in the law, even when the criminals are workers."

"Why not?"

"Lest the principle itself come in question. To escape such a calamity they tacitly uphold the System. And as long as the watchmen restrict their criminal allies to reasonable depredations, the Oligarchs themselves are willing to be bled for an indirect tribute, although they cordially hate the system, both for its boomerang inconveniences and for its overbearing, underbred, grasping minions, whose misconduct—by a strange irony—they are obliged to invest with all the sanctity and dignity of the law."

"If what you say is true, criminals and watchmen must have a go-between."

"They have," was the laconic answer. "Talents of silver and sterling coin."

"You mean that money does the talking, as people say?"

"People say that money talks, but it does its best work on the quiet."

"Be serious, Diogenes. Would not the Watch Force suppress crime if it could?"

"Did any man ever kill the goose that laid the golden egg, except in a fairy tale? Young man, the watchman's very existence depends on the prevalence of crime. He flourishes on crime as the Charity Organization Society thrives on destitution or as the physician battens on disease. Of course, the respectable Oligarchs do not approve of the iniquities that are inseparable from their sway. But as they will not—nay cannot—abdicate their power, they appoint favored workers to regulate these accompanying iniquities, that is, to keep them within bounds. And the ink is scarcely dry on the certificates of appointment, before the regulators proceed to nurse the iniquities for the purpose of keeping themselves in office."

"Behold the social law in a perpetual merry-go-round!" continued Diogenes eloquently. "The Oligarchs dare not suppress the watchmen even if they would, while the watchmen would not suppress the criminals even if they dared. The ambitious worker hopes some day to leave his class and do with watchmen as they have done with him. The criminal mulcts the landed Oligarch when he can, and the ambitious worker when he can't. The Oligarch bribes the watchman to do his duty to the criminal, who in turn bribes the watchman to forget his duty to the Oligarch. Tolerated by worker, criminal and Oligarch from divergent motives of ambition, cupidity and fear, the System has the solid grounding of a breakwater strengthened by the very evils it is designed to break."

"Do you think that the System will ever be destroyed?"

"Not until the Workers smash the fetters of wage-slavery," replied Diogenes with an air of finality.

I saw that the philosopher was disinclined to pursue the theme, so I hurriedly engaged him on a topic of international excitement.

"Speaking of slavery," I remarked, "the reports of your recent escape from the slave market in Crete are very conflicting. Will you state the facts?"

"I escaped slavery by simply declining to be a slave. Knowing that the only way to command men is to refuse to serve them, I resorted to the following device. Whenever merchants or princes

inspected me with a view to purchase, I loudly cried: 'Whoever needs a master, let him buy me! My business is to rule mankind.' Merchants and princes are pusillanimous men, and they balked at such a bargain.

"Weeks went by. It is true that my pirate captors beat me black and blue in order to make me hold my tongue. But I persisted until Xenocrates, the revolutionary president of our Corinthian arts and crafts league, happened to hear my cry. When he came to my side, I pointed to the low figure at which my disgusted captors were then offering me, and challenged him to gain cheap immortality and national gratitude by restoring me to my countrymen. Xenocrates, who is not the man to be stumped by a dare, took me at my word and set me free forthwith. And lo, here I am again with my lantern."

At the words, Diogenes tenderly placed the tiny lantern on the pedestal.

"Diogenes," I said, "pardon me one further query. All visitors to our noble city as well as all natives returning from extended travels are, by a time-honored custom, asked this question. After your stay abroad, do you not think Greek girls the most beautiful in the world?"

"I always consider Greek girls the most beautiful—when I am in Greece," replied Diogenes with a Mephistophelean smile. "When I am in foreign parts, a lively sense of physical culture obliges me to adjust my esthetic views to the demands of varying climates."

"Have you no fixed standards of beauty?" I cried, in despair.

"The soul of beauty is eternal, but her cosmetics change with every fashion."

I thought of the beauty parlors of Corinth and of the rapture with which a bon mot from Diogenes would thrill the fair devotees of loveliness.

"My interview lacks one of those iridescent epigrams that make a special appeal to the feminine heart. Won't you supply it for our woman's page?" I pleaded.

"I strive to please," was the mocking response. "In Athens, cosmetics make beauties, but in Corinth, even the beauties make their own cosmetics."

As the amazing Cynic said these words, he laid one hand affectionately on the lantern's head, and waved good-by with the other.

Kitty

By EDWARD J. WHEELER

BLUE EYES so changeable,
Hair so arrangeable,
Twice is she never the same.
Will so capricious is,
Form so delicious is,
Pulses of mine are aflame.

Doric simplicities,
Attic felicities,
In her trim figure unite.
Sweetly they steal to me,
Clearly reveal to me
How disconcerting my plight.

Tho I may sing to her,
What could I bring to her?
Only a heart in distress,
Futile my verse it is,
Empty my purse it is,—
Bondage, not bonds I possess.

Art is so tenuous,
Life is so strenuous,
Love such an exquisite trance,
Shall I beware of her?
Or shall I dare for her,
Like the old knights of romance?



Ragtime and Symphony: A Played-Out Musical Quarrel

By ARTHUR FARWELL

ENLIGHTENMENT is like oil on the bearings of the mental machine; it adds to the speed of progress by eliminating friction. When we know that a thing is not so, it no longer clogs the mind. When we learn that our devouring boojum is but a harmless snark after all, fear no longer petrifies the soul, and we go freely forward to fresh fields of conquest.

The musical world cries out for the application of this medicinal principle. The modern world has conceived, and still conceives, music, the art, and "popular" music—symphony and ragtime—to be at war with each other. No doubt there has been cause, of a sort, for such a belief. The devotee of popular song has jeered at the symphony lover, and the symphony lover has frowned back at the devotee of popular song. Both continue to thrive mightily, it will be noticed, and neither ever proves anything against the validity of the other's sympathies.

Within the last few weeks each faith has found a prophet of the approved traditional sort, Rabelaisian on the one hand, and scornful on the other. Irvin S. Cobb, in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has with genuine and sometimes fresh humor poked a vast deal of fun at the musical "highbrow." His ribaldry, like all such outbreaks, serves the excellent purpose of ridiculing the false and pretentious, though it does not assail, or, for that matter, perceive, the true, despite the fact that it assumes to do so in its sentimental close. It is the clown's business to be funny. No one pretends that he destroys that which is honestly serious, however nobly he saves men from their over-seriousness. The guns of the other camp are fired by George Hamlin, the eminent singer, who, in an interview in the *New York Evening Mail*, maintains that "the flooding of the country with cheap, trashy music naturally impedes the progress of art," and that "the day is not far distant when foolish, crude, vulgar music will find small market." The element of the positive and the valid in "cheap, trashy music" is as completely ignored by Mr. Hamlin, as is the positive and the valid in music, the art, by Mr. Cobb. Each fires at the position of the other as a target, and misses completely, for the simple reason that they are hunting in different worlds, between which no bullet can pass.

The activity of these gentlemen gives an appearance of opposition, of antagonism, to their respective spheres. That seeming antagonism is due, however, not to the realities of the matter, but to their misunderstanding of those realities. It is time for a world approaching almost to a condition of human intelligence to see that music, the art, and popular music, can no more encounter each other in an opposing way, than can a railroad train on the earth and an aeroplane half a mile up in the sky. The error of Mr. Cobb and Mr. Hamlin—the error of the world to-day with respect of this matter—is an "error in the fourth dimension." There can no more be any opposition between ragtime and symphony than there is between motion and thought, or between a tree and the soil it grows in. They are two different things, having a different nature, different content, different laws, and different human purpose. They lie on different planes, and exist in and for different regions of the human organism.

It is in the failure to recognize this fact, and the misguided effort to find the same substance in both, that the error arises. Mr.

Hamlin does not like the ephemeral popular song because he cannot find in it what he craves and finds in the "art song." Mr. Cobb does not like the symphony because he cannot find in it that which the popular tune gives him. Of course not. But would you consider a man reasonable, or even sane, who raves because he cannot shake philosophy out of an apple tree or squeeze lemon juice out of a system of ethics? Why, gentlemen, there is no end short of eternity and madness in the chasing of such chimeras!

But ragtime and symphony are both *music*, you say. Very well, the feet and the brain are both flesh and blood, but you do not look to your feet to conceive a thought, nor to your brain to carry you across the street. Neither would your brain, could it speak for itself, condemn your feet because they cannot think, nor your feet condemn your brain because it cannot dance. Music is a broad term. The ancients held that music symbolizes the universe; and the universe holds many things which are not measurable by identical units.

What is "popular music?" We are in need of a practical working definition. We have thought it to be the riff-raff of musical art, to be to musical art what weeds and meaner growth are to great trees. But this would imply merely a difference in dignity of growth, a difference of degree, whereas the difference is in reality one of kind, and no such comparison is possible. It is not the trimmings and leavings of musical art that the popular publishing houses public, nor is it a crude form of musical art. Popular music is a highly developed product, governed by different laws from those of musical art, and directed to a different human purpose.

To discover this, it is only necessary for a composer who is not an initiate in the elaborate mysteries of this industry to attempt to get a publisher of popular music to print some simple and appealing little composition in the "popular" character. This is the moment when the error in the fourth dimension steps in. Sadder and wiser grows the composer as he learns that it is not *music* the publisher wants, not a good musical thought well expressed, but that he wants and *must have* four bars of introduction, sixteen bars of "first strain," sixteen bars of "second strain" in the same key, sixteen bars of "trio" in a key four notes higher, and eight bars of modulation, leading to the repeat. That is, he must have an exact mathematical formula, before all else. He offers you your choice of several such formulas, whose first law is mathematical inviolability. The melody which you spin out over this rigid frame is of secondary importance; it is sufficient that you keep its character strictly within certain narrow limits, the conditions imposed having nothing whatsoever to do with musical quality, but concerning themselves only with what might be called the mathematics of the primitive melodic sense. Within the scope of the given formulas, popular music to-day has risen to a high state of conscious and sophisticated development.

What is the plain meaning of all this? Simply that the maker of popular music has gradually worked out the least common denominator of the people comprising his audience, in terms of rhythm and melody; that he has pretty well defined the limits of what might be called the primitive rhythmic-melodic sense—a sense which everyone, however untutored, can be depended upon to have

as he has the sense of sight; that he is concerned wholly with the making of a product which will play to this primitive rhythmic-melodic sense, keeping strictly within its primitive mathematical possibilities and introducing nothing beyond them; that he has no concern whatsoever with even the beginnings of the free expression which is the starting point of musical art; that, in fact, he leaves off, sharply and definitely, where musical art begins. In accepting a piece of popular music, one must never violate the trust of the instinct within one which (even while one is dancing and talking) counts the bars with mathematical certainty—one, two, three, four; one two, three four—and demands that the count come out even. Primitive mathematical psychology is the first concern of popular music, which, since in the human being in motion this first displays itself in the dance, means that popular music is before all else a matter of the foot. Secondly it is a matter of the primitive tone sense, though this must enter to no embarrassing degree.

A rough modern working-definition of popular music would thus be: highly sophisticated music based upon a rigid elementary mathematical formula and designed to fall wholly within the capacities of the primitive generic rhythmic-melodic sense.

This sense is the soil of musical life. Like the soil of the earth it is eternal in its changefulness and workableness, but it knows no progression and cannot transcend itself. As a soil, it must ever remain soil. It is enormously vital—the universal health, the fundamental verity, of all music.

Up from this soil spring the growths which are art, obeying and fulfilling laws beyond the need or comprehension of the soil. As the tree strikes its roots into the soil, so the symphony strikes its roots into the primitive rhythmic-melodic sense, transcending the restrictions of that sense just in proportion as it rests firmly upon it. The

relation of music, the art, to popular music, is not that of great trees to lesser growths, it is that of the tree to the soil. The weeds are to the trees and flowers what the myriad feeble attempts at art are to the master-works.

Crude art represents a striving, a recognition of the existence of the laws of great art and an effort to fulfil them. There is no striving in popular music; it is a fulfilment. It has its own fulness of life in its own right, oblivious to, and unchecked by, any growth of musical art which may employ it and its elementary psychology as soil and rise above it. "Cheap and trashy" our popular music may be, but, in its fulfilment of fundamental psychological law it is august. And to claim that it opposes the growth of musical art is as preposterous as to declare that the soil retards the growth of a tree.

It is not, and can never be, popular music which retards the progress of the art. Progress and creativity in art are retarded only by a negative attitude on the part of the artist and his departure from his proper province; by his failure to fix his attention unswervingly upon his source of life and growth—the sunlight, moisture and air which exist in abundance about him, and are his for the taking.

The more thought the artist gives to matters outside his art, which he fancies are retarding it, the less he will have to give to his art itself. And that way the death of art lies.

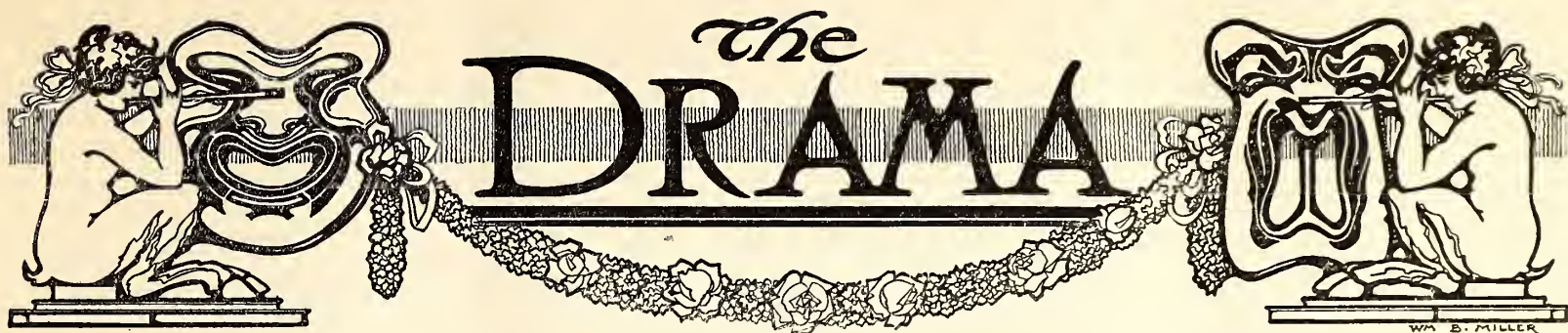
Between popular music, and music, the art, there is no quarrel. Their spheres border on each other but do not encroach. The only place where friction can possibly arise is in the mind of the man who does not clearly see the boundary line between them. A little enlightenment on this score means decreased friction, increased efficiency for progress, and the end of a long, useless, and ridiculous war.

Ein neuer Moses

Federzeichnung von FRIEDRICH MICHEL

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—*Friedrich Michel, author of Asraklänge, evidently thrills with the reverberation of the political thunderstorm that is breaking over the heads of the nation.*]

IN Deinen männlichen, schöpferischen Zügen
 Da spiegelt Deines Wesens Schönheit sich wie Gold.
 Im Dienst des Guten schwingst in himmelkühnen Flügen
 Ins Feld der Tat Du Dich, wie's Gott und Pflicht gewollt.
 Ein Feind des Rückschritts, mutig trotzend dunklen Mächten,
 Stehst Du auf hoher Wart, des Rechts und Lichtes Hort,
 Ein Führer in der Wirrnis sternenlosen Nächten,
 Zur Flammenleuchte wird, zum Balsam uns Dein Wort.
 Und auf vergang'ner Tage Moder und Gekrämpel,
 Zart schonend des gesunden Kernes Heiligtum,
 Baust Du in niegekanntem Glanze hehre Tempel
 Dem alten Gott in uns, der neuen Zeit zum Ruhm.
 Ein Hohepriester, seh' talarlos ich Dich wallen —
 Des Seelenadels Schlichtheit ziert Dich als Gewand —
 Durch die von Dir geweihten hohen Tempelhallen,
 Die Fackel der Vernunft und Liebe in der Hand.
 Und abertausend Herzen folgen Deinen Wegen,
 Du neuer Moses ihnen neuer ernster Zeit;
 Modernen Pharaonen schleuderst Du entgegen
 Kampffroh das Volksverlangen nach Gerechtigkeit.
 In des Gewissens tiefverschloss'ne Kammern dringet
 Dein Menetekelruf mit dröhnender Gewalt,
 Und auf dem Fittig Deiner Warnungsstimme schwinget
 In Herzen, die verstockt, sich Deines Worts Gehalt.
 Verehrt, geliebt und auch gefürchtet stehst Du
 Ein Arzt und Kämpfer heut' auf schlachtumtobtem Feld,
 Des Zeitgeists bitteren Feind wie Spreu im Wind verweht Du,
 Im heil'gen Streit auch fürder — Sieger bleib' und Held!



The Tired Business Men's Union

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

I AM firmly convinced that theatergoers ought to organize. They ought to form "one big union." They ought to follow in the footsteps of revolutionary industrialists and fight for more power in the playhouse. No trade works under more reprehensible conditions than that of theatergoing. The accidental risks of theatergoing are overwhelming. You take your morals in your hand every time you enter a theater. At any moment any one of your prejudices is apt to be maimed and hopelessly crippled for life. Statistics on its occupational diseases could be obtained by nobody less than a Max Nordau. Notwithstanding this alarming state of affairs, the proper authorities have been both negligent and apathetic. Everyone knows that our theatrical fodder has been criminally adulterated for years, but what has the Pure Food Bureau done? What has the Consumers' League done? What has the Bureau of Weights and Measures done? Nothing. Meanwhile the bloated aristocracy of the theater—the actor, the playwright and the manager—is taking a more and more fiendish delight in exploiting the rich but honest theatergoer. And it is useless to expect help from the lawmakers. Driven to desperation, theatergoers will obtain relief only by taking the matter in their own hands.

United we Stand, Divided we Fall

To begin with, the Tired Business Men ought to form a union. They would find strength in numbers and singleness of purpose. Such a union would awaken in them the dormant spirit of class consciousness. They would gain tremendous power. They could start a splendid fight for shorter hours. No longer would they flock to the theater like dumb driven cattle, mocked and jeered at by critics of the capitalistic press, who only too often are in league with manager and playwright in a surreptitious and dastardly effort to foist upon an unsuspecting American public plays of intelligence and power. Last season a certain manager produced a play called "The Father" written by some Swede named Strindberg (or something like that). I admit that this manager was not a distinguished one—but he threatened to produce plays of a similar character this season! Could a worse example be set for our Belascos, our Frohmans, or our Schuberts? There have even been instances where actors have displayed intelligence in their interpretations, and a few cases in which they have proved themselves to be artists. And, hiding behind the coattails of their managers, a few American playwrights are attempting to drive the Tired Business Man to a premature death by repeatedly overstraining the average intelligence.

Psychopathic Playwrights

To tell the truth, this matter of the playwright ought to be looked into at once. There ought to be a law specifying what the maker of plays shall be allowed to dramatize. Nowadays this passion is absolutely unbridled. The American playwright has become so addicted to dramatizing anything and everything that his condition has become pathological. Not that I object to Augustus Thomas' continually staging the power of Mind over Body. Romance is the life of the Theater. But they are going a bit too far when they put on the stage reports of the Society for Psychical Research and journals of Pathological Psychology, Psychiatry, or Psycho-

therapeutics. The next we know we shall have a stage version of Bergson's "Creative Evolution," with Nazimova or Ethel Barrymore in the leading role. I understand that a very well known playwright is busily engaged doing up the Montessori Method for the stage, and several of the lesser lights of our dramaturgy have been seen repeatedly lurking around the Rockefeller Institute. Of course they always make the excuse that they are trying to picture life as they see it. I realize that all these things starting with the letters p-s are phases—all too sad phases—of life in the great city; but they are not fit phases for the theater. Do they make proper plays for our sweethearts, daughters, or wives, respectively, to take us to? Before it is too late—and it will be too late in a decade or two—the Tired Business Men should form an industrial union to keep the stage dull, but not clean.

Properly organized, such a union could effect an immediate and incalculable improvement upon the efforts of the actors. It is a well known fact that many actors, unless properly coached by the producing manager, will, upon sufficient pretext, give performances that actually make their audiences sit up and take notice. Such acts of crude impoliteness should be attended to at once. A committee of the union might be appointed to watch for such signs at every performance and to put a stop to such acting before it did any damage to the intellect. If this should be impossible, the union might leave the playhouse *en masse*. Such a step would, of course, be seldom imperative. In the majority of cases, all that would be necessary would be firmly but politely to request the offending performers to repeat the scene they had ruined by good acting, just as you order the waiter to take back something you do not like. In some such way could we save the American theater from its imminent ruin.

The Pernicious Pay-As-You-Enter System

Of course the manager is the worst offender. Our strongest blows must be directed against him. The most radical reforms are necessary in the financial relations between manager and audience. Could anything be more absurd than the idea of paying to see a play before you have been able to determine its worth? It is like paying for your dinner not only before it is served, but even before you know whether it is going to be fit to eat. Yet this is the grabbag system of going to the theater in these civilized days. Of course you may tell us not to go at all if we do not like the system. But as a matter of fact you have to go. The managers do all manner of underhanded things to entrap people into their shows. A law should be passed, for one thing, prohibiting the American theatrical poster from being too enticingly artistic. When you look at one of these posters, you always wish to run right away and purchase a ticket to the theater it advertises. This must be the truth, for how otherwise can these posters be explained? This whole matter can be explained only as a photochemical tropism. In New York, at any rate, you can no more keep away from the theater than a moth can keep away from the flame.

Of course if we did arrange matters so that we would pay as we left the theater instead of purchasing our tickets in advance, the manager would suffer in many cases. But I cannot see in what way it would be any more absurd than the present system.

The Five Frankfurters

(Translated by Gertrud Einson.)

A Play of the Rothschild Dynasty by CARL ROESSLER

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Not for many years has the German stage produced a comedy that met with the immediate success of "The Five Frankfurters." To understand the subtle humor of this charming comedy one must, of course, know something of the history of the five Frankfurters who are none other than the world-famed kings of finance, the Barons Rothschild. Taking it for granted that our readers are to a greater or lesser extent familiar with the lives and careers of the famous quintet—who has not heard of the Frankfurter Judengasse?—we think they will enjoy a condensed version of the play as given below. Dr. Baumfeld, the manager of the German Theatre in New York, will open the season with a production of "The Five Frankfurters"; he recently visited the ancestral house of the Rothschild dynasty in the Judengasse to obtain local atmosphere. The comedy will also be produced by the Shuberts in an English translation.]

THE DRAMATIS PERSONAE are old Frau Gudula; her sons: Anselm (called Amschel), Nathan, Salomon, Carl and Jacob; Charlotte, Salomon's daughter; Gustav, Duke of the Taunus; Count Fehrenberg, Marshall of the Prince's household; and a number of minor characters. Time: 1862.

We are introduced, in the first act, into the home of the Rothschilds at Frankfort. Everything is in a state of expectancy, for there is to be a family reunion, called by Salomon, for reasons as yet unsuspected. The first to arrive is Jacob, coming from Paris, rather sooner than he was expected. He is the youngest of the five, about 28 years old, handsome and slender. Having lived in Paris and London, he possesses the easy, faultless manners of the man of the world. In him the Hebrew characteristics of appearance and speech are barely perceptible. His mother, who is described as a stately old matron with beautiful dark eyes, slender, delicate hands, wearing mostly black silk, a little lace cap over her white hair and very little jewelry, is overjoyed to see him so soon and immediately begins to bustle about making him comfortable. When she deplors the fact that all her children are so far away from her, Jacob suggests that she come to Paris to live with him—he is the only bachelor in the family—but she will not hear of it. "I'm an old woman. I would rather sit in my own four walls or in Amschel's garden. And then, the Temple! I love to go there. That's the right place for old people. It is so quiet there—just the place for dreams of the past. From my place I can see the corner where my father used to sit, the chair my husband always preferred; there is the altar at which the last prayer was spoken over him, at which they will pray for me some day, too." Gudula asks her son whether he knows why the family was summoned, but he does not know either. He surmises that probably it is some great financial transaction—maybe a king in need of money.

The next one to arrive is Meyer Amschel, the only son living in Frankfort. He is a tall man of about 48, inclined to stoutness, with nonchalant gestures, foxy eyes, cautious manner, clothed very fashionably, yet with a hint of carelessness. He affects a somewhat noisy gayety which is not always quite genuine. He kisses his mother and brother. Jacob congratulates him upon his having been made Bavarian consul, but Amschel says he does not care for the honor conferred upon him, because formerly it was only his brothers in faith who extracted loans from him, while now it is the Bavarians, too. They sit down to luncheon and Amschel wonders why it is that he feels so much more comfortable in the old house than in his own fine villa, why the food his mother sets before him is so superior to anything his wife provides for him. He deplors the fact that he has no children and hopes great things for a season at Franzensbad for his wife. "I'd build a new synagogue if I thought it would do any good. I envy Salomon, he has a daughter at least." The conversation is interrupted by the arrival of Nathan. Living in London, Nathan has learned, not only to disport himself with English dignity and formality, but also that in a business transaction

the listener always has an advantage over the talker. He seems rather put out about having been called home so suddenly, for the trip means interrupted negotiations with an East India company whose monopoly he was about to purchase. Hearing from Jacob that the latter's affairs in Paris proceed but slowly he gives him the benefit of his wider experience: "That does not matter. The principal thing is to gain a firm footing by means of faultless stability. To do business on a small scale, to wait, to appear indifferent, uninterested, meanwhile keeping a sharp look-out, then, at the psychological moment, to concentrate your energies—without hesitation, for you know we are all back of you—to seize, sweeping everything before you, and—to buy up the whole field!" Having finished their luncheon, the brothers decide to visit the Stock Exchange. Jacob asks to be let off, but Nathan will not hear of it. "It is a wise move on our part to show ourselves at the 'Börse' and remind the world that we stick to each other."

Now ensues a charming scene between old Frau Gudula and Charlotte, her grandchild, whom she has never seen before. Charlotte is a beautiful girl of 20 whose charm wins the old lady over at once. While Gudula busies herself with directions for the dinner Charlotte sits at the spinet and plays. Jacob enters and wonders who she is. She does not tell him, wishing to surprise him and when the old lady comes in and introduces them properly it is too late for them ever to establish such relations as generally obtain between uncle and niece. For the little god with bow and arrow has selected them as a target.

Of the two brothers still to come Carl is the first, arriving from Naples. He is about 35 and is greatly grieved by the fact that he looks more pronouncedly Jewish than his brothers. He is dressed richly and very loudly. Association with the nobility of Italy has left its stamp upon him. Now and then he tries to pose, but without much success. He does not like the old Judengasse and wants to make the homestead into a home for the aged or into a family museum and transplant his mother into a beautiful new house in an aristocratic neighborhood. But she does not like his proposition any better than she did Jacob's and insists that she will remain where she has been happy for so many years, where her children were born, where happiness has dwelt always. A loud noise is heard in the street before the house. Charlotte, at the window, tells the others laughingly that her father is standing below throwing money at a great crowd of children. Enter Salomon like a whirlwind. He is about two years younger than Amschel, tall and thin, full of animation and restlessness. He wears a dark Prince Albert with large order pinned to it. He tries to resemble Prince Metternich whom he admires above anybody else, but does not succeed very often. He kisses his mother and begs everybody's pardon for having kept them waiting, but he had an important meeting with the Austrian ambassador. He tells his mother to prepare for a trip to the country the next day which is to include the whole family.

AMSCHEL. Is that why you asked us to come here, to arrange a picnic?

SALOMON. A picnic! I should say so! You just wait. How are you, anyhow?

AMSCHEL. Well, I don't exactly have to break my head where to get my next meal.

SALOMON. You look it. Any mail?

GUDULA (*hands him several letters*).

SALOMON. Thank you. I envy you your little house and the old Gasse, mother. (*Reads.*) Note for four thousand Thaler from Orenheimer in Hamburg—I guess not! I wouldn't take four thousand fleas from that crowd.—Hallo, Nathan! How is your Lordship? How is business?

NATHAN. I can't complain.

SALOMON (*reading another letter*). Columbia 1200 at 66½? Accepted. You'll lend me a stenographer this evening, won't you, Amschel? How do, Carl—Queer thing about you. The older you grow the more you look like a Frankfurter.

CARL (*slightly annoyed*). Other people don't think so. Only the other day the Pope told me I look like an Italian.

SALOMON. Like an Italian, eh? His Holiness is probably contemplating a "touch." Ah, Jakey, how do you like life in Paris? How are the *petites filles*? And how about the French government loan?

JACOB. I expect to be called upon before long.

SALOMON. He expects! The French ambassador in Vienna has been at me for six months. Don't worry, my boy, that'll be all right.—Well, mother, how do you like little Lottie? Fine girl, what?

NATHAN. Won't you please tell us why you summoned us here?

SALOMON. I have a present for all of us. (*Draws large sealed envelope from pocket. To his mother.*) Baroness, permit me to present you with the patent of nobility of the Vienna court-and state chancery, by which we all become members of the nobility. What do you say to that, mother?

GUDULA. I can't help it, children, but it makes me laugh. Of course I am very glad for your sake and I know, your father would have been happy, too. Only, I beg of you, don't get stuck up!

SALOMON (*after Charlotte has been sent from the room*). Now, mother and you, boys, of course you all understand that we did not get this for nothing. To be made a nobleman costs either your blood or your money.

NATHAN. As I know our Salomon, it was not blood that he left upon the battlefield.

AMSCHEL. Well, how much?

SALOMON. Needless to say, I have been preparing the field for a long time. The expenses are booked under various accounts: First, invitations and presents; next, a sum of money which I lent to a person of influence and which we'll never get back; and finally, a contribution to the erection of the Church of the Heart of Jesus. You'll all get a statement ere long. The amount is pretty high.....

NATHAN. Yes, but then as long as it is divided into six parts.....

JACOB. I propose that we invite mother.....

GUDULA. Oh no, I'll pay my share myself.

SALOMON. There is another matter I wish to talk over with you. You all know the young Duke of the Taunus?

AMSCHEL. I don't know him, but I know his notes.

SALOMON. This Duke of the Taunus is in debt.

AMSCHEL. That is to say, he has more creditors than subjects.

SALOMON. When, after the abdication of Napoleon, he returned from exile, he found a welcoming people, but an empty exchequer. Since then he has not been very thrifty, either—and now he wants to rehabilitate himself and has asked me for a loan of twelve million marks.

NATHAN. How is he going to return it?

SALOMON. I thought of a lottery loan, so that the money will be paid back at the end of forty years.

CARL. And if he fails to remit?

SALOMON. We shall not keep the tickets, but only the commission. We shall sell them on the Exchange. Maybe I'll keep one as a souvenir and put it under a glass case.

AMSCHEL. I hear that he is most extravagant and that he lives somewhat à la Louis XV. in his little castle in Neustadt.

NATHAN. If that is the case, I wonder whether we would be making a profitable investment?

SALOMON. Why, we must find a guaranty that he will change his *modus vivendi*.

NATHAN. How?

SALOMON. Through a marriage.

NATHAN. With whom?

SALOMON. With my daughter.

AMSCHEL. The Duke of the Taunus and your daughter? Impossible!

SALOMON. I don't underestimate the difficulties besetting such a plan.

NATHAN. We'll be accused of being climbers.

SALOMON. That's what we are. It's about time our family were acknowledged for what it is.

NATHAN. A ruling Duke your son-in-law! What a fantastic notion!

SALOMON. Let me tell you something: Thirty years ago the son of a poor devil of a lawyer came to Paris from an island nobody had ever heard of. He conquered first Paris, then France, then half of Europe. Nothing is impossible nowadays. What do you say, mother?

GUDULA. Children, I'm afraid of you. My grandfather was a peddler in Neustadt in the Taunus and wandered from place to place, pack on back—and there my grandchild is to ride in a barouche, as Duchess? (*Roughly.*) No, leave me out of this! Do what you like, but leave me out of it! (*Exits.*)

AMSCHEL (*after a pause*). Let's think it over until tomorrow.

SALOMON. I have thought it over. Tomorrow morning Lottchen and I are going to drive to Neustadt Castle. I'd like some of you to come along.

NATHAN. We'll have to talk it over. Come, Carl and Amschel!

SALOMON. You stay here, Jacob. (*Takes chess board from cabinet. The other three walk to back of stage and talk in low tones.*) I must have some relaxation. Come on, let's have a game of chess.

JACOB (*sits*). Salomon, there is one thing you overlooked. This is a question of your daughter's lifelong happiness.

SALOMON. Oh, she likes him. Moreover—what's happiness? She may become happy with a prince and unhappy with a book-keeper and she may be happy with a book-keeper and unhappy with a prince—you cannot calculate happiness beforehand. (*Leans back comfortably. With self irony.*) If I had not been made a Baron only fifteen minutes ago I would say to you: You are *meschugge*!*

Widely different from the milieu of the first act is that of the second, the scenes being laid in the beautiful park of Castle Neustadt in the Taunus. Gustav, the youthful Duke of the Taunus, is a charming cavalier whose finances, how-

ever, are in such a condition that nothing short of a coup d'état can save him and his country. For that reason his marshal and faithful friend, Count Fehrenberg, has advocated the desirability of instituting a loan from the Frankfort Barons and to that end he has invited them for a visit to the castle. Gustav is not too delighted at the prospect of entertaining the Frankfurters, although he has met the daughter of Salomon in Paris and recalls her as a charming blonde girl "with a stub nose that is a direct contradiction to her race." When the company arrives, the Duke seems much more interested in Charlotte than in her male relatives and, leaving the brothers for the time being, takes her for a walk through the park. Meanwhile Fehrenberg plays host to them and succeeds in putting them at their ease. The Duke returns and after a while he and Salomon come down to business.

SALOMON. There is but one way to regulate your finances, Your Highness, and that is a suitable marriage.

GUSTAV. We thought about that, didn't we, Fehrenberg? But we have not been able to hit upon the right person.

SALOMON. What does Your Highness call the right person?

GUSTAV. One who is young, beautiful and very, very rich.

SALOMON. She has been found.

GUSTAV (*amused*). Your commercial versatility astounds me. So you know of one who is my equal by birth?

SALOMON. The idea of equality of birth, Your Highness, is different today from what it was yesterday and tomorrow it will be altogether different again. You of all people, Highness, you who grew up in the Napoleonic epoch, who is filled with French esprit....

GUSTAV. My dear sir, your compliments are rather suspicious.—Well?

NATHAN. Salomon, wouldn't you better think again, before making the proposition you have in mind?

SALOMON. I am well aware of the boldness of it, yet I dare present it to Your Highness whom I believe I have gauged correctly. I propose that Your Highness marry my daughter Charlotte.

GUSTAV. Why—why—my dear sir—(*he cannot help laughing*). Fehrenberg, did you hear?—What is the proper thing to do in a situation like this, Sir Marshall?

FEHRENBURG. It has not been provided for in the statutes of court ceremony, Your Highness.

GUSTAV (*extremely polite*). I admit, I am dumbfounded.—You see, I am laughing. Which is lucky, for you might have hit upon a different humor on my part when I might have answered you by—showing you the door.

SALOMON. For one who dares, the ability to catch the psychological moment is everything.

FEHRENBURG. Most certainly. Once upon a time I was able to purchase a villa in Baden-Baden because the ace of spades came at the right moment.

GUSTAV. You are right, Fehrenberg, the situation does remind one of a game of chance. (*To Salomon.*) You forget the legitimacy.

SALOMON. Our legitimacy is the money that works for us and increases in Paris, London, Naples, Frankfurt and Vienna.

GUSTAV. I am sure I do not despise riches. But one only really possesses the money one spends.

SALOMON. On the contrary, Your Highness, one only possesses the money that bears interest for one. If our two families become one, it will be a great honor for us and an advantageous complement for both parties.

GUSTAV. Nobody has ever entered into such a connection before.

SALOMON. Then Your Highness will be the first.

NATHAN. Your Highness need not decide right now.

SALOMON (*smiling*). Why Nathan! He who hesitates says "no." If Your Highness acquiesces now, the lottery agreement will be signed at our offices tomorrow at noon and the money paid cash into your treasury.

GUSTAV. Your argument sounds astoundingly convincing.

SALOMON. So you agree?

GUSTAV. Do you know, my dear Baron, I find it impossible to refuse you. So then (*thinks a moment*) I do. Provided, of course, that your daughter is willing.

SALOMON. Why wouldn't she be willing?

The last act takes us back to the Judengasse. Salomon, highly elated at the success of his mission, wants his mother to make grand preparations for the reception of the Duke who will visit the house today. But the old lady, who is not at all in favor of the plan of selling her grandchild, refuses saying that if the Duke comes to her house he will have to accept things as they are. When he does come, she receives him without a trace of awkwardness, perfectly self-possessed and engages in conversation with him, in the course of which she tells him that she sees no happiness for her beloved grandchild in a marriage with him; and his brilliant arguments fail to convince her. It annoys her that he calls her "Baroness." "It is but a masquerade, anyhow. No power on earth can make a noble lady of an old Jewish woman." Meanwhile Jacob, who also, for reasons of his own, does not fall in with his brothers' ambitious plans, has had a heart to heart talk with Charlotte and has discovered to his great joy and comfort that she has divined his sentiments towards her and that a responsive chord has been struck in her heart.

The talk between Gudula and the Duke is interrupted by the entrance of Salomon and Charlotte and the Duke formally asks him his daughter's hand in marriage.

SALOMON. I thank you, Duke of the Taunus, for the honor you are conferring upon our family. Needless to say, we accept. Embrace your bride-elect.

CHARLOTTE. Father, your conception of my independence is an altogether wrong one. I have known since yesterday what is going on and I am deeply ashamed.

SALOMON. Ashamed? Why?

CHARLOTTE. Because I am being disposed of in this manner.

SALOMON. That's all nonsense. In our circles it is customary to arrange marriages in that manner.

CHARLOTTE. That is an abominable custom. What must the Duke think of us!

GUSTAV. My dear Baroness, it is no different with us. We only call it by a different name.

CHARLOTTE. I believe I'll do both of us a service if I say no.

SALOMON. What do you mean?

CHARLOTTE. What do you know about my feelings, father! Do you really think I could be happy as the Duke's wife? I want to find a home in my husband's house and that I shall not find in the castle where every servant will jibe at me behind my back, where the ancestors will laugh at me from the walls as much as to say: You came too early. Better wait another hundred years. I want a husband who—(*seeks refuge in her grandmother's arms*) Help me, Granny dear—(*Amschel and Jacob have entered, the latter sitting down in a corner of the room.*)

SALOMON. Pardon, Your Highness, but I warrant you that my daughter will change her mind ere long and do as I....

GUSTAV. I beg of you, my dear Baron, do not attempt to persuade your daughter to do anything against her will....

SALOMON (*interrupting him*). My daughter has no will. In our family the children must obey their parents.

* Crazy.

GUDULA. Must they? Well, then you must obey me and let the child decide for herself. His Highness, I am sure, will understand.

GUSTAV. I must confess I did not feel quite sure that the young lady....(to Salomon) But what's to become of our agreement?

SALOMON (*nonplussed*). Heavens! And the money has been paid into your treasury!

GUSTAV. Of course I shall return it to you—that is to say, if there is any left, I cannot deny that it was needed pretty badly. Here is the agreement.

GUDULA (*with energy*). Keep it, Your Highness. Be glad you have it. If I know my sons, they won't be the losers.

AMSCHEL. Mother is right. We have never yet taken back a signature. Come along, Your Highness, let's talk the matter over quietly. (*Exeunt.*)

SALOMON (*to Charlotte*). Now let's hear what is back of all this. Of course you have reasons for refusing to become a Duchess.

CHARLOTTE (*partly to Jacob who has risen and follows her words with deep emotion*) You know them. I don't want a gallant courtier who derides everybody and everything, I want a man who loves me and whom I love, with whom I can share my life and to whom I can give more than to the Duke.

SALOMON. Still more! Excuse me!

CHARLOTTE. Yes, father, to whom I can give happiness and strength, with whom I can live as grandmother lived with grandfather.

SALOMON. I see you have someone in mind. Won't you tell me who it is?

CHARLOTTE. Not yet.

SALOMON. Hm. So there's a hitch. What's his business?

CHARLOTTE. He is a merchant.

SALOMON (*depreciatingly*). A merchant. Every storekeeper calls himself that. What branch?

CHARLOTTE. He is in the banking business.

SALOMON. So, so. Then I probably know him.

CHARLOTTE (*merrily*). Oh yes, you've known him for a long time.

SALOMON. Has he got any money?

CHARLOTTE. As much as you.

SALOMON. I guess you're overrating him. How big is his business?

CHARLOTTE. As big as yours.

SALOMON. Hm. Is he of good family?

CHARLOTTE. As good as ours.

SALOMON (*low*). Is he a Jew?

CHARLOTTE. Yes.

SALOMON. I thought so. Well then, who is it?

CHARLOTTE. If you're bound to know, there he is, the one in the corner over there. Your brother Jacob!

(*Jacob and Charlotte embrace.*)

SALOMON. Well, that's pretty good! There I've been saving and working for my own brother!

GUDULA. He's our youngest, Salomon dear, don't say no.

SALOMON. I don't intend to. But isn't it peculiar, there you figure and calculate and speculate and construct and then a little girl comes along and does none of these things, but just feels and her little feelings throw my big sums in a heap. How is that, mother?

GUDULA. Because we women live more warmly than you business men.

SALOMON (*looking at Jacob and Charlotte*). I could have had that pleasure in a much simpler manner and at much less expense.

GUDULA. Why Salomon, just look. What more can you want? Here is our home. Here you are, here I am. There is your child and your brother and we are all happy. Can't you be satisfied?

SALOMON (*smiling, gently*). I am, mother dear, I am!

THE END.

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Correspondence

The African in the Fence

To the Editors of THE INTERNATIONAL:

Current Literature for July has an interesting summary of recent discussion on the cost of living, suggested by Will Irwin's statement in the *Saturday Evening Post* that what ails us is not so much the high cost of living as the cost of high living. He says that we are becoming a nation of spendthrifts, and suggests, as a conclusion, that the reason why the poor find it so difficult to get the necessities of life is, that they spend so much money for luxuries. Which is, of course, a criminal course of conduct. Mr. James J. Hill is one of the chief witnesses against the aforesaid criminal class. Mr. Hill is a conspicuous devotee of the simple life and economic expenditure. His principal luxury is one of the most magnificent collections of precious gems in the world, I have been told. These very moderate tastes certainly entitle him to criticize the poor people who indulge in the extravagance of frequent visits to the moving picture shows.

It may sound like a paradox to say it; but I am convinced that the need of extravagance and luxury is exactly proportioned to the difficulty of obtaining the necessities of life. The man who can hardly get enough to eat during the week really ought to get drunk on Saturday night. It's the only relief from the consciousness of poverty that he will ever find. For a little while he can feel as if he were a millionaire. And judging from the efforts which people make to be able to feel like a millionaire all the time, an hour or so of the millionaire-feeling on Saturday evening ought to be worth the next morning's headache. The main reason why I don't follow my own advice in this respect is, I am inclined to believe, a constitutional lack of moral courage.

The Master of the Rich Christians Himself said that the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment. Pleasure isn't one of the luxuries of life. It's one of the necessities. There is no such thing as *life* without pleasure; nothing but a grind. The man who never has a chance to enjoy himself has been degraded to the level of a machine. Sometimes I think these critics of the poor resent the fact that the people they criticize are human beings. The laborer's recognition of his humanity has created the labor union and the Socialist Party. Before this fact dawned upon them, the poor were willing to toil seventeen hours out of the twenty-four, for starvation wages, to build up the fortunes which were made half a century ago in the New England textile industries.

It isn't, therefore, the beast in the poor man which urges him to the extravagance of which his well-fed critics complain. It is the man in him. Nay, reverently speaking, it is the God in him. The divine nature stirring in his soul tells him that he was meant for something else besides grinding toil and the sleep of utter exhaustion. And by way of asserting that divinity, he defiantly asserts his right to a little bit of the high living which he sees the millionaires find so enjoyable, even if he does make such a hole in the week's wages that the butcher has to wait. Society will never be normal until a reasonable measure of high living is economically possible to every individual member of the organism.

But right here comes in the old Pagan motto: "Nothing too much." We have got to cut our garment according to our cloth, if we are to retain our self-respect, even though we firmly believe that we ought to have several yards more of the raw material to cut from. And a study of the popular magazines reveals one reason why it is so difficult for people of moderate means to find pleasure within the limits of legitimate expenditure. I am coming now to the

(Continued on page 87)



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Correspondence

(Continued from page 84)

people who may be described as the middle class of American life. People with moderate incomes, who yet receive enough to be able to afford some degree of pleasure without making their creditors wait. The wives of such men read the fifteen-cent magazines. And it is impossible to overestimate the cultural value, for this class, of such literature. Edna Ferber's "Emma McClesney" stories, for instance—they may not be high-grade literary stuff, when compared with De Maupassant or Leonard Merrick; but they will introduce an imaginative woman into a wider world, help her to appreciate the value of her self-respect, give her a whiff of sane and sunny optimism. But—when she has finished the literature, she goes on to the advertising pages. There you find the secret of high living among moderately intelligent people; the secret of middle-class extravagance; the reason why we are becoming a nation of spendthrifts. The advertising agent, in short, is the African in the woodpile. The first step towards the realization of the simple life must be the massacre—or the conversion—of the whole tribe.

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moral sense perverted by the obsession to the point where the victim can calmly contemplate leaving past due bills unpaid, to gratify that one overmastering desire. Business has become, not so much a process of supplying legitimate needs and wants, as of creating artificial ones. Hence, I say, kill the advertising agents, if they won't turn to some other occupation, and the principal obstacle to the realization of Pastor Wagner's idyllic dream will have disappeared.

Next to the advertising agent as a promoter of extravagance is the man who sells on the instalment plan. How well we all know the siren song he sings! How many readers of THE INTERNATIONAL have reason to feel like taking a club to the next book-agent who offers his wares at a few dollars a month, as we remember how the last one tempted us past our powers of endurance! But you say that the man of ordinary income couldn't acquire a library but for the instalment book-houses? Nonsense! An agent tried to sell me the Harvard Classics a few months ago, but I told him that I could get everything in the set worth a man's while for thirty-five cents a volume, and pay for the volumes as I bought them. When he nominated me for membership in the Ananias Club, I pulled out a catalog of Everyman's Library, and so nearly duplicated his list that he decided I wasn't worth wasting any more of his time on; and left me free to attend to business. Kill the

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CHARLES B. MITCHELL.

1912-1913

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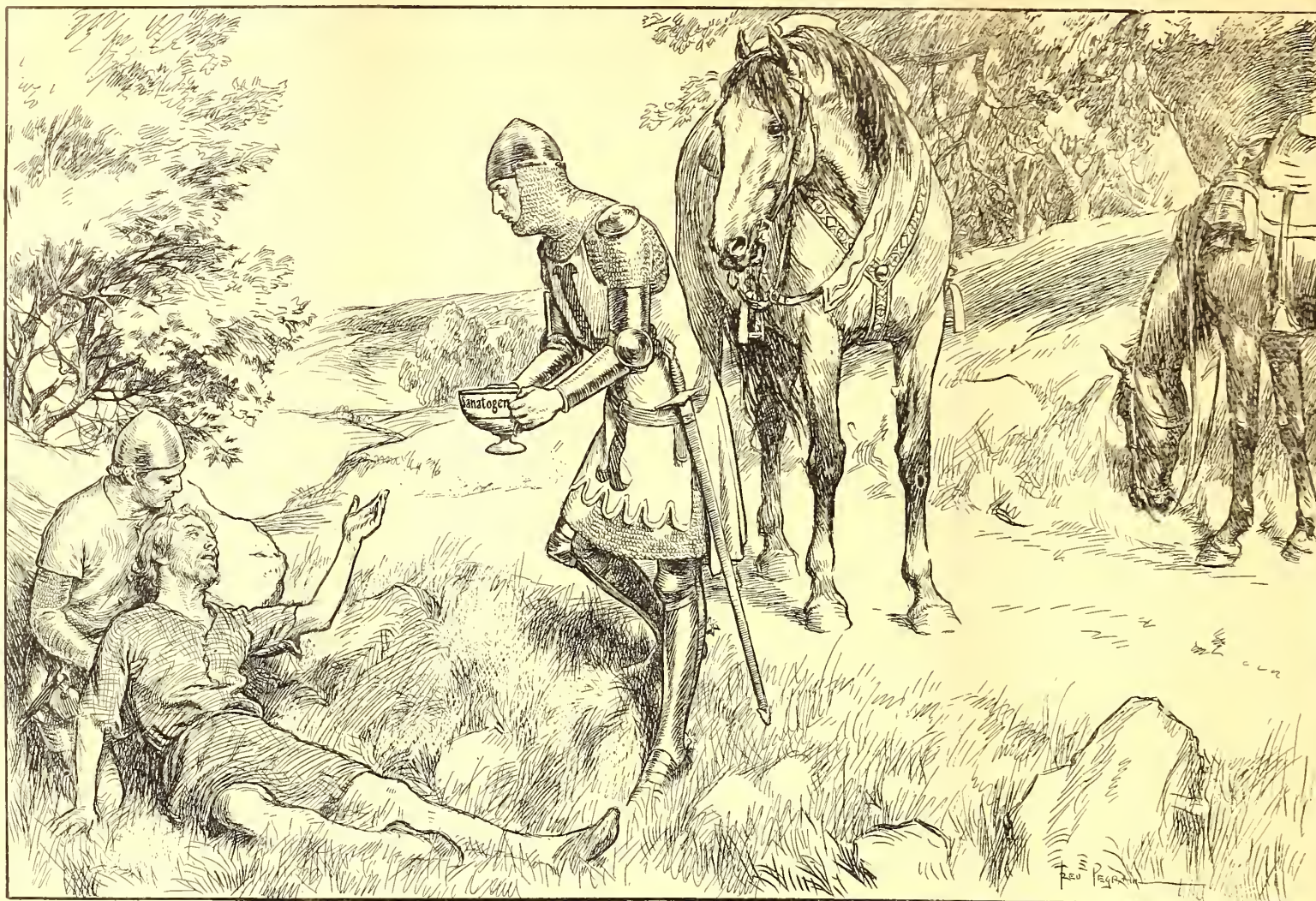
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Shall We Have a Monarchy in America?

By T. Everett Harry

England--the Arch-Enemy of the United States?

By Paul E. Werner

051

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v. 6, #5

EDITED BY: GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK and B. RUSSELL HERTS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

LOUIS VIERECK ~ BLANCHE S. WAGSTAFF

THE INTERNATIONAL

and REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS ~



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NO. V

OCTOBER
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THE INTERNATIONAL

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OCTOBER, 1912

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CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
LOUIS VIERECK ~ BLANCHE S. WAGSTAFF

REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS~

A Divine Accident

THE INTERNATIONAL may well be pleased with itself in view of the fact that the Progressive Party, assembled in Convention at Syracuse, named for Governor of New York the candidate indorsed by us two months ago. In our August number we emphatically declared that Oscar Straus was the only man who could lead the Progressive cause to victory in the State of New York. Oscar Straus, however, refused to serve. It was given out that Prendergast would be the nominee. The chief Roosevelt organ, the *Evening Mail*, printed a slate with Prendergast's name at the head. And then, suddenly there came the stampede that swept the convention off its feet and broke the slate into a thousand fragments. Oscar Straus had declared in my presence that he would not accept a nomination under any circumstances. He had told Professor Seligman of Columbia that in case he was nominated against his will, he would call another convention and offer his resignation. Only one who rushes in where angels fear to tread could nominate Mr. Straus after this avowal. But if it was folly that nominated him, it was folly divinely inspired. Mr. Straus's nomination is one of those divine accidents that make and unmake the history of nations. Of his election there can be little doubt. Many will vote for Straus who will not vote for the nominee of the national ticket. Many believe in the sincerity of Straus who still disbelieve in Roosevelt. Yet would Straus champion the cause of Theodore Roosevelt, if he were not convinced of his absolute honesty? Several months ago Mr. Straus said to me: "I have served under four presidents in my long public life, but of all these I regard Roosevelt as the greatest."

Straus was the first Jew—and the first German since Schurz—

who was a member of the President's official family. Straus will be the first Governor of New York who is not a Gentile. His nomination, to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers," denotes a new epoch in American politics. The emancipation of the negro was commendable, no doubt. No one, however, seriously denied that our African brothers were human beings. But the subtle distinctions born of social prejudice, between men whose skins and hearts are of the same complexion, are far more insidious, far more difficult to wipe out. For that reason, I agree with the negro delegate who observed that the nomination of Oscar Straus for Governor marked a greater advance in the history of civilization than the upheaval of 1861. His acceptance lifts the State campaign out of politics. The stampede at Syracuse proves again—to quote a letter from Colonel Roosevelt to Oscar Straus—that "the collective wisdom of the many is superior to the judgment of the few."

Gertrude Atherton vs. Colonel Roosevelt

THE MOST distinguished woman novelist in America, Gertrude Atherton, has deserted Roosevelt for Wilson. "Why," she recently asked me, "did Roosevelt fail to declare himself for Woman Suffrage until a few weeks before the election?" Mrs. Atherton is a brilliant woman who differs from most of her contemporaries in being thorough as well. For that reason I advise her to look up Roosevelt's legislative record before she writes another campaign document for Dr. Wilson's Publicity Bureau. She will find that early in the eighties, when a member of the legislature of New York, Colonel Roosevelt already espoused the cause of Woman

Suffrage. His speech was reported in the *Sun* at the time, and recently the Colonel himself referred to the incident in one of his Western orations. But Woman Suffrage was not an active national issue until a few months ago. Mr. Roosevelt, as I have said before, and as the *New York World* leeringly reiterates, is a "practical" man. He embodied his creed in a book "Realizable Ideals," published some years ago. Roosevelt was for Woman Suffrage probably even before Mrs. Atherton, but he made no heroic fight for it, until success was reasonably within reach. The moment this ideal became "realizable," he battled for it with all the strength that was in him.

The Lesson of Vermont and Maine

IN VERMONT Roosevelt—in less than a fortnight—conjured up of nothing a party polling sixteen thousand votes. He had little local assistance. The Reverend Dr. Metzger is no doubt upright and honorable, but as a candidate he is not inspiring. If Roosevelt, in the first few days of his campaign, could persuade sixteen thousand Vermonters to break with party ties and to vote for his estimable clerical friend, can any one doubt that he will in all likelihood carry the State in November when the vote will be cast for him, not vicariously for another? In Maine the Progressive Republicans won the day. The Governor-elect (though neutral in the present campaign) is a Roosevelt man. The Electors on the national ticket are Roosevelt men. Maine was one of the states whose representatives at the first Chicago Convention consistently refused to abide by the decision of the "Forty Thieves." As Maine goes, so goes the Nation. . . . If this were true, the Progressives would have every reason to be contented with the result. The fact remains that the odds still favor Doctor Wilson. Taft, however, as Roosevelt foretold at the first Chicago Convention, is already eliminated.

The Big Stick of Mexico

SOME YEARS ago when I was in Mexico with a party of American newspapermen at the invitation of Porfirio Diaz, an American engineer said to me: "The one country that fails to protect its citizens is the United States. If we are in trouble we prefer

to place ourselves under the protection of the British or of the German Consul, because our State Department is not respected in Mexico." As long as Diaz ruled his half-breeds with an iron hand, there was little need of interference on our part. But to hesitate now in swinging the Big Stick over Mexico is weakness bordering on treason. There are those who say that Porfirio Diaz died more than twenty years ago, and that he was buried in the gardens that used to delight the heart of the unfortunate Maximilian. The man who played his part—so rumor ran—was only a puppet in the hands of a few strong men who pulled the strings in the Mexican Punch and July show. Metaphysically this was no doubt correct. Porfirio Diaz, the Napoleonic, died many years ago, but even his shadow, whether it was his own or whether it was wavering over another, was potent enough to uphold order in Mexico. The Mexicans still made obeisance to him as the imps in the temple of Solomon who continued to bow to the great King long after his decease, not knowing he was dead until his staff, worm-eaten, crumbled in his hand. But now there is no Diaz. His shadow has lost the old spell. It now behooves Uncle Sam, in the interest of the Monroe Doctrine, and in the interest of his citizens, to step into the shoes of Diaz and to bring our sister republic to terms. Our relations with Mexico and other American countries have too long been the plaything of cliques of financiers strongly entrenched in Washington. We have a duty in Mexico to perform, a duty to ourselves and to the world. If Mexico can find no other Diaz, the United States must be Diaz to Mexico.

Big Business Here and Abroad

THE CENTENNIAL of the great Krupp Works in Germany, celebrated by the entire people and by the Kaiser himself, shows the difference between our attitude to Big Business and the sensible point of view of our German cousins. Can we imagine a President of the United States officiating at an anniversary of the Steel Trust or the Harvester Company? Will the Standard Oil ever receive the official approbation of the White House? Germany regulates her Trusts. We permit them to rule us or we attempt to destroy them.

G. S. V.

The Large Party Candidates

EUROPEAN papers hail Woodrow Wilson as a presidential certainty. They proclaim him, quite justly, as the highest type of American: the gentleman and the scholar, the man of keen mind and keen sympathies, the real executive and the real thinker. He is a perfect contrast both to the Taftian flaccidity and the Rooseveltian rambunctiousness.

But the European press forgets that it is dealing with America. America doesn't like scholars. America doesn't approve of gentlemen. America distrusts thinkers. It is true that the discerning who have talked with Mr. Wilson, or listened to him, come away convinced of his sincerity, his ability, his integrity. It is true that Mr. Wilson is one of the keenest minds and one of the finest speakers of the day. But these facts will not make him president.

Mr. Wilson is an affirmed and a proven radical. The East, where most of our population lives, is deep-dyed in conservatism, in wealth-worship, in luxuriousness, in dependence on the present order of things. The bulk of our population doesn't want to see things changed, or if it does, it wants to see them changed and yet kept as they were. A genuine alteration in the condition of society is not yet possible. Anything else will be superficial and without import. It will amount merely to punishing malefactors, and putting somewhat honest men in office. The people will get little good of it.

More than that, Mr. Wilson used to be a conservative. His radicalism has come about through a revolution in his character. And, while the people believe in the burst of sunlight that came to Saul of Tarsus, making him Paul, they do not care for miracles among their neighbors. The people permit a man to change his mind but they don't like him to change the contents of it. Once, in his youth, Mr. Wilson made some criticisms of labor unionism and free immigration; and on the principles that the child is father to the

man and the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children, Woodrow Wilson may have to suffer for the errors of his age of blindness.

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MR. ROOSEVELT's nomination makes it impossible for Mr. Taft to be re-elected. That is the one certainty which everyone admits. The golf-player has won his last game. Whether Mr. Roosevelt's Jovian potency will carry him over, whether he has been able to get the money to get the machine of his personal popularity properly working—whether, in a word, he has put himself before the people—is the real question of moment. If he has, his fisticuffian ferocity may beat down all scholarship, all thoughtfulness, all ability and force that can be matched against him.

* * * * *

ROOSEVELT is the most impressive figure in the America of this generation. He is the one man who appeals ingratiatingly to the imagination of the people. Few political thinkers will be able to stomach him, but those of the mass who can get away from party ties are avid for his election. In California, in the Lawrence mills, in the East Side of New York, in the Southern plantations are millions of his supporters.

Roosevelt has gathered wise support. The nomination of Johnson, with its "hands across the country" suggestion, was brilliant. The naming of Straus (unless he is indorsed by another party) will get Roosevelt the votes of half the Jews in New York and a million of those in the other states.

Roosevelt's party looks clean, and his platform, though a queer hodge-podge, is certainly radical. That platform, lived up to, would start things moving in America. We should be up to England and Germany in a jiffy.

If, for example, one of his pledges was kept, we might have really universal suffrage within a year, and Italy is the only other country likely to adopt votes for its women within so short a time. Our labor class would become the most protected in the world, our national resources the best preserved, our executive the most honest, our legislative branch the most responsive to the will of the people—our constitution altogether harmless.

All of these things could come to pass by the election of Theodore Roosevelt and the fulfillment of his pledges.

But I, for one, am inclined to agree with Wilson that these pledges could not possibly be kept by a victorious Roosevelt, working as he would be, with a House and Senate pulling in three distinct directions.

The inconsistency of Roosevelt doesn't matter to me at all. Neither does the impermanency of his ideas. It doesn't worry me

that a few years ago he was definitely opposed to having women vote, that later he regarded the question as "unimportant," that still later he wished to take a referendum among the women themselves, and that now he has come out unequivocally for giving them the vote whether they want it or not. Nor does it seem to me material that he has changed, as radically on other questions and that his point of view to-day is an ungodly mixture of liberalism and conservatism and socialism.

The question for us is simply and solely: can and will Roosevelt bring us nearer our goal of social and political equity, insight and constructive thinking than any other candidate who can possibly be elected.

Taft is hopeless, Wilson is apparently the type of man we want, Roosevelt's platform has the most good features.

B. R. H.

Clarence Darrow, Jury-Bribing and Dynamiting

WHEN CLARENCE DARROW was acquitted of the charge of jury-bribing in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, the Judge who tried the case declared: "I know that millions of hallelujahs will go up through the length and breadth of the land." This saying has been literally fulfilled. Even the enemies of Clarence Darrow—and he has many enemies—wish for him a kindlier fate than incarceration within the gloomy walls of San Quentin.

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THERE is no one in America to-day at all like Clarence Darrow. He stands in a class by himself. For upward of twenty years he has been fighting the battles of labor in the courts. To labor's cause he has devoted his life. In 1894 he championed Debs in Chicago. In 1907 he obtained the acquittal of Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone in Idaho. Last year he defended the McNamaras in Los Angeles. This man, who at one time was a law partner of Governor Altgeld of Illinois, who spoke on the same platform with Henry George in 1888, and who has fraternized with most of the radicals and labor leaders of the country, is a strange, a complex and a beautiful nature. He has written essays in glorification of Walt Whitman, Robert Burns and Omar Khayyam, and a book defending the principle of non-resistance to evil. He can best be described as a Tolstoyan Anarchist. To the jury that exonerated him at Los Angeles he said: "I have committed one crime, one crime which is like that against the Holy Ghost, which cannot be forgiven. I have stood for the weak and the poor. I have stood for the men who toil."

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THE HEROIC note is the outstanding feature of Darrow's character but he also carries in him a strain that puzzles even those who know him most intimately. There is something about him both depressing and inspiring. He is deeply poetic, but just as deeply pessimistic. His idealism is radiant; his cynicism is blighting. A veil conceals his real motives. One feels that he has no respect for existing moral codes and would break them all without scruple if he saw something large and worth while to be gained by breaking them.

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IN ALL of this he is the reflex of the movement he represents. Labor's struggle for a fuller liberty and a higher standard of living is impelled by all kinds of motives. It has its dark as well as its light aspects. The purest type of idealist and the dynamiter may be found side by side, and the dynamiter is himself sometimes an idealist, in his way. Violent acts, it needs to be emphasized, are committed as often by rich men as by poor. At bottom we are all much alike; human nature is the same in all classes. The McNamaras blew up the Los Angeles *Times* building, but the spirit of General Harrison Gray Otis is just as deadly as that of the McNamaras. It is doubtful if anything that frenzied workingmen have ever done is quite as extreme as the "planting" of dynamite by capitalist agents in the home of Syrian mill hands during the Lawrence strike, for the purpose of throwing discredit on the strikers' cause. A local undertaker and school committeeman was fined \$500 for perpetuating this crime, and a contractor killed himself rather than tell what he knew of it. The affair reached its culmination when

William M. Wood, President of the American Woolen Company and owner of vast factories in Lawrence, was arrested.

* * * * *

CLARENCE DARROW refuses to condemn even William M. Wood. "I have no desire to see Mr. Wood punished," he says. "I know that he, like the McNamaras, and like hundreds of other men on both sides, has been caught in a great machine, and that such as are guilty are guilty of social crimes only." Mr. Darrow hopes for a day, however, when we shall have neither McNamaras nor Woods. The moving speech that he made to the Los Angeles jury in his own defense contains this passage: "There will come a time when crime will disappear, but that time will never come or be hastened by the building of jails and penitentiaries and scaffolds. It will only come by changing the conditions of life under which men live and suffer and die."

The Socialist Attitude Toward Roosevelt

THE DIFFERENCE between the Progressive Party and the Socialists is the difference between two fundamental states of mind. Men have always been divided, more or less, between the "opportunist" and the "extremist" attitudes toward life. There have always been, that is to say, some who have been chiefly absorbed in achieving practical results, and others whose main interest has lain in ideas and ideals. These two types of mental attitude seem implicit in the universal scheme. They find organized expression in most countries to-day. They represent different phases of truth, and they each have their place.

This point may be illustrated by a comparison of present-day political conditions with those existing in America during the anti-slavery struggle. Just as to-day men like Debs, Berger, Hillquit, Charles Edward Russell and a score more have gone out to bear the heat and burden of the day and to blaze the path for an understanding of Socialist principles, so, in the period before the war, such men as Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison became, at great personal sacrifice, the pioneers of the movement that was destined to abolish slavery. And just as Abraham Lincoln reaped the results of the anti-slavery agitation, so to-day Theodore Roosevelt is gathering the fruits of long years of patient Socialist propaganda, carried on in proletarian halls, behind saloons and on street corners.

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THERE is a disposition on the part of some Socialists to hate Roosevelt with a great hatred. But why? If they put principle first, they ought to feel friendly to him. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, he has paid them a high compliment. Congressman Berger is perfectly right when he says that Roosevelt will be remembered as "one of the most aggressive and most strenuous propagandists for the Socialist Party ever known." He is also right when he says that the name of Roosevelt will go down in history as "one of the most talented, but most inconsistent politicians our country has ever had." For no one can forget that Roosevelt branded as "undesirable citizens" only a few years ago the very men whose principles he is now espousing.

IN ONE RESPECT, however, the Progressive and Socialist philosophies diverge widely. Roosevelt works from above downward. Socialism works from below upward. Roosevelt represents the middle class. Socialism represents the working class. Roosevelt's economic program appeals mainly to small merchants and business men who feel the pressure of the trusts and who, after realizing the futility of trying to break them up, are now willing to try federal control. Debs stands for the interest of wage-workers, and frankly declares that he believes not merely in national control, but in national ownership, of the trusts. The Socialist workingman strives to get rid of the individual employer altogether. He wants a co-operative organization of society in which the people collectively will own and operate their industries.

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OF COURSE it may be argued that the Roosevelt struggle is not a fight for principle at all, but is simply the effort of a man to gratify inordinate personal ambition. There is something supremely paradoxical in the spectacle presented by the most autocratic and egoistic personality in American politics as he rushes about the continent preaching altruism. No wonder that some people think that he is insincere—or worse. Professor George D. Herron, not so long ago, was picturing Roosevelt as a veritable incarnation of the

diabolic, as a "man on horseback" who was going to run over us all. But somehow the picture does not look natural to me. When I heard Roosevelt for the first time in Carnegie Hall recently, I got an entirely different impression of his personality. As I have watched his tireless campaigning, his political daring and genius, I have grown to respect him. He may be a colossal egotist, but how much more than that he is! A man does not give his very life-blood to a cause unless he believes in it. At the present juncture in American life, Roosevelt seems to me a great emancipator. He has jolted millions from their accustomed ruts. He has reached multitudes who would never have listened to avowedly Socialistic or Anarchistic propaganda.

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MY OBJECTION to Roosevelt is not that he is too radical, but that he is not radical enough. The difference between Roosevelt and Debs is the difference between a man who goes part of the way toward an ideal without being clear as to where he is going, and a man who sees clearly the end for which he is aiming and who judges all palliatives and reforms in their relation to that end. The opportunist ought to vote for Roosevelt, the extremist for Debs. I shall vote for Debs.

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

Beneath the Cherry Bough

(Being translations of Japanese hokku, short poems)

By ASA PATRICK

I

O HAPPY islands of Japan,
If one would know thy spirit fair,
The blowing cherry let him scan
And drink the fragrant morning air.

II

The birds gleam white on the blue stream,
And flowers burn in the sun and rain;
The spring is fading like a dream;
Oh! when shall I go home again?

III

I die, and yet I feel no grief,
For life's a flame of fitful kind:
Down bravely whirls one withered leaf,
One yellow leaf upon the wind.

IV

A flake of snow against the blue?
Hark! no, far-blown there comes a cry:
To some fair haven flying due,
A heron journeys lone and high.

V

My son's voice was so soft and sweet!
And now this morn he's slipt away
The Dragon-flies to follow fleet.
I wonder where he's gone to-day?

VI

Behind the paper door I wait
My coming love, fair as the day:
A little sound, I am elate;
Alas! the wind is at its play.

VII

The cool red dawn is here and now,
With tinkling rain and gloom gone hence—
Behold! the dewy pink peach bough,
All bright against the bamboo fence.

Why I Prefer Wilson to Roosevelt

By THOMAS EWING, Jr.

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—The author of this article, Thomas Ewing, Jr., was one of those New Yorkers who consistently from the first favored the nomination of Governor Wilson. For that reason, his views on the subject are of especial significance. Mr. Ewing is one of New York's most prominent lawyers and is connected with large publishing enterprises.]

IN ORDER to make clear my chief reason for preferring the progressive policy of Mr Wilson to that of Mr. Roosevelt, it will be necessary to refer to some facts of the history of tariff legislation in this country.

In the first two or three decades following the Civil War, the statement was heard on all sides that as the industries of the country became established on a firm basis, tariff rates would be reduced. This could never, of course, be carried to the point where the American laborer would have to accept the standard of living of Europe or Asia. But with time, protection would be less necessary and the burdens of it could and would be lightened. Meanwhile, if any rates should prove to be unnecessarily high, competition at home would prevent excessive prices and point out the schedules where reductions could safely and profitably be made.

The protective policy in practice has failed to follow this course of development in two particulars. First, each revision of the tariff by the Republican party has been a revision upward; and secondly, the protected interests learned the art of stifling competition at home by the formation of great aggregations of capital known as trusts. The extent to which prices could be raised was limited by the height of the tariff wall. The trusts, therefore, very naturally became advocates of higher and higher protective rates. Being the great benefactors of the high rates, it was at once their duty and wish to keep in power the Republican party which favored high protection. Their huge contributions to that party became a great and increasing public scandal. Certainly from 1888 to 1908 every Republican candidate for the Presidency relied upon contributions which he knew were illegitimate in purpose and which, because of their enormous size, exercised a dangerous and debasing influence upon our politics.

The growth of trusts and their inordinate and unwholesome influence created such widespread disfavor that when the McKinley Act was passed, it was deemed prudent by the advocates of high protection to pass the Sherman Anti-Trust Act prohibiting the formation of combinations in restraint of trade. Mr. Roosevelt says that it was never seriously intended to enforce this Act. In this he may be right, but it was seriously necessary that it be enforced, and public opinion slowly drove him to attempt its enforcement. Mr. Taft has followed up and extended this work, until now after twenty years of litigation, the Act has been sustained by the Supreme Court, and the policy thereof is being widely applied.

Mr. Roosevelt now practically invites the people of the United States to maintain the protective tariff, and at the same time to abandon the concession to public opinion embodied in the Sherman Act. He scoffs at the decrees of the Courts, and would substitute for them a scheme of his own, not yet defined, whereby through executive control of great corporations he would put an end to their undue influence in public affairs. It would require another twenty years of litigation to sustain and apply any legislation which he may be able to have written upon the statute books. To follow such a course in the light of our past experience seems to me to be chimerical.

I have said that Roosevelt invites us to maintain the protective tariff. I have no doubt that he will declare himself for a downward

revision of the tariff if this appears to him to be a popular cry. He has recently said that he is opposed to the Republican policy of tariff for privilege, and to the Democratic policy of tariff for destruction, while he is for a tariff drawn in the interest of the working man. But this, in the absence of details, only shows that in his opinion the wage-argument for the protective tariff has not lost its usefulness. While he was President he did not lift a finger to correct the enormities of the Dingley Act. He has now captured the progressive wing of the Republican party, yet their demand for downward revision has received no commendation from him which would justify anyone in believing that he will give to it the weight of his influence.

To continue to draw protective tariffs in the interest of wage-earners and relieve the trusts of the restraint of the Sherman Act is not progression, but rather a return to all the evil conditions which obtained prior to 1890. The fat would again be fried out of the protected industries, in the interests of labor, and manufacturers of great wealth would be divided into blocks of five that they might be conveniently mulcted when the party which makes the interests of the laborer its own needed campaign funds. To encourage great aggregations of capital by the removal of restraint, and then attempt to regulate them, will only increase the necessity to them of controlling the Government, and make their activities to this end more pernicious.

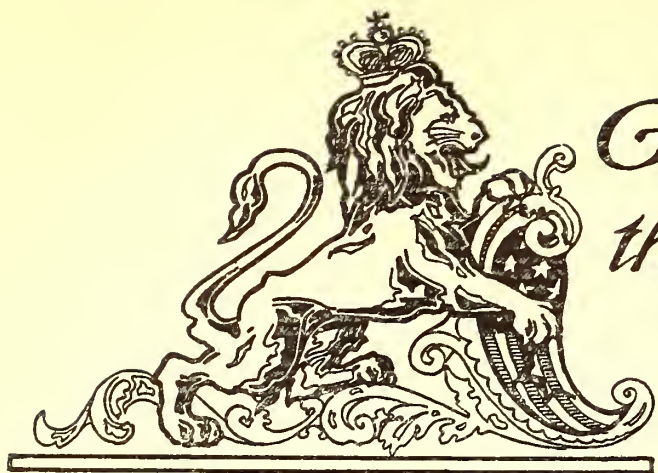
We have been progressing in many ways, but with respect to the tariff schedules, the progress has been in the wrong direction. The tariff policy has disappointed the expectations of its disinterested advocates, and upon Mr. Roosevelt rests a large measure of the responsibility for this disappointment. The policy has been kept going against the current of progressive thought of the last twenty years, mainly by the very argument which he is so ready to use.

It is not my purpose to attempt in a page to argue the question whether a protective tariff is economically sound or not. The point which I wish to make is that to follow Mr. Roosevelt is to turn away from a course which the progressive thought of this country has been following for twenty years. It has taken us fifty years to get fully into the toils of the high protective system where we now find ourselves, and it may take many years to get out. But the important thing at present is to recognize that a protective policy under which tariff rates have steadily increased for fifty years is wrong in principle and debasing to our politics in practical operation. When we have once turned our faces the other way, the rates at every revision will be reduced instead of being increased.

Around Mr. Wilson are gathered the best sentiment favoring a policy of tariff reduction. The traditional policy of the Democratic party favors low tariff, levied for revenue only, and the party has demonstrated by its course during the past winter, that it is ready immediately to put into effect radical reductions of the tariff schedules. Gov. Wilson stands pledged to this policy of the party, and to the allied policy of enforcement and extension of the Anti-Trust Act.

Believing as I do that this great question is now ripe for settlement by the people of the United States and must be settled, I prefer the progressiveness of Gov. Wilson to that of Col. Roosevelt.





Great-Britain ~ the Archenemy of the United States ?

BY PAUL E. WERNER

A MOVEMENT of unique nature, heralded as a great national event, is planned for the near future. It is proposed to celebrate in 1914 the centennial of the treaty of Ghent, marking 100 years of peace between the United States and Great Britain. The matter was first suggested by Mr. W. King, Minister of Labor of Canada. Subsequently it was discussed at the Mohawk peace conference in 1910, and on June 10th of the same year a committee on organization was selected with Andrew Carnegie as chairman. In 1911 Mayor Gaynor of New York City appointed an executive committee, consisting of prominent citizens, to prepare a celebration in New York. Several permanent memorials have also been suggested. The two chief sponsors of the project are Ex-Secretary of State Elihu Root and Senator Burton of Ohio. They will use their influence to obtain a large appropriation from Congress for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the proposed celebration.

We should most emphatically oppose the project as entirely illogical and in downright contradiction to national tradition.

It is obvious to any student of general history that England's friendship for the United States can only be a dissembling one. Excepting Germany we are her sharpest competitor in the markets of the world. John Bull watches closely every move of Brother Jonathan on the chess-board of diplomacy, improving every opportunity to throw obstacles in his way. The game Great Britain has been playing with us, bears close resemblance to the tricky methods employed by her in blocking Germany's struggle for political and economic expansion. She is using diplomacy, remarkable for its cunning and artifice, and has avoided arousing suspicion. But all her smooth and elaborate assurances of love and good will towards us cannot conceal her sinister design to injure our interests.

These are the main provisions of the Ghent Treaty: Restoration of all territory and possessions taken by either party from the other, excepting the islands; the appointment of a commission to decide boundary questions, and to use its best efforts to abolish the slave trade.

The treaty failed, however, to stop the impressment of American seamen, the real point in dispute and the chief cause of the war; it failed to settle our claims in the New Foundland fisheries, which hung fire for almost a century; and the status of the British and American naval forces on the Northern Lakes. The agreement, therefore, was nothing more nor less than diplomatic trickery practised on the United States by England. The real intent of Great Britain was to embarrass our country in its efforts to secure a strong foothold in the Pacific, and this is clearly evidenced by the history of America's inter-oceanic waterways. The eagerly sought co-partnership of England in this important undertaking betrays honorable friendship and exhibits a concealed enmity.

On April 19, 1850, the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was concluded between the two powers for the purpose of facilitating the construction of an inter-oceanic canal across the American isthmus. Its principal provisions were: That neither power is ever to obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over said canal; that the two powers formally agree to guarantee its protection and neutrality.

Although President Buchanan had declared the treaty entirely satisfactory to the United States, yet at the close of the Civil War and in 1881 it became the object of much vexation and actually operated as a bar to canal construction. A compromise was effected between Lord Granville and the American Secretary of State Blaine. The latter contended that any oceanic canal across the Isthmus should be under the political control of the United States and that the United States would view with grave concern the interference of European powers.

The Civil War opened the eyes of our nation to the real nature of English sentiments. Great Britain showed, if not open hostility to us, overt acts of friendliness towards the seceding states. She supplied them with war material and granted refuge to their privateers in her West Indian ports and equipped the so-called Anglo-Confederate cruisers "Alabama," "Shenandoah" and "Florida" in her harbors. This open breach of neutrality culminated in the final award to the United States of an indemnity amounting to \$15,500,000 by the Geneva convention. During this period England was likewise in hearty accord with France in her plot to establish an empire in the neighboring republic of Mexico—a direct affront to our country.

In flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine England occupied (1887-90) the mouth of the Orinoco River, claimed by Venezuela. In 1894, Venezuela, unable to cope with her aggressor, sent an agent to the United States to arouse public sentiment, and this resulted in President Cleveland sending a sharp message to Congress, compelling Great Britain to yield to arbitration (1895). Although thwarted in her ambition, England took revenge on our country by throwing her holdings of American securities on the market, and injuring our credit to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars, for "she does not shoot with shells and bullets, but with pounds, and every shot hits its mark."

Not satisfied with the Clayton-Bulwer convention, the United States negotiated in November 18, 1901, the Hay-Pauncefote Nicaraguan Canal Treaty. Its main provisions were: That the present treaty should supersede the convention of April 19, 1850, and that the canal may be constructed under the auspices of the government of the United States, either directly or indirectly, and said government shall have and enjoy all the rights incident to such construction, as well as the exclusive right to provide for the regulations and management of the canal; and that the canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and of war of all nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation in respect to the charges of traffic which shall be just and equitable.

England, though forced by adverse political circumstances to forego her partnership in the enterprise, knew very well that she had the best of the bargain in regard to other points, and only waited for future opportunities to embarrass the Union in the final stages of her Panama enterprise. She soon realized that with the Panama Canal finished, the supremacy of the United States would become an accomplished fact, for the latter country would thus be enabled, in case of emergency, to concentrate quickly its whole navy on its Western shore. For this reason England became more than jealous

of the eventual advantages of the canal to the Union and has since striven to offset its strategical usefulness and commercial value. Learning of the United States' intention to fortify the canal—to which eventuality no reference was made in the treaty—she emphasized her pretended cordial relations with the Union by making a naval stronghold of Jamaica, which on account of its location is the most important of England's possessions in the Antilles, thus creating a standing menace to our inter-oceanic waterway. And the prospective profits accruing from the Panama Canal she intends to lessen by demanding privileges to which our country feels itself solely entitled. All this becomes manifest through her opposition to the act of Congress, exempting United States coastwise vessels from tolls and imposing tolls on ships of all nations engaged in foreign trade, which measure she holds inconsistent with the stipulations of the treaty.

A close study of the Hay-Pauncefote agreement will convince the reader of the fact that our negotiators and signors of the compact were plainly outwitted by British diplomacy. The only way out of the dilemma would be to serve notice on Great Britain to the effect that article three of the treaty must be abrogated as being detrimental to our interests. The fact alone that the waterway was built at an outlay of over \$375,000,000 of American capital ought to suffice to secure for our country some privileges over foreign powers. With this in view our national legislature held itself justified in disregarding the stipulations contained in article three and in exempting American coastwise shipping from tolls. Should Congress persist in its present course, and fail to persuade or coerce England into foregoing the privileges accorded to her so avowedly by the treaty, England would take recourse to other diplomatic manœuvres and hold the compact as a Damocles sword, in the form of reprisals and arbitration tribunals, over the head of our nation for many years to come. Her statesman, crafty and determined, will strain every nerve to throw obstacles in the way of our Panama enterprise by open and underhanded dealings. As a foretaste of her machinations to jeopardize the earning capacity of the Canal the English press already threatens its boycott. The Suez Canal tolls have been lowered and her fine Italian hand is clearly apparent in the inciting of the European powers to concerted

retaliatory measures. These efforts on her part are meeting with the hearty approval of influential organs of the continental press, and especially of the press of her ally France. Her plan is apparently to demonstrate to the American people the unprofitableness of the Canal, and to force the undertaking into the hands of a syndicate, and thereby create an opportunity for stock control and the creation of a British highway.

Shortsighted Anglophiles in Congress, such as Lodge, Root and Burton either fail to remember or intentionally and purposely overlook the part that England played very recently in frustrating reciprocity between Canada and the United States. Can they be so blind (or are their purposes sinister?) as to advocate the settlement of vital national questions by peace tribunals, and to celebrate what they term a hundred years' friendship with our arch-enemy by commemorating the treaty of Ghent? The watchfulness and foresight of Congressmen like Senator Cummins and others are evidently required to keep us from entering entangling and dangerous *ententes*. These brave and patriotic men did not hesitate to declare in the debate on the Panama question that issues involving the power of a nation can not be solved by arbitration treaties and peace tribunals and that problems of this character can only be solved, in case a solution becomes absolutely necessary, by armed conflict. England will, should she find it expedient to her interests, demand the submission of the case in question to the Hague Tribunal, although she never showed any intention to appeal her conflict with the Boers and the recent Morocco imbroglio to international arbitration.

Surveying the past history of our country and its present vital interests from a logical and unbiased point of view, the conclusion must be reached by every self-respecting American that the proposed celebration of the peace treaty of Ghent should be prevented by every possible means. To inaugurate such a celebration so completely at variance with our traditional policies and interests, the conception of which was undoubtedly instigated by Anglo-maniacs connected with the British foreign office, would make us an object of international ridicule. The whole civilized world would have every reason and every right to proclaim us nothing more than a nation of political hypocrites or dupes.

The Prayer of Youth

By WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

GIVE ME, O GOD, the dim rose-madder dreams
Of world-deep themes,
Old wine and melody and color schemes—
The softness of the autumn sea
For me!—
Old wine, rose dreams, mute melody;
Give me the charm of heliotrope perfume,
A blond girl and a quiet ancient room,—
A girl with young lips choked with song
And eyes grown dim from dreaming over-long;
Give me old wine steeped in the sun and strong;
O may I feel the heat of girlish lips
And eager finger-tips!
Give me the contour of a face
Where I may trace
A Phryne's beauty and a Sappho's grace . . .
Give me Pontet Canet and Burgundy,

A Schubert minor played on muted strings—
Old melodies of sunset things
Like murmurs from a twilight sea.

But as the night turns old
And lamps go out and lips grow pale and cold
Give me the corybantic scores of Strauss,
Fantastic, tender codas that arouse
The buried centuries of luscious blooms,
Vast harmonies of sensuous perfumes,
Tonalities that rend the night like fire
And build great simmering cities out of flame,
Till, mad with strange hermaphrodite desire,
I rush to where the tapestries are drawn,
And, tearing down the fabric from its frame,
Watch the red crash of dawn.

Syndicalism and the Democratic State

By FELIX GRENDON

SYNDICALISM is one of three rival methods for the exclusive control of organized industry. The other two are Capitalism and the Democratic State. The Capitalist plan is to vest the ownership of all land and capital in a handful of theoretically superior people who may be trusted to conduct industrial enterprises in the most efficient way. This plan is called, with infinite irony, Individualism. The Democratic State plan is to nationalize land and capital and to control industry through the local community. This method is called State Socialism or Collectivism. A third plan is to let the workers in each industry own and conduct that industry subject only to the pressure which a federation of all the industries may exert. This is the Industrial Unionist or Syndicalist plan.

Human experience does not favor the sole adoption of any one of these three methods. The Capitalist claimant for absolute control has already had his innings, and the sorry results are before us. To keen observers of modern political machinery, the absolute control of industry by the State augurs a devastating plague of officialdom. Of the three claimants, the Syndicalist tells us the most plausible story, but also the most impracticable one. Able thinkers like Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, Clifford Sharp and Graham Wallas have already set forth a number of the actual difficulties that beset the introduction of industrial unionism. Yet labor leaders in increasing numbers are embracing the plan as if it offered a panacea for all industrial troubles whatever.

The chief defect of the Syndicalist idea is that it does not propose to change the *quality* of our present civilization. It is true that Capitalism organizes industry oligarchically, while Syndicalism aims to organize it democratically. It is also true that Capitalism maintains the workers in a condition of wage-slavery while Syndicalism promises to maintain them in a condition of profit-sharing equality. But aims and promises are one thing, performances quite another.

A person is not a slave because he is a wage earner, any more than a *rentier* is a freeman because he is a profit sharer. Many a bank president is, in reality, more of a subaltern in the financial field than a good carpenter or a competent mason is in the industrial field. The bank president is undeniably better off from the standpoint of material comfort, but he is no more independent of the capitalist system than the carpenter or the mason. Indeed, unless he can take the measure of a Rockefeller or a Morgan he may actually have less to say about the conditions or methods of his work than any first-class skilled artisan, nay, than any but a top-notch professional man. What makes a man free is, on the productive side, an equal voice with his fellows in controlling the conditions and discipline of his workshop, and a real choice as to the kind of work he will continue to do. On the consuming side, the free citizen must have the power of obliging the community to gratify not only material but immaterial cravings, that is, he must have the same rightful access to the instruments for supplying his moral and artistic needs, that he has to the instruments for supplying his economic needs.

Now the only instrument that will adequately furnish the citizen with non-material requirements is the Democratic State. But Syndicalists would, in theory at least, ignore democratic machinery as openly as Capitalists do, in practise, ignore it secretly. Thus the goal of the Syndicalist would be the able-bodied worker simply, not the worker who is able-bodied because he is able-minded.

We shall have no difficulty in understanding this, if we remember that the struggle for commercial profit which is the outstanding fact under Capitalism, will still be the outstanding fact under Syndicalism. It is in the very nature of this struggle for commercial profit to draft all the energies of the participants in the exclusive service of material gain. What provision does the syndicalist program contain for binding the various unions over to keep the peace, for protecting the consumer against the injuries consequent upon fierce

inter-industrial rivalries, or for stirring the citizen's soul to a nobler ambition than to lead an existence devoted solely to comfort?

To this the Syndicalist may reply that since industrial unionism makes every one both a producer and a consumer, the respective interests of a man in these two phases of citizenship will patently be reconciled. Unfortunately, the stress of production for profit is continually affording us the spectacle of the citizen, as producer, cutting off his nose in order, as consumer, to spite his face. And it is clear that Syndicalism could not abolish this spectacle. A nation which, for civilized purposes, consists of a Union of Unions is bound to evince a stronger concern for the maximum commercial profit of the citizen-producer, than for the maximum well-being of the citizen-consumer. In short, Syndicalism would leave our society as commercial in quality as Capitalism has made it.

While Syndicalism in undivided control of the nation inspires little confidence, Syndicalism in partnership with the Democratic State offers a more alluring theme. Such a partnership between organized industry democratically controlled and the State democratically controlled has for many years been urged by the Fabians (the most effective Socialist society in the world) as the best solution of our socio-economic problems. One difference between the Fabian and the Syndicalist ideas may be stated in this way. Syndicalists believe in no other beauty than the beauty of speed. Fabians, on the other hand, believe that a nation like a fleet of warships, can move no faster than its slowest unit, and that, only by steady organic growth can the world rise above its present grubby, greedy makeshift for civilization.

Much the same plan of partnership has lately been defended with earnestness, audacity and the fury of conviction by those in control of the London *New Age*. These term their program Guild-Socialism and emphasize the importance of the Syndicalist or producing partner in the national firm. Guild Socialists want quicker results than the Fabians expect. Fabians assert that only by long training, heroic sacrifices and a determined exchange of the ideal of comfortable profit for the ideal of vigilant well-being, can the workers acquire the power to haul down the black flag of the capitalist ship and sail the vessel in a more auspicious course. For such patient Bismarckian strategy, English Guild Socialists, like our own Industrial Unionists are in too great a hurry. They want to run up the rebel flag by the sheer force of the General Strike and make the capitalist owners walk the plank in the quickest possible time. They never wonder whether a General Strike, prematurely launched, won't dissolve in another suicidal Reign of Terror, or whether, after the Biblical interval, the Syndicalist whale won't spew up the Capitalist Jonah upon another tenure of the earth.

However, even Guild-Socialists recognize what Fabians insist on and what our American Syndicalists ignore. The interests of the citizen in the function of consumer must be guarded as specifically as his interests in the function of producer. And for that purpose they admit that political machinery, though less tangible than industrial machinery, is not a dispensable factor in maintaining a workable democracy. The Fabians, on the other hand, contend that the Democratic State should act as the predominant partner, the combined industrial unions as the junior partner in the democratic nation. This contention is based on the view that the requirements of the consumer are more comprehensive than the necessities of the producer. A producer's demands are chiefly physical. A consumer's demands are not only physical, but mental and spiritual as well. The nation organized as the State is better adapted to the needs of the able-minded, able-bodied citizen than the nation organized as a Union of Unions. Yet, Syndicalism as a dynamic force uniting the workers, teaching them concerted action and making them conscious of their power, is by no means to be despised. And nobody doubts that this force will be a valuable check upon the bureaucratic activities to which the Great Democratic State will unquestionably incline.



BY T. EVERETT HARRY

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—One can read the original views of our brilliant contributor, Mr. T. Everett Harry, author of "The Eternal Maiden," shortly to be published by Mitchell Kennerley, without necessarily agreeing with him. Some time ago we raised the question: "Is popular government bankrupt?" We found one answer to this question; Mr. Harry presents another.]

HAS DEMOCRACY proven a failure in America? Are we confronted by a Socialistic regime in the United States, or, in lieu of passing Democracy and imminent Socialism, are we on the verge of the establishment of a monarchy?

Startling as this question may seem, it has occupied the serious attention of more than a few sober minds. And appalling as may appear the mere mention of a monarchical form of government to the unthinking, there are even more than a few of us who see in it much that is desirable.

In the United States two facts are preeminent: our specialization in business, whereby men are trained to the utmost development of their capacities for specific professions and occupations; and, on the other hand, our absolute failure to train men for the most important of all business—government; and, instead of this, our election of untrained, inept and too often unfit men for the highest offices in the land.

The time has come, unquestionably, when, if as a great nation we would hold our own, we must train men for the ruling and executive offices of government. I do not believe, and many with me do not believe, that the people as a mass are fit to rule themselves. Antagonistic as this sentiment may seem to the exploited and traditional ideals of America, I think facts will bear me out. The privilege of franchise, given alike to negroes and foreign laborers, unable to speak our language, has resulted in the establishment of illegitimate boss oligarchies more corrupt, more debauched, almost more iniquitous than the most wanton and profligate regimes in European history. The privilege of electing governing officials, I believe, should be confined to the qualifying intellectual classes of America; to men who, by their brains, carry on the commercial and ethical advances of the country. And as every form of energy must have its nucleus—even as every solar system its sun, and as every aggregation of gelatinous life cells, its ruling cell—so, in America, I believe we should select one man, mighty of brain and heart, in whom should be vested absolute power of ruling.

Only by such a plan of government, in which intelligent people shall take a co-operative part, can I see order evolve from the chaos of boss-ruled and exploited politics which, more than once, has brought us face to face with the possibilities of a dreadful crisis. A crisis indeed in which the echoes of the *Marseillaise*, and the

sound of the mob battering the palace of Versailles, are not inaudible.

The Great American Delusion

It was on July 4, 1776 that a document, known as the Declaration of Independence, was signed by a body of men possessing the white heat of fervor for a cause both righteous and new. Our school children are taught it from their little orange-backed histories; it has become as venerable and inviolable as must eventually have become the fragments of the tablets which Moses brought from Sinai to the Jews. We accept this document and its contents without question, and in fact, on the part of many, there would be a fear of such questioning, as of sacred things tampered with. That is one of the lamentable failings of humanity—that laws, formulated to meet the immediate needs of a time, become so hallowed by tradition that people fear to change them; that men forget the ever evolving and adaptable spirit in their veneration for the unelastic letter. Now in the Declaration of Independence there is written a false statement that "all men are created free and equal." Men, by their varying sense of justice, by the selfishness or unselfishness of their purposes refute this assertion of equality. Biologically it is a lie, for by reason of inherited traits, congenital physical defects of inherited physical vigor, by reason of inherited fineness or degeneration of brain mechanism no two human beings are the same. There is, scientifically, no freedom in any manifestation of life. Individual freedom is necessarily restricted by obligations to society, or some organism composed of many units. This is true of the gelatinous cell as well as of man. All organisms, cellular or human, are co-operative and social. Nor is there, in all the manifestations of life, an absolute equality between any two existing things. All life manifests infinite variation, and each entity is individual in the possession of attributes varying in degree. Men are not born free; neither are men born equal.

Man is no exception to the general natural law, which effects the evolution of cell life just as it directs the swinging of planets in their orbits. And from the smallest aggregations of life cells, the most infinitesimal forms of discoverable life, up through plant and animal life, until we arrive at solar systems themselves, there is always a central ruling factor. The small aggregation of cells is

dominated by a cellular nucleus, a small king of the cell organism. The solar systems are dominated by suns. Yet, according to our Declaration of Independence, we would deny the natural law of all life, that life which places a dominant force in every combination of energies.

Too long, indeed, in the world's history, government has meant only oppression; ruling dynasties have existed for themselves and have been enslavers of humanity rather than splendid directing servants of a social organism. Yet the age old instinct of men to elect rulers over them, as all primal instincts, has a foundation in truth. The law is good; it has only been misapplied.

Under our plan of government, neither are we governed well, nor do the people rule themselves—save as people always rule when a majority are illiterate, and unfit to have a voice in a nation's counsels.

Yet back of our scheme of government is this falsity that all men are created equal. Out of this error has risen the perverted idea of equality among the people of America—the idea which makes the illiterate negro consider himself on a plane equal to his intellectual employer; which places the illiterate foreigner, wherever he may be, on a political par with intelligent citizens, and which gives him, though he may know nothing of our government, our economic needs or conditions, the vote upon a specific residence on these shores.

Popular government is the great American illusion.

While the people have believed that they rule themselves, they have no more done so than the citizens of Germany. In fact they have done so less than the citizens of Germany. In Germany, with a monarchical regime, the people are represented by that regime; it works, like a well-running machine, for the national interests; it has reduced government to a science, and by every economy and development of executive machinery, it functions through the social organism as few mundane governments. Here in America, by giving the vote promiscuously to the fit and unfit, with the unfit in a majority, we have turned over government to crooks and plunderers, to low-browed unintellectual bosses, who, in turn, have sold the power given them by a duped populace to higher interests. Instead of a king or emperor, nominally or actually handling a finely adjusted machine of government, with officials appointed by virtue of specialized efficiency, we elect, every four years, a president, often with no mental grasp of his position, and the instrument of a party dominated by interests—the obvious representative of what Senator Beveridge calls our “invisible government.” We elect to national and state office, every four years, men invariably selected by bosses because of their pliability. Whereas, in Europe, men are selected for office because of training, that they may work efficiently, we elect to our senate and legislature men with no knowledge whatever of the science of government, with no knowledge of our industrial conditions, with no preparation for the onerous tasks to be entrusted them. In our industrial life we would not give a contract to build a skyscraper to a butcher, nor one for the construction of a great bridge to an undertaker; neither would we entrust a feat requiring engineering skill to a corner saloon keeper, nor the direction of an important scheme of finance to a bricklayer. Yet, literally, we do this in the most important of all businesses—the manipulation of our government. Through the fallacy of a misinterpreted democracy, we have established a more absolute, more evil despotism here than any that exists, with possibly one or two exceptions, in Europe—and it is only the worse in that the rulers of this “invisible government,” put into power by a franchise prostituted and sold by the unfit, consists of bosses recruited from a class ordinarily belonging to bricklayers, gamblers, ward heelers and saloon keepers.

Equality of man, and government by the class: this is, indeed, the great American delusion!

Make Way for Intelligence

What then, should we do?

We are all individually units in a social organism. No man, as the doctrine of anarchy erroneously teaches, can stand alone.

Others are necessary for his well being and happiness. His duties must co-ordinately respond to the requirements of his race. The state is the machine whereby the organism must be governed; it is what to the human body are heart, brains, digestive organs. It is necessary that the state function normally, properly, that it meet the needs of the people, the needs of the times. Needs change; consequently laws should change. People change, industrial conditions change. Thus the state must evolve as the body of humanity evolves. The state, as the human body, must be governed by a healthy, keen, vital brain. That brain should be the centre of government.

What of our centre of government? There are those who would dissipate government from a central authority and give it more freely to the states. That would mean disorganization. Any government is most efficient when the power is concentrated with a central authority; when the workings of the machine are directed by the nucleus of a powerful mainspring. In this central government, where absolute power should be lodged, the wisest men of a nation, selected in turn by competent citizens qualified to vote, should take part. And above them, directing them, with an absolute authority—recallable by the majority vote of the intelligent people—should be one individual: a man supereminent in wisdom and justice among all the men of the nation. And this man should, practically, literally, bear upon his shoulders the burden of government. He should not be the representative of a corrupt political machine; he should stand alone. Call him emperor, king, or president—he should bear that responsibility. We should as a nation find such a man fitted to bear this responsibility.

Every business organization has its directing brain. It must, lest there be disorganization. Every enterprise must have its directing genius. All vast enterprises, all businesses are the outgrowth of a sole individual mind. Every philosophy the world had received has come primarily from one great mind. So has every religion. No government can function with a head that is merely nominal, a mainspring with no initial impetus—a man with no grip on things. Too often have we seen this demonstrated in the executive handling of the business of the nation. We have seen a deplorable example within the last three years.

But how shall we effect such a reinforcement of power in a central authority? By popular vote? In such a revised government the wise men and women of the land should of course intimately participate. Under existing conditions a large percentage of intellectual people do not vote. Rex Beach, the author, said to me only the other day that many good people consider politics unclean under present conditions and withhold from voting because they knew their ballots are negated by the purchased votes of the venal and ignorant. That is true.

Government should exist by and for the people. The people should select the best man fitted by demonstrated qualifications to put in the position of central authority. But in such a selection it is ludicrous and grotesque to permit several million illiterate negroes to cast votes counteracting the intelligent ballots of intelligent white men. Should the negro be debarred? No more than any man, lacking in intelligence, in a qualifying knowledge of American conditions and a qualifying participation in the work of life entitling him to a ballot should be debarred. No more than the illiterate foreigners, on these shores a few months, who through politics are nationalized and given the franchise. As for the negro, there is upon him the color bar sinister of nature. It is God's racial demarcation. And these mislead zealots who would make the negroes equal with higher races who have developed their brains during the laborious evolutionary labor of thousands of years, deny the primary law of evolution itself. The negro was brought here, a savage from the tropical country and placed in alien conditions, Save for those leavened by the admixture of white blood, as a class, the negroes are mentally below par. The average negro has little sense of honor, and when he gets in contact with great cities he absorbs by instinct, as it were, merely the vicious elements of his surroundings. If an exceptional member of the race shows unusual intelligence and accomplishes work of value to the race, he should, as a man, of course, have his say in government. That the negroes

as a class, in the line of evolution ages behind the Caucasian race, should be given the franchise, is a monumental and criminal error. By nature a dependent, the negro should be trained, protected and looked after in a paternal manner by society. He should not, however, be a powerful factor for the swinging of power for a corrupt political machine.

Equally as well the franchise should be given only to men of intelligence, who have proven their worth by their work in the world, by the production of enterprises, ethical ideas, ideas inspirational, the gaining of property. We bar the Chinese from voting. Yet the Chinese, evolutionally and intellectually, are ages ahead of the negro. There should, however, be no national distinctions regarding the franchise save it be a distinction of mind.

Many persons will assert that I am usurping the inherent right of man in denying the vote to the unfit. But do we let school children rule themselves? Do we give them the direction of their schools? Must they not be taught and trained and kept within the bounds of discipline? There are hundreds of thousands of adults more inept than the average school boy or girl. Yet because they are males past a certain age they are given the vote.

We care for mental defectives in asylums maintained by the State. A large portion of the masses of men who vote at elections know as little what the ballot means, as little of American conditions, as mental defectives. They do not even have the capacity for understanding national needs or the planks of a party platform. Therefore, as I say, just rule by the mass is an illusion, an impossibility. The mass are not fit to rule because they do not know how to rule themselves. And they never do. Crafty politicians, playing upon the veality of thousands, inevitably assume the power our false illusion of popular government would delegate to the people's representatives.

It is this general franchise which has produced such chaos in America.

Therefore, as I have said, the vote should be allowed only to those who qualify—and this applies to women as well as men. This done, intelligence might be shown in the selection of candidates and their elevation to office.

Wanted—a Caesar

Propagandists for Socialism make a stirring appeal by their demand for "equal rights for working men." They say they would have the worker rule. They too forget the fundamental facts of life. They are right in that our industrial system is largely wrong, that the machinery of production and distribution needs readjustment. As they deal with certain material economic problems, and the science of just distribution, they possess the rudiments of a splendid plan. Yet the Socialists are wrong as regards the ethics of government, in their assertion that the workers alone should rule. Of a mass of laborers, few individually could run a great establishment. Each laborer specializes. It is absurd to assume, therefore that the laborers are qualified to govern themselves. It is an idea which makes a deep appeal to the masses; and yet even in Socialist circles, I have not known of a local that was not "bossed" by a few dominant personalities, men who bent to their will the weaker wills of others. Socialism will never work out in life because it is fundamentally false in the assumption that men should be levelled, and in the undesirable fact that it places greater value upon the work of the hands than upon the conceptions of the mind. The magnificent plan of a great work, conceived by a great engineer or architect, is less important to a Socialist than the work of the dull individual who digs trenches or lays bricks and does merely a small physical proportion of the work of construction.

Humanity progresses, not as a mass, nor from the impetus of the mass, but through its great individuals.

Great personalities overleap in individual development the evolutionary work of many ages; and races in turn are carried onward by the great philosophers, teachers, scientists and dreamers of dreams. The sluggish mass, that great, inchoate undeveloped organism of humanity, stirring in the white light of a mighty imagination, the supernal dream of some great superman who comes in a

generation, stirs, blinks its eyes, partly weakens; and involuntarily responds and staggers, though half-blindly, ahead of its evolution. Humanity has always followed its leaders—whether warriors, priests or teachers. From the great mind of a colossal genius smaller intelligences, like a thousand grains of white sand on a shore, reflect the fervid and celestial heat as of a great spiritual sun. And these dominant minds, looming above the general grade of men, always propel mankind on. Humanity must always develop through the Christs who come through the ages; the god-men who peer beyond the horizons of their time and foresee days of ages to come. Such men should assume the offices of government of a nation—some such man should sit in the presidential chair of the United States and, with greatness combined with beneficence, rule us wisely and well.

I have spoken to men of various positions in life within the past several years concerning our government in America. I have been amazed at the extent and deep conviction on part of many that some plan of powerful centralization must be effected in our national administration. I spoke to an editor of one of the most sensational radical papers in New York. "Yes," he said. "Frankly, our form of government has proven a failure; to be effective government must be centrally invested in some capable, but just individual." I spoke Edwin Markham, the poet and philosopher, and he agreed. "I believe in the State; it is the machinery which functions for the great organism of humanity; and I feel, with you, that the State should be governed by a central authority, a man given almost absolute power, yet who, in my opinion, should be recallable by the will of the people. And in this plan of government, with a ruling power at the head, the people should enter into counsel; they should be intimate parts of that working governmental machine." A prominent Philadelphia physician, Dr. F. Mortimer Lawrence, who had himself spoken to many men high in that city, remarked: "Five years ago, when I saw what was coming, I said that in America we should ultimately have to adopt the monarchical principles of Europe. In highest authority, we need a man who shall practically have the power of a king—we can call him a president, yes, but certainly we need some big man at our head." The most celebrated woman novelist in America said that in the unrest of the vast fermenting laboring masses she saw chaos, if not revolution. "Those men cannot rule themselves; we need an aristocracy here—a beneficent aristocracy. I mean an aristocracy of intellect."

And in the participation of a revised government, such as I suggest, I do not mean that those who qualify should be rich. I speak of intelligence as the sole qualification of participating in the ballot and the nations counsels. Among the very poorest we often find the most brilliant minds, and in the classes of the established rich exists invariably the most hopeless fatty-degeneration of brain. We need an aristocracy, yes—not of wealth, but of brains; of men and women of fine minds, with national ideals, burning with the white heat of a patriotism impelling them to volitional service for the cause of the race. And we need at the head of our machine of government one man, supreme of intellect, above all other men sagacious, impartial and just; above all other men, and commensurately as he is great, unselfish. We need the man with power. We need the man with vision. He must combine the executive with the spirit of the poet and the priest. The day may come when such a man, with the spirit of Moses, will arise. Perhaps, too, beyond the horizon of our time, there may be a Jean 'd Arc! Who knows?

The supreme soul, the master intellect—that is what we need in the chair at Washington. The man with strength and wisdom to rule—but whose rule shall be one of service; such is the one we seek. Perhaps such a one is among us. Perhaps his name is known to us. Or, perchance he has not yet writ his name on the horizon of our nation's politics. Nevertheless only by such a scheme of government, scientific, sane, and systematically organized shall we solve our problems. Some predict Socialism. Perhaps, as a passing phase in evolution, that will come. Perhaps we need Socialism's plan of readjustment in the production and distribution of material wealth. But inevitably out of it all must work some form of beneficent imperial administration. The human body has its directing brain. The body politic needs its head.

The Quintessence of Europe

(Two Weeks Abroad)

By B. RUSSELL HERTS

COUNTRIES and continents, like colognes, have their essences. They have also their *nuances*, their vagaries, their illusive qualities and their illusory dreams. But they possess, nevertheless, certain factors that are fundamental, permanent and typical.

America has rendered typical of itself those two useful words that stand so often on either side of swinging doors: "Push" and "Pull." Europe, while subject to characterization by no pair of monosyllables, is nevertheless capable of as precise qualification. It is in the effort to render definite the manifestation of "Europeanism," in its various phases, as differentiated from "Americanism" that I have written these thumb-nail sketches. They are slight, suggestive and unelaborate, but they have the truth of all really mystic utterances and they are therefore offered to my fellow Americans without apology.

B. R. H.

Hamburg-American Liner "Cleveland,"

August 30, 1912.

I

BETWEEN the Louvre and the Arc de Triomphe lies the essence of Paris, for there it is that the kingly gardens of the Tuileries recline, there swings from north to south the royal Champs Elysée, and there as well are scattered those haunts of elegance and ugliness and vice, the music halls for which Paris is famed. What could be more grotesque than a five-minute walk from the Venus de Milo to the Theatre Marigny—from the contemplation of antiquity's ideal of love to modernity's conception of Lust? Yet this is possible in Paris.

Paris is the most dignified and the most ludicrous, the gayest and the saddest city in the world. Great, immortal buildings; great, immortal art; petty, stupid, ugly waste—all in one seething mass, making a city! It is glorious, beautiful, fruitless and futile, constructed without purpose, tending toward no end and yet fine and rapturous and inspired as nothing in America has ever been!

When a friend of mine in Paris was asked some years ago what he thought ought to be done with the old Palais Royale, which all readers of Dumas will so well remember, he replied, "Why, keep it as a hospital for the people who are run over every day in front of it at the end of the Avenue de L'Opera. They need never move out of it: they can buy everything they want in the shops underneath and they can live delightfully in the apartments upstairs." Street accidents do not worry Paris, and old buildings are made useful. Watch the *melée* of cabs and busses, automobiles and business wagons on every avenue and you will stop wondering why the population is decreasing.

II

REALLY, the geographers are wrong. England is in London and London is Boston raised to the *n*th power.

Imagine a country full of Bostonians! Of course, there are other types—as there are in Boston. There is Keir Hardie, M. P., for instance. There are the Celts, ranging all the way from Bernard Shaw and George Moore to William Butler Yeats. Besides that there are Lord Rothschild, Mrs. Pankhurst and D'Albert Chevalier. But Boston, one must not forget, has its B. O. Flower and Governor Foss. England at heart has become a perfected, absolutized New England. I say this advisedly, for it is only in recent years that the gizzard has gone out of Britain. There was a time when its people ate beef, drank small beer (whatever that may be) and knew what they wanted and how to get it—or at least go about getting it. Now it is simply a question of more warships than your neighbor and trust to luck. As Mr. Frank Harris put it in speaking of King George's rehearsals, at a festively conversational luncheon

to which he invited me, "You can't imagine William the Conqueror being taught how he should be crowned." That witty man alleges, moreover, that several coronets threatened to depart from the semi-royal heads on which they were ensconced at the most recent ceremony and had to be manipulated to stay on.

Yet, the English are attractive. They have the attraction for us that a full blooded bull must have for an overworked kyute with a can tied on its tail that it's afraid of banging every time it moves. Englishmen know what to do. More importantly, they know (what few Americans even realize) what not to do. We are drawn in the face of Hell—and Heaven. The Englishman is more critical—of himself. He prefers not to ram his head into a wall even if he knows it isn't stone and that he can get through it. First he finds out, if he can, what's on the other side. Englishmen are courteous—even to "foreigners." It was not in England that a hostess, asking her guest at tea to have another cake, and receiving the reply, "No, thanks, I have had two already," answered, "No—you've had five, but take another anyway." That could only have happened in New York!

Englishmen, like Continentals, know how to live. Just as they seriously attempt to find out what to do and quite as much what not to do, so they determine what they want and as definitely what they do not want. It is not, as with us, continually a case of living up to someone else's income.

Englishmen hurry almost as little as Germans. At five they have tea, whether they make a fortune or lose one, and nothing but a theatre engagement (or poverty) prevents their two-hour dinner at eight.

There is a tale told of an Englishman (and not by an idiot) who, arriving in New York, was taken in the subway by a friend. They boarded a local, changed to an express, and returned to a local, all on the way to their destination. The return trip was made in the same manner, hurrying all the time and running most of it. "Why," asked the "foreigner," out of breath, "why do you run about this way?" "Come on," cried the New Yorker excitedly, "I save two minutes!" "But what," was the sane reply, "what do you do with the two minutes?"

Who of us in America knows what he does with the minutes? We have no more idea what we do with the dollars. We spend them, we waste them, we throw them away on things that tire us. We used to accomplish mighty physical things. We mastered a continent. We created greater wealth than had ever been dreamed of in the world. Now that we cannot keep up with the pace in accomplishment, we take it out in hurrying.

III

ITALY is the land of love, listlessness and Last Suppers. It also possesses excellent *patisserie* and very poor railways. It has been called, at various times, by folk more or less imaginative or given to indigestion, "the land of art," "the land of history," and the "land of poverty."

Italy has a number of old cathedrals, which are left standing because their steps furnish suitable resting places for venders of postcards, who saunter forth gaily in droves from undetected corners as soon as a foreigner is found gazing at "their" building. There are old women whose backs have taken on a picturesque curve that one can conceive being the fashion in a hundred years; there are middle-aged men who pretend to speak French for the sake of Americans who pretend to understand it; then occasionally there is a young boy who is still naive enough to hope to sell something because someone wants it. Once permit these vampires to come within a dozen yards and they hold you with their cries and vociferations. Escape is never afforded unless one is clever at pretending to be

insane and then the venders will giggle, pretend to be frightened and go away satisfied. You see it is all matter of pretense everywhere in Italy.

In purchasing anything it is necessary to pretend at the same time both that you admire it and that you do not wish to buy it. If the salesman believes you do not admire his wares he will never really care to sell them to you—though he may try with what seems to us a good deal of avidity. He is always interested, however, in making you live up to your own better nature (which is favorably impressed with his goods) and if he succeeds he can slap himself on the back ethically as well as artistically.

Love in Italy is like sand in Sahara. The country has been a region of romance for so many years that it takes it as a matter of course. In England they are ashamed of love, in America they are afraid of it, in Germany they are obsessed with it, and in Italy they are tired of it. Of course, the people go right on loving and marrying, cohabiting and procreating, but it is simply a matter of habit. The prostitutes are even more business-like than New York's. As for the listlessness of Italy, that is a matter of genuine intellectual conviction. It is not really warm in Italy. Milan in summer is considerably cooler than Boston, and even Rome rarely rivals New Orleans in diabolic temperatures. It is simply that the Italians do not believe in our methods and manners. They eat fully and so they must give themselves opportunity for digestion. Their cathedrals and mural decorations support many of them and a large number of others make remarkable beverages and foodstuffs with things they pick up in the streets. I think comparatively few Italians admire great art, though all of them admire other people's admiration for it. That is a signal difference between most Europeans and all Americans, none of whom ever admire anything that they do not possess or are not on the way to possessing.

Italy owns about a thousand "Last Suppers." Some of them are painted on walls or ceilings while others are chopped up and put into frames. Many of them look far better on post-cards than in the originals and none of the painters have supplied the divine assemblage with any dietary superfluities. Holbein, with true German generosity, was quite the first to furnish the table as he who allowed his head to be bathed in costly ointment would certainly have had it.

The great "Last Supper" of Leonardo da Vinci, the glorious composition and drawing of which is ardently admired by every one who has not seen it in the original, is in a condition of almost complete dissolution. Strangers still go out to the church of Sta. Maria Della Grazia, however, and two old women are permitted to receive them, and their tips, while white clothed monks wander about interestingly whenever there is any excuse for doing so—though the da Vinci section itself is in the control of the Government.

The poor live very inexpensively in Italy and the rich extravagantly. There are large private dwellings of the character of Carnegie's or the Vanderbilts' in New York (though not generally all of stone) and the best hotels serve perhaps the finest *table d'hotes* in the world. Life in the larger cities is not unlike that of London and Berlin though there is far less interest in intellectual pursuits. On the other hand, Italians are pious frivolously while Parisians and Germans are impious religiously.

IV

IT MAY be said that because Germans do not live any longer than Americans they do not live so much. But, after all one lives only as one is conscious of living, and we Americans hurry about in a condition of semi-consciousness that is not life. We have no repose and therefore little thought. Our working classes are without leisure and our leisure classes are too busy searching for amusement to achieve happiness.

Life to most people—or happiness in life—signifies simply the going from one agreeable sensation to another in quick and interesting succession. The only desires of the average man are "life" and luxury and love. The Germans satisfy these interests—or lusts, if you must call them so. We do not. It is not that we crave their

satisfaction the less. We do not satisfy our desire for life because we do not understand it, nor our desire for luxury because, being ashamed of it, we become crude in seeking its satisfaction, nor our desire for love, because that frightens us out of our wits.

Most true Americans are Puritans and all Puritans are perverts. Their perversion consists in a super-sex-consciousness turned in and against itself. Just as only those greatly and emotionally inclined toward sex, adopt that subject as their intellectual specialty, so only those insanely obsessed with sex crusade against it.

The intelligent German does his work calmly and with precision. He lives in the same manner. He eats sufficiently and well; he rests two hours in the middle of the day; and he drinks his beer, fearlessly, quietly and inoffensively. There are no saloons in Germany, though there are beer gardens everywhere. Whiskey is very unpopular and drunkenness exceedingly uncommon.

V

A GLACIAL SCENE of snow and ice, stretching above vaporous clouds on every hand, and joining below with rocky cliffs and green hillocks with sheep upon them—just such a scene as one sees on any moderately clear day from the *Kleine Scheidegg*—is as typical of Switzerland as anything, save one, could be. That one thing is the glass-clad dining porch of any good hotel in Basel or Lucerne or Interlaken, with its tables populated side by side, with a German family of six, a Frenchman and his mistress (or even possibly his wife!), an English brother and sister, Russian girls out for a holiday, American *nouveaux riches* bent on living up to their incomes, and Italian laborer or noblemen—it is seldom apparent which.

Switzerland is the land of inclusiveness and therefore of Democracy. One cannot remain a snob eight thousand feet above sea level, when one's head is buzzing and one's nose threatens a hemorrhage. Just as little can one "slight" one's neighbor when the latter is some sort of European linguist while oneself is struggling with forgotten German genders and a never learned vocabulary of French. English is understood—but vaguely, doubtfully, and quite above all, most expensively. Let anyone be known as an American and his room rent goes up two francs, while tips that would have been accepted smilingly, with thanks, are scornfully pocketed with evident dissatisfaction.

It is a curse for any but the rich to be Americans in Switzerland. German and French lend themselves to vociferous objection—"Donnerwetter" or "*Fils d'un chien*" sound convincing—but English is for apologetic, temperate acceptance only. He who rebukes a cabman in New Yorkese is laughed at—or growled upon. A foreign language, well-spoken, deducts 20 per cent from one's expenses.

There are *Kurstaals* in Switzerland that may remind those who have been there of Monte Carlo. For a couple of francs one can see gaming tables and listen to mild lewdness and poor music. There are the cries of "*Fait le jeu, messieurs*," the raking of the spoils; the watchers, bored but slyly observant; the money changers, the crowds of every sort and nationality, the rolling balls, the lights, but none of the sorrow and the tragedy of the great gambling centers. One enjoys the ineffable sensation of being wicked for a franc! Five francs is the limit and few are wild enough to play it. Then for those who prefer to spend, rather than lose, money there are the French musical comedies with their laughable indecency, their picturesque costumes, their golden haired girls and pleasing dearth of chorus men—compared to our New York pandering to the matinee girl. Do we not show by the presence of these droves of males upon the American musical comedy stage more than by anything else, the American's subservience to woman? European men please themselves; they spend their own money *with* their wives (instead of working themselves to death *for* them), they eat well and quietly, smoke when they please and drink in moderation—none of which prevents a great many of them from believing in woman's right to equality and none of which prevents them from retaining their women's respect, consideration and love.

(To be continued.)

PIERRE LOUYS'

"Crépuscule"

A Romance Translated
by *Blanche S. Wagstaff*

ARCAS. O girl of the black eyes. . .

MELITTA. Come not near me!

ARCAS. Dost thou not see I stay afar, sister of Aphrodite, . . . O girl with waving tresses like a cluster of grapes! Look! I am standing at the edge of the forest, and shall go no farther if thou dost not wish it.

MELITTA. Be gone! be gone! thou pleadest vainly, thou shepherd without thy flock, thou rover of strange paths . . . if thou canst not find the way, be gone across the dimming meadows! But trespass not upon my clover-lea, or I shall cry out.

ARCAS. Whom wilt thou call unto thee in this vast solitude?

MELITTA. The gods,—who harken always.

ARCAS. Oh, little maid! the gods are further from thee than I at this moment, and were they at my side, they could not deter me from telling thee that thou art strangely beautiful; the gods are proud of human loveliness, and they know well that it is their masterpiece.

MELITTA. Speak no more, shepherd. Be gone! . . . My mother wishes not that I converse with any man. I am here only to tend the fleecy sheep, and to watch them brouse on the grass till sundown. I am forbidden to listen to the voices of those who are passing by winged in the evening wind and the flying dust.

ARCAS. Why?

MELITTA. I know not. My mother alone knows. It is not yet thirteen years since I was born on a bed of leaves, and I would do wrong to do other than she commands me.

ARCAS. Thou hast not understood thy mother, child. She is so good, so wise, so lovely, so venerable. She speaks of the wild men who wander across the country, their shelds on their left arms and their swords in their right hands. They would be faithless comrades because thou art frail and they are bold and strong. But what harm could I do to thee? I have only my lambskin on my shoulder and my staff in my hand. Am I then so frightening?

MELITTA. No shepherd, thy words are sweet to listen to. But the sweetest words are always false I have been told, when the lips of a young man utters them.

ARCAS. Wilt thou answer me if I ask thee a question?

MELITTA. Yes.

ARCAS. Of what wert thou thinking 'neath the somber olive tree as I was passing by?

MELITTA. I do not want to tell thee. . .

ARCAS. I know well what it was.

MELITTA. Tell me.

ARCAS. If thou wilt let me draw a little nearer. . . Otherwise I must remain silent. Unto thy ear alone can I tell a secret that is thine and not mine. Thou dost want me to come near thee . . . to take thy hand?

MELITTA. Of what was I thinking. . .

ARCAS. Of thy wedding girdle.

MELITTA. Who told thee? Did I speak aloud? Art thou a god, shepherd, to read from afar the eyes of a maid? Look no more at me. . . Seek not to read what I am thinking of at this moment.

ARCAS. Thou art dreaming of thy marriage girdle, and the unknown one who will unfasten it, with some mad sweet words that will tremble the air about thee. . . Will these words be false?

MELITTA. I have never harkened to them.

ARCAS. But thou hearest mine. . . and seest the depths of my eyes.

MELITTA. I do not want to look into them.

ARCAS. Thou seest there thy dream.

MELITTA. Oh shepherd!

ARCAS. When I take thy hand why dost thou quiver? When my arms enclose thy bosom, why dost thou lean nearer me? Why does thy little head nestle upon my shoulder?

MELITTA. Oh shepherd. . .

ARCAS. How could thy soul be revealed thus unto me if I were not already thy bridegroom?

MELITTA. But no. . . thou art not he . . . let me go, let me go, I am afraid. Be gone. I know thee not; let me go. Thy hands hurt me; let me go. I want thee not!

ARCAS. Little maid, why speakest thou with thy mother's lips?

MELITTA. No, 'tis not she speaking; it is I. I am wise. Let me go, shepherd. I would be ashamed to be as Naïs, or Philyra or Chlœ, yearning for the wedding hour to learn the mysterious secrets of Aphrodite. . .

ARCAS. What have I done to thee? I touched thy robe, I have kissed thy girdle. . . Well, so be it. I will leave thee. I renounce thee. . . Be gone. . . Why dost thou not run away?

MELITTA. Let me weep a little while.

ARCAS. Dost thou think that I love thee so little that I would take thee unwillingly? But thou art no longer looking into my eyes. Thou art hiding thine, and thou art sobbing. . .

MELITTA. Yes.

ARCAS. If thou dost wish it, I will sit at thy feet my whole life long and fill thee with love and tender words. I will put my two arms about thee, my head on thy bosom, my lips on thine. And listen! if thou dost wish it I will make a green bower with the blossoming branches and the fresh mosses, so full of singing grasshoppers and golden beetles, multi-colored like shining jewels. There our hearts will beat forever side by side. . .

MELITTA. Oh, let me weep again!

ARCAS. Afar from me?

MELITTA. In thine arms . . . in thine eyes.

ARCAS. My love, night falls and the winged light fades against the sky. The earth is already dark. We see no more the long Milky Way that shimmers like a river of stars around the forest.

MELITTA. Take me away. . .

ARCAS. Come. The wood where we wander is so dark that the divinities are afraid. We see no more in the footpaths the horned hoofs of the satyrs following the light steps of the nymphs. We see no more among the leaves the green eyes of the dryads seeking the fearful eyes of mortals. But we will have no fear for we are together side by side, thou and I. . .

MELITTA. Now I weep because I love thee. A god wakes in my heart. . . Speak to me! Speak! A god is in thy voice.

ARCAS. Wind thy hair about my neck, thine arms around my waist and put thy cheek against my cheek. Take care, here there are stones. . . Lower thine eyes, here are the tree roots. The moss is slippery for our bare feet, and the earth is soft. . . But thy bosom is warm under my hand.

MELITTA. I can walk no further.

ARCAS. Come. Come. Here we are in the darkness. I can no longer see thy face. . . We are no longer separate beings. Give me thy lips: I want again to look into thy eyes. Come to yonder gnarled tree bathed in the light of the moon. . . Its deep shadows will bosom us. . .

MELITTA. It is like a vast palace.

ARCAS. Our bridal palace that shelters us in the heart of the sacred night.

MELITTA. I hear a sound. . . It is the palm trees.

ARCAS. The palm trees are our nuptial procession.

MELITTA. The stars. . .

ARCAS. They are the torches.

MELITTA. And those voices. . .

ARCAS. They are the gods.

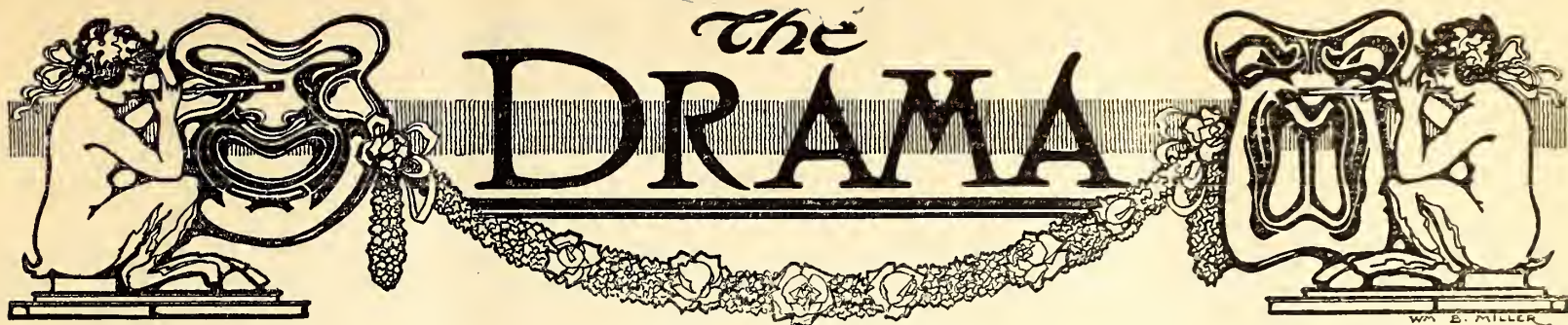
MELITTA. O shepherd, I came here pure like Artemis who illumines the sky afar amid the dark branches, and who perhaps hears my vow. I know not if I have done well to follow thee, but a divine breath dominated me—a spirit which thy voice brought to birth in my soul. . . And thou hast bestowed upon me an immortal happiness in giving me thy love.

ARCAS. Black-eyed maid, before this sacred altar I give into thy keeping all that is mine. We are poor, but we are free. Lift up thine eyes to the Olympian god of the shepherds.

MELITTA. My bridegroom . . . what is thy name?

ARCAS. Arcas. And thine?

MELITTA. Melitta. . .



Farce

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

THE opening of a theatre to be devoted entirely to farce and light comedy is not without significance in these days when there is a tendency to take the drama (with an upper-case D) a trifle too seriously. Plays with messages, plays with "punches," plays with "problems," and plays indicating verbomania both in the characters they portray and the authors who wrote them, have been entirely too frequent of late, since Bernard Shaw and Eugene Brieux became the confessed Atlases of the playhouse. For they are not alone, in their ability to contrive situations in which people get together and discuss anything and everything for several hours at a stretch. Of the same school one need instance only Mr. Augustus Thomas in his latest plays or Mr. Charles Rann Kennedy. Shaw put Fabian Essays in Socialism on the stage, Brieux *feuilletons* for social and moral prophylaxis, Mr. Thomas's New Thought pamphlets, and Mr. Kennedy's Christmas sermons in gold and white. However diverse their ideas on the Theatre may be, all depend equally on words.

The theatrical stage seems to be a place eminently fitted for swift and varied action, dancing, and acrobatics. And if a dramatist attempts to substitute Talk for these things, he usually succeeds only in becoming tiresome. If he is unable to project his message through action, it were better for him to admit his defeat and to print his work instead of producing it in a theatre. On the other hand, Georges Feydeau takes the old idea that "the woman's place is the home" and manufactures a diabolical satire in one act in which the Comic Spirit becomes a bomb-thrower. The impenetrable walls of custom and folkways are torn to shreds, for Feydeau in this lightning-like act shows them to be constructed of paper. Georges Courteline writes a single act (*L'Article 330*) in bold, bald strokes, much after the manner of Forain or Steinlen, and the whole complexity of metropolitan life is satirized effectively and completely. The art of such playwrights lies in their ability to project this satire in a manner uniquely fitted to the exigencies of the theatre—through movement, action and plot.

* * * * *

The farces produced at Mr. Brady's new Forty-eighth Street Theatre, unfortunately, gave no sign of being anything more than machine-made, attenuated bits of comedy, idealess and unoriginal. "Just Like John," by Mark Swan and George Broadhurst, seemed to be of the same type of comedy as the average vaudeville sketch. It had absolutely no relation to real life, and if the imagination of the authors was used in its construction, it evidently followed the average American newspaper conception of nearly every phase of life. "Little Miss Brown" is an innocuous pasteurized farce that attempts to be naughty without being offensive. It succeeds only in the latter half of this attempt, though perhaps at the expense of being wildly hilarious. Its fun is hardly robust enough to appeal to very many thousands of people. It is devoid of satirical or ironical intention, and the actors are left to themselves to extract whatever fun there might be in the characters they impersonate. This process seems to become a more and more painful and difficult one for actors as the seasons roll around. Both these farces make it evident that American writers of comic plays ought to look about them in real life for their situations and character, and transfer to the stage some of the endless human comedy and burlesque with

which the ceaseless complexities of modern society surround us. Why doesn't some one, for instance, dramatize the apartment house court? What a wealth of material is there!

* * * * *

"Ready Money," the new comedy by James Montgomery at Maxine Elliot's Theatre, is a very good farce. Like the perennial *Voyage de M. Perrichon*, it is really a dramatized epigram. It is based upon the axiom: Nothing succeeds like Success. It emphasizes again the fact that the American playwright is happiest when he bases his pay upon the theme of money. One might almost venture to assert that the American dramatist is supreme in the field of financial plays. There is no denying the universality of this theme. Mr. Montgomery adroitly illustrates the pragmatic value (in the most despicable sense of the word) of money. There is action and movement and plot in "Ready Money"—and best of all, there is real satire. One might call it the first dramatization of the philosophy of the late William James, or of Mr. F. C. S. Schiller. It is a graphic illustration of the social analysis so brilliantly presented in Mr. Thorstein Veblen's "Theory of the Leisure Class." Mr. Joseph Kilgour gave a masterful performance of the pragmatic financier, a genius who could make \$1,000 bills so very superior to the vulgar bourgeois product of the Government.

* * * * *

"The Greyhound" illustrates the same point. It deals with that clever and fascinating class in society who get something for nothing—or try to. Naturally the adventures of such people are exciting. Furthermore "The Greyhound" is unhackneyed: the authors, one is quite certain, knew the phase of life they were dramatizing and presented plausible situations without curtailing the splendid melodramatic effects that all of us secretly love—in spite of our pathological interest in the "Modern Drama."

(Continued on page 108)



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A Counsel of Imperfection

By BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

GULLIBUS:—But if your theories prevailed what would become of the race?

SATIRICUS:—The race? My dear Gullibus, there is no such thing as the race; like posterity, it is a verbal superstition. The word was invented to keep social philosophers from saying anything dangerous. "To live for posterity" is the phrase of faddists. The attempt to live up to that phrase results in mental, moral and physical decay. It is part of the doctrine of Christian altruism—the part that is the most beautiful and decadent in tendency; for you know, dear Gullibus, that all altruism is degeneracy. I can conceive of nothing more immoral than to sacrifice a present benefit in order to avoid a future evil. Grasp what you can now. Why should we live like a naked Hypothesis, sacrificing the facts of this day for fear of the things that may not happen to-morrow? Fine phrases have eviscerated the instinct to individuality. Social evolution is the evolution of phrases. The idea that we should so order our lives as to benefit generations not yet born is an idea that came into the world with the advent of man; and man is only an abnormal development of the monkey, the most perfect, to my way of thinking, of all the vertebrates. Being an abnormality, man's ideas are all abnormal, freakish. Do you suppose for a moment that the histories of those wonderful social states that the ants, bees, monkeys and other forms of superior intelligence have organized can show such worship of Cant as the history of man?

Let us look at some of the consequences were men to live solely with an eye to the good of posterity. What would become of sin, the one thing that gives form, color and symmetry to life? We dream of transmitting our sins and our defects as well as our virtues, and a father would rather see a son resemble him on his seamy side alone than not to have the son resemble him at all. The dream is to have "a chip of the old block." There is no greater secret humiliation for a parent than to see a child who is "better" than himself. Superiority always draws the arrows of hate from the hidden slings where they are kept.

GULLIBUS:—You mean to say, Satiricus, that we are all in love with sin?

SATIRICUS:—Yes. Our dream of Heaven, of Perfection, is but the soul brooding over its abrogated darling sins. Perfection is sin deferred. The dream of a perfect social State springs from the cupidity of the heart. As for me, the most beautiful thing I can think of is a life wherein I shall live out my thwarted instincts. That is a marvellously beautiful thought which comes to me at times—that in some other sphere, social or celestial, I will be able to do all those things which the policeman would not allow me to do here. For the way of the transgressor who meets with no resistance is paved with gold.

GULLIBUS:—And conscience, Satiricus, what of that?

SATIRICUS:—It is not our sins that have begotten conscience. On the contrary, it is the inability to realize our sinful (miserable word!) desires that gives us that uncomfortable feeling in the head which is known as conscience. Successful murderers and thieves and swindlers have no conscience until they are caught. Success never had a conscience. It is born of fear and baffled instinct. Conscience is the homage that evil intention pays to the policeman.

Altruistic ideals are indeed valuable if we do not try to live up to them. Nothing so coarsens a thing as to use it. The sublime is only the sublime as long as we do not humanize it. Self-sacrifice is a sublime feeling; it attracts because of its unreality. To live for others! Superb uplift in these words! What exaltation in the idea! And, my dear Gullibus, it only exalts because it is an idea. We love goodness in an inverse ratio to our means of realizing it. Pegasus appeals to the imagination because he never existed. Drag him from his habitation in the clouds and we should yoke him to drays and furniture vans. It is thus with our ideals. If by any accident a great ideal becomes practicable it is soon ground up in the mills of the commonplace—and so loses all its beauty.

GULLIBUS:—What a paradoxist you are! You destroy the value both of conscience and the ideal. Has the ideal, for instance, no value at all?

SATIRICUS:—Of course—did I not just speak of its value? The ideal of self-sacrifice has an æsthetic value, like a sunset or a charming landscape. It has the beauty of perspective, the vague charm of aloofness. It has the value of an incentive. To degrade a dream into a concrete rule of conduct is as vulgar a thing as to litter the heavens with patent medicine advertisements. Have you noticed how convictions lose their force when enacted into law? All our legislative bodies are engaged in repealing what the previous body ordained. It is a tragedy of the Ideal—the débâcle of Imagination.

The man who goes to the stake for his convictions is an ass. But the martyr as a motive for a work of art or a novel is invaluable. For the beauty of an act of martyrdom lies in the fact that it will appear beautiful to somebody else. It has an æsthetic value only and is absolutely destitute of moral significance. Bruno, Savonarola and Socrates were merely obstinate fanatics. It is we who have created them. A kind of ex-post facto idealism. Now as to this craze of living for posterity and the "good of the race," the motive is not moral, but æsthetic; and that it has a value (as a human motive) no one can doubt who loves the marvellous literature of the New Testament, the jewelled but inutile phrasings of Ruskin and the simple patriarchal style of the late Tolstoi. What literature the unphilosophical philosophy of self-sacrifice has given us!

GULLIBUS:—And Truth—what becomes of that in this amazing view?

SATIRICUS:—Truth! There is only one truth!—The universality of error. You remember what I said about Pegasus? Well, if Men ever discovered the Truth they would be bored to death. Without

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error life would not be worth the living. Indeed, life is hardly worth the living to-day because it is so much better than it used to be. People actually commit suicide now because they are happy—that is, they are bored with life, and what is boredom but the highest phase of happiness? We are confronted by the dreadful possibility that every ideal may soon be realized. The Socialists are about to decree the end of poverty and want and will substitute a nasty ennui. The pride of rank is to make way for rank pride. The Empire of the Wise will soon be in the dust and every wise man will be compelled to live out his system as a penance for having dared to dream it. Gullibus, the imagination of man is confronted by the greatest crisis in its history. We are going to lose our gods; the corner orator is decreeing the death of the Intangible. We shall fall from Parnassus into the Bon Marché.

And then in these days we are all understood. We no longer know the sweet secret of incommunicable sorrows. We are no longer mysterious one to another. We read each other like circus billboards. Life has lost its savor of mutual ignorance. The Brain is discovering all things, even its own limitations. Everything is classifiable. We are verging toward truth, goodness and cosmic lassitude. I foresee a time when there will no longer be room for those exquisite little hatreds and subtle jealousies from which we at present derive much pleasure.

GULLIBUS:—You don't seriously hold that our hatreds are a source of pleasure, do you?

SATIRICUS:—Nothing is more clearly true. All hatred adds to self-esteem, and anything that adds to self-esteem must be pleasurable. Envy I hold to be the first and highest of virtues. To be envious of another reveals to us our own limitations. It makes us desire the things we lack; and this gives birth to the instinct of pursuit. I often conceive envy as an exquisite perfume. It gives us our ideals. It is the fairest flower that blossoms on the Tree of Good and Evil. I, for one, dear Gullibus, would not consent to live another minute did the Green Goddess desert me. Envy is certainly the father of genius and the mother at least of self-culture. The total absence of this almost universal spur argues a low origin—bovine or porcine. We find little envy among peasants because they have no knowledge of values and no aspirations; they would rather sleep on a dunghill than in the seigneur's halls. Nothing so titillates my daily life as a desire for my neighbor's wife or his rugs or his gold. Those who lack this divine and urgent fire of envy will be found prosy and virtuous or stupidly wise! To dream of undoing your neighbor raises the tide of life—and Herbert Spencer, you know, defines pleasure as a rise in the tide of life. This is the age of intellectual Borgias, but it will pass, is passing now with the coming apotheosis of stupidity, the Brotherhood of Man. The Brotherhood of Man! What a gigantic egotism! We so love ourselves that, not being content with that, we are constantly seeking to be some one else. The precious fluids of selfhood seek discharge in other modes of life than our own. The passion for the consummation of the scheme of the Brotherhood of Man is generated in the monstrous desire of o'erbrimming egotists to expand the bladder of self to the dimensions of the race. The soul of man blasphemously seeks to take on the characteristics of Omnipotence; this it calls self-sacrifice. Men desire to be MAN; this they name the Brotherhood of Man.

It is envy that creates want; it is the fulcrum on which Power tries its instruments. I would rather envy than have.

GULLIBUS:—And what becomes of justice?

SATIRICUS:—Justice is a catchword. It is as fugitive as the idea of God. It has never been defined. The only definition of justice that sounds rational to me is the tiger's definition: What you want go and take. It is just that the strong should prey and that the weak should pray. All that I have has been stolen, even my present reasoning. If any one interferes with my methods, that is unjust, for injustice may be defined as settling an arbitrary limit to Power. Our present social condition is the most unjust imaginable because of the unceasing depredations of the weak on the strong. All organized government is used by the weak to harry and oppress primitive strength. Hence the present reign of mediocrity. The strongest go to the wall or jail and the unfittest survive and write our laws, our

literature and our poems. You see, Gullibus, it is the old posterity-worship idea again. We are preserving the race at the expense of the individual. There is no justice in a system that will tie a Gulliver to the ground and allow myriad black ants from the government ant-villages to void their offal on him. Only war is justice.

GULLIBUS:—You are hardly convincing. From your remarks I gather that you have a very poor opinion of civilization. Come, have some common sense.

SATIRICUS:—Common sense is vulgar sense. Let us put common sense aside and talk intelligently. Civilization is a device for increasing human wants. It, too, is merely barbarism tattooed. But civilization is good in this: that it never satisfied a human craving. It promotes all the sacrosanct vices. There is nothing more frightful than a sense of satisfaction with things. Content is ever the doctrine of the aged and well-to-do. No, my dear Gullibus, let us not underestimate the blessings of civilization. Nowhere else can you find such exquisite pains and sufferings. Nothing so promotes the picturesquely criminal as our great and compact cities. The vileness of modern life is the one thing that redeems it. It made Balzac, Zola and Gissing possible. The slums are worth while when they manure such genius. Organized want—that is London; unique thought, is it not? Artists and psychologists and thinkers are interested in the phenomenon. It is the clay of the artistic spirit. Thus does civilization tend to perpetuate the arts and sciences. Gloria in Excelsis! Have a cigarette?

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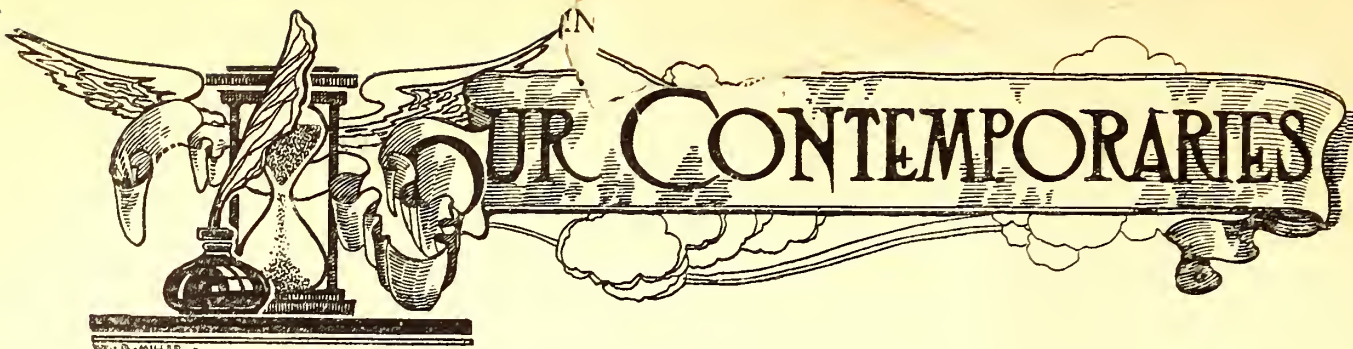
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HONEST JOURNALISM

NOT LONG ago, the chief La Follette organ in Wisconsin attacked THE INTERNATIONAL because of our discussion of the Chicago Convention. The Editor, Richard L. Jones, looked upon us as the instrument of Geo. W. Perkins. We called his attention to his error and we were delighted with his generous and prompt correction. It is one of the most vicious habits of modern journalism never to correct a statement once made, no matter how unjust it may be. The attitude taken by the editor of the Wisconsin *State Journal* in his reply to us proves conclusively the absolute honesty of his intention, and of the new journalism of which his fighting publication is a conspicuous example.

We quote in full the article as it appeared in the Wisconsin *State Journal*:

A CORRECTION

A New York correspondent not long since favored us with a letter which was accompanied by some Bull Moose leaflet literature written and issued by George Sylvester Viereck. This leaflet literature our correspondent exhibited as a sample of the kind of subsidized literature that was being sent broadcast through the friendly auspices of Mr. Perkins. This correspondent holds an enviable reputation as a painstaking journalist. We, therefore, accepted his testimony and commented editorially thereon. Mr. Viereck is an editor of THE INTERNATIONAL and one of the editors of *Current Literature*. We stated that we had the highest respect for both of these periodicals and we regretted that Mr. Viereck, with such affiliations as these, should lend himself to the creation of fictitious copy. We later learned that our correspondent was misinformed and that Mr. Perkins was not giving friendly aid to the leaflet literature in question but that Mr. Viereck was himself responsible for these leaflets and responsible through a whole-hearted and genuine conviction in the Bull Moose Party and its captain. We thereupon stated that if Mr. Viereck would himself deny this reputed affiliation we would be most eager to correct the advice of our correspondent. Mr. Viereck writes us as follows:

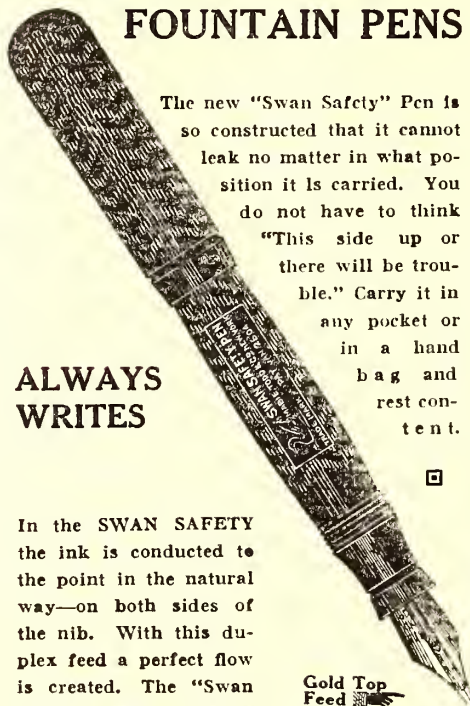
"I am glad to hear that you are willing to rectify the grave injury which you have done me and my magazine. THE INTERNATIONAL is absolutely, fearlessly independent and progressive. Our contributors have the right of free speech. We extend this privilege even to our editors. I am the only Roosevelt man on the staff. Most of our contributors and our stockholders favor either Wilson or Taft.

"Far from being subsidized by Mr. Perkins, I have made and shall gladly continue to make personal financial sacrifices for the cause of Theodore Roosevelt, because to my mind he typifies progress. I have a high respect for the Wisconsin *State Journal* and for progressives of your type. I may disagree with you, and state my disagreement frankly, even violently. But I would not question your sincerity. Why, then, should you question my honesty. Perhaps you are right, perhaps I am. Let us fight, if we must, but let us respect each other."

We are genuinely glad to have this frank letter and to set both Mr. Viereck and THE INTERNATIONAL right with our readers. We have no quarrel with Mr. Viereck's politics, they are our kind. We approve as heartily as he does the Progressive Party's platform. We cannot enthuse over his candidate but we can understand how he and others may. Our only regret was that Mr. Viereck had ventured to lend himself to what seemed to be and what was reported to be a subsidized campaign. We are glad to find and to state that in this our correspondent was mistaken. Greetings and good luck to you, Mr. Viereck and to THE INTERNATIONAL.—Wisconsin *State Journal*.

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THE BULL MOOSE BATTLE HYMN

After George Sylvester Viereck's "Hymn of Armageddon"

The Hymn of Armageddon, published in the last number and reprinted widely is parodied as follows by our esteemed contemporary, The New York Evening Sun:

I

THE noise of mighty thunder rolls from out the seething West:

They come by squads, they come by troops, to meet his high behest.

"What are the hydra heads of him" that Viereck wants to kill?

Munsey, Perkins, "Pittsburgh" Flinn and "Oklahoma" Bill.

"Into what cities leads his trail," with interviews galore?

Ask all the towns of Africa—then ask a thousand more!

"Where shall we wage the battle" and who the foe we slay?

We stand at Armageddon, just next to Oyster Bay!

II

The sternest soldiers of our host, the Abernethy Kids,

Have ridden thro' a hundred towns and taken off the lids.

The strength that P. T. Barnum had to screen his modest worth,

To hide from prying eyes of men "the greatest show on earth";

The tenor's humble dodging of the footlight's awful glare:

The leading lady's effort to avoid the vulgar stare—

All these are not a market to the quiet bashful way Of him of Armageddon way down by Oyster Bay!

III

Tho' Taft make speeches by the pound we shall not flinch nor quail,

For well we know our leader can make them by the bale.

"Have they not seen the writing that flames upon the wall?"

Have they not heard, as in a dream, the awful Bull Moose call?

The Beef Trust and the Woollen Trust, the Steel Trust little mothers,

"The cough" of poor, protected Trusts, the "Harvester" and others,

These, and the "down-trod workingman" we love, Election Day—

We'll meet at Armageddon just next to Oyster Bay!

IV

"For he shall move the mountains"—a job that's somewhat big,

But what's the use of giving him a contract *infra dig.*?

And as for "woman's tears," my boy, last year he let 'em flow—

But now he wants to wipe 'em—for a straggling vote or so,

"Thro' him the rose of peace shall blow from the red rose of strife"—

And anyone who says it won't had better watch his life.

And when at Armageddon, in the glad, new mad new day,

We cut the watermelon, there'll be joy at OYSTER BAY!

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Mr. Alfred Rau, one of the most distinguished of German-American poets, sent us the following translation of Mr. Viereck's Bull Moose Battle Hymn.

HARMAGEDDON

VON GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

Deutsch von Alfred Rau

Und ich trat an den Sand des Meeres und sah ein Tier aus dem Meer steigen, das hatte sieben Häupter. Und er hatte sie versammelt an einem Ort, der da heisst auf Ebräisch Harmageddon. Und aus der grossen Stadt wurden drei Teile.—
"Die Apokalypse."

IM Osten ballt sich schwarz Gewölk, es braust der Sturm heran,
Das Tier zu töten ziehn wir aus, der jüngste Tag bricht an.
Nenn mir der Häupter sieben, die giftgeschwellt sich blähen:
Sullivan, Taggart, Lorimer, Barnes, Penrose, Murphy, Crane.
Die Städte nennt, wo seine Spur sich blutigrot verlor:
Chicago, San Francisco, New York and Baltimore.
Wo schlagen wir die grosse Schlacht und unter welchem Stern?
Wir stehn bei Harmageddon und wir streiten für den Herrn.
Der Hölle Schar zieht gen uns aus, uns beugt nicht ihre Macht,
Denn Gottes Wahrheit muss bestehn und unser ist die Schlacht.
Sie sehen nicht die Geisterschrift, die an den Wänden flammt,
Dass sie ihr Haus auf Sand gebaut, und dass ihr Stolz verdammt.
Die Kinder, die in Frohn vergehn fern von der Sonne Strahl,
Der Notschrei unserer Mütter, zernagt von Hungers Qual,
Aus all dem Elend zeigt den Weg ein strahlend heller Stern,
Wir stehn bei Harmageddon und wir streiten für den Herrn.
Von Nord und Süd, von Ost und West versammelt sich das Heer,
Die Söhne derer, deren Kahn gekreuzt den Delaware,
Die einst um Lee sich treu geschart, die kämpften unter Grant,
Und die der Freiheit ersten Traum geträumt in fremden Land.
Nicht die kleinmüt'gen Sinnes sind, die dunkle Wege gehn,
Noch die, auf deren Stirne wir des Tieres Zeichen sehn.
Das Schwert des ewgen Rechtes ist's, das uns die Kraft verleiht,
Wir stehn bei Harmageddon und wir streiten Gottes Streit.
Der grösste Kämpfer vor dem Herrn in unserm Lager weilt,
Er, dessen mächt'ger Schlachtenruf die Stadt in drei geteilt,
In ihm lebt Davids heilige Kraft, der Glaube, der uns weilt,
Ein neuer Lincoln, der vom Joch der Knechtschaft uns befreit.
Er wird die Schläfer rütteln wach, aufpeitschen laues Blut,
Die Hoffnung der Jahrhunderte in ihm verkörpert ruht.
Ob sich das Tier auch bäumt vor Wut, wir folgen unserm Stern,
Und ihm, der unsere Schuren führt, zu streiten für den Herrn.
Die Lüge wird erwürgen er, er zwingt den Antichrist,
Weil er den Leuen und das Lamm mit gleichem Masse misst.

Des Weibes Tränen trocknet er vor
Saum,
Und in dem Rat des Volkes schafft er den Müttern Raum.
Er pflanzt die Friedensrose wo des Kampfes Dorn wir sehn,
Im goldnen Buch Amerikas wird hell sein Name stehn,
Und wenn das Schlachtgetöse verhallt in weiter Fern,
Ersteht in Glanz das neue Reich, die hehre Stadt des Herrn.

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THE RENAISSANCE OF PAGANISM

A Rejoinder and an Explanation

BY LEONARD D. ABBOTT

(Mr. Abbott's recent article in THE INTERNATIONAL on "The Renaissance of Paganism" has been the subject of widespread comment in the New York Times, the St. Louis Mirror and other papers. In this article he replies to his critics.—THE EDITOR.)

When I wrote my article on "The Renaissance of Paganism" for THE INTERNATIONAL, my purpose was not to arouse interest in Greek culture, but to call attention to a significant intellectual tendency in the modern world. Most of the resulting discussion has centered about the meaning of the word "paganism." I purposely left the word vague. Paganism seems to me a question of temperament and mood, rather than of dictionary and definition. In its modern aspect it is largely a mental attitude. It betokens, as I said in my article, "a new stress on esthetic values; a new attitude toward sex; a return to instinct; a reinforcement of the exceptional will in conflict with conventions."

I named Walter Pater as the intellectual father of paganism in modern England. But if we extend the range of this survey, two greater figures appear. Rousseau and Goethe are the real pioneers of paganism in the modern world. It was they who first projected into the world-consciousness in modern times ideas rooted in paganism and at variance with Christian tradition. And after them come trooping a host of philosophers and artists and poets. Shelley, Keats, William Morris, Swinburne, D'Annunzio, Gautier, Anatole France all share something of the pagan spirit. Among painters, Monet, Manet, Boecklin, Matisse and the Post-Impressionists exhibit distinctly pagan traits. Among musicians, Richard Wagner, Debussy and Richard Strauss must be included.

I am not at all concerned whether this modern movement be called "Greek" or not. The word is simply a convenient label. When we generalize in terms of the ancient nations, we say that the Jews gave to the world morality and theism; the Romans, law; and the Greeks, philosophy and art. The new spirit that is being born into the world—the spirit that I am describing—has more in common with the Greek spirit than with any other national spirit. But the pagan movement, in its deepest sense, is not a matter of time or place. It cannot be set in any definite century or country. As Shaemas O'Sheel points out in his eloquent letter to *The Times*, paganism is a cultural period in the history of most peoples. In this sense it stands for a primitive and eager delight in life and in nature that has not had time to become stale or disillusioned.

The modern pagan is accused of indifference to Christ, and of following every symbol except the Cross. The fact is, he is too much impregnated with Christian ideas to be a true pagan. The Christian spirit is in his blood, so to speak, and he cannot get rid of it. A good illustration of the dual motive of the modern pagan may be found in George Sylvester Viereck's "New England Ballad." This poem embodies a Hellenic conception of the Christ figure. It shows us a New England parson admonished by Christ because he had betrayed the Master's creed by turning it into something drab and dreary:

"Impious parson, on thy knee!
How dare ye judge your Maker? He
I am who at His mother's sign,
And for her glory, turned the water
In the six water-pots of wine!"

"I am who through the bigot's pride
Of righteous fools is crucified.
All lovely things, if these be slain,
Then were My sacrifice in vain!
For man is not the devil's booty,
Not Mine the scorpion and the rod,
Not sorrow is your heavy duty,
And they that worship Him in beauty
And gladness...are most dear to God.

"Men of the New World, heed Me, bliss
And all God's good gifts are your gain!
From Old World nightmares cleanse your brain:
Columbus has not crossed the main
To open up new worlds to pain!
But he and they who tell you this,
Good folk, betray you with a prayer
As they betrayed Me with a kiss!"

To Viereck, Jesus is the beautiful youth who confounded the scribes in the temple, not the sorrowful bearded figure of the last movement. He suggests a new symbol for our adoration—the Christ-Apollo.

I am doubtful as to whether this reconciliation is possible. The difference between religion and paganism is too fundamental to be overcome.

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These two attitudes represent opposite sides of the truth, and while we may recognize the necessity of both, we can hardly serve both at the same time.

The upshot of the whole matter, and the really important point to observe, is that out of the modern world has issued a school of thought in reaction against Christian ethics and in sympathy with more primitive instincts. This new school emphasizes self-expression, rather than self-renunciation. It sets a new seal of sanctity on the flesh. It conceives of the flesh in terms of unity and of natural beauty, as opposed to Puritanism's conception in terms of division and of sin and ugliness. It delights in the play of the senses, and equally it delights in the play of ideas. In this sense paganism is the instinct for liberty. It would never dream of trying to bind the world under one dogma or under any number of dogmas. In every heretic, in every artist or poet, in every radical, there is something of the pagan.

IS CAPTAIN SMITH ALIVE OR DEAD?

THE INTERNATIONAL was the first publication to print the rumor that Captain E. J. Smith is still among the living. We confess, however, that we were ourselves startled by an apparent corroboration of our suspicion.

The following item which we took from the *Detroit News Tribune* appeared in a number of newspapers:

Captain E. J. Smith, commander of the "Titanic," was not drowned but has been seen safe and sound in Baltimore, it was persistently declared today by Peter Pryal, a wealthy retired mariner, who was a shipmate of Captain Smith for more than 17 years.

Mr. Pryal says he met Captain Smith on Thursday and accosted him, but the captain brushed by him angrily. The next day, he declares, he saw him again and followed him around the city to a railroad station, where the captain bought a ticket for Washington. Just as he was about to pass through the gates, Pryal declares, the man turned to him and greeted him by name.

"I am on business; don't worry me, Pryal," he said. "Be good to yourself, old shipmate, till we meet again."

Pryal is under the care of a physician, suffering from nervous shock, brought on by the experience. His physician declares he is absolutely sane. He is well known in Baltimore and is an active church member.

Pryal says he is positive of his identification of Smith and believes that sooner or later the captain of the sunken ship will be seen by others unless he intends to keep his identity a secret.

This report is the second since the loss of the "Titanic" tending to show that Captain Smith may not have been drowned. The theory that Captain Smith was rescued from the "Titanic," taken aboard the "Carpathia" and that he was the mysterious passenger in J. Bruce Ismay's stateroom, on the door of which was inscribed, "Don't Knock," was reprinted in the *News* of May 21st from an article in THE INTERNATIONAL Magazine by George Sylvester Viereck.

Mr. Viereck related a bit of gossip which said that there was such a mysterious passenger in very long time to acquire the quality of mercy—was shouldering the guilt of the captain he had previously saved from disgrace when the "Olympia" met with a mishap.

According to Viereck's theory, which was written as a defense of Ismay, the passenger did not land with the rest of the "Titanic" victims when the "Carpathia" docked at New York. It is said the unknown stowaway returned to England with the ship.

"Can it be," asked the writer, "that Captain Smith was rescued and is being shielded by Bruce Ismay from the world's unendurable scorn?"

"However that may be, Captain Smith will join the mythical club of men in iron masks surviving their own demise, of which Hector MacDonald is a distinguished member."

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AT THE THEATERS

(Continued from page 103)

The Model—The Harris

ONE OF Mr. Augustus Thomas' mistakes. It deals with the difference in the point of view between America and France on art and morals. It is both long and talky, although Mr. Thomas has made his people talk most intelligently. Mr. William Courtleigh played a French novelist and gave an extremely artistic performance—in fact, one of the very best things of his career. Mr. Reginald Mason also deserves praise.

The Master of the House—The Thirty-ninth Street Theatre

THIS PLAY by Mr. Edgar James, is causing a tremendous amount of discussion, therefore, should prove a success. Diversity of opinion over a play means curiosity—curiosity means success. It contains the story of a rather settled down father leaving home and mother for a more sparkling fireside, and returning to be forgiven in the end. While the construction of the piece in certain places seems to lack technique, on the whole, Mr. James has made a very strong play of it. Mr. Malcolm Williams, who played the father, was excellent, and in his big speech in the third act more than shows why he is master of the house; he quite wins back the sympathy of the audience, that he had lost through his mistake. Miss Florence Reed, who represents the more sparkling fireside, is an artist to her fingertips.

The Merry Countess—The Casino.

THIS PIECE is Johann Strauss' beautiful old opera, "Die Fledermaus"; the libretto rewritten by Gladys Unger. Other of Strauss' melodies are brought into the play to support the dancing of the Dolly Sisters and Martin Brown, which adds much to its delightfulness. The whole effort is most pleasing and the relief of not having the chorus continually on the stage tends toward its success. Mr. Maurice Farkoa in the leading male role was charming. It is a great pity some of our American actors cannot acquire a degree of the grace and refinement displayed by Mr. Farkoa in his acting. Mr. A. W. Baskomb, a comedian, gave a markedly clever performance.

B. F. Keith's Union Square Theatre

It is very much of a relief, as well as a pleasure, to go to a vaudeville theatre that is being conducted as well as this one. At prices more attractive, and a policy more superior than the up-town vaudeville houses, the public will find it well worth their while to go the extra distance to Fourteenth Street. Mr. Foy and all the dear little Foyes were on the bill here; an imitation of his father by one of the sons, pays about as high a compliment to Mr. Foy's distinctive acting as is possible, in that for the lack of ever being able to find an understudy for him, he has had to create his own.

JESSICA WORTH.

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AN ENGLISHMAN'S PROTEST

To the Editors of *THE INTERNATIONAL*:

THE SEPTEMBER number of *THE INTERNATIONAL* displays a spirit of Anglophobia which, it seems to me, is as futile in an American publication as it is out of place. The article "Who holds the key to the Panama Canal," with your editorial comment "We must secure the Bermudas, by peaceful means, if possible," is inflammatory and provocative of an ill-feeling for which there is no real basis. "Geographically," this article states, "Bermuda belongs just as much to the United States as the State of Massachusetts." The same is equally true of Lower California and the Island of Grand Manan. On the other hand, there is a part of the State of Maine which belongs geographically to the province of New Brunswick. Likewise, there is a part of the Island of Manhattan which geographically belongs to me. Unfortunately, just at present it belongs practically to young Mr. Astor, who disdains to discuss geography with me. Any attempt to discuss with Great Britain the geographical connection of Bermuda and the United States, I fear would result in an unpleasant display of bigotry and prejudice on the part of England. British statesmen are not at all adverse to altering the map of the world, with a distinct leaning toward red in their color schemes, but they have a very conservative attitude when questions arise which involve the giving up of something which for one reason or another has come to be regarded as part of the British Empire.

Most of the present trouble between Germany and England arises from a desire on the part of Germany to acquire an empire as large as England's, coupled with the realization that England's prior activities have not left very much that is worth taking lying around. As Germany continues to make warlike preparations which have no apparent purpose except to gain possession of territory which England already holds, it is not unnatural that England should take steps to thwart tentative moves in that direction. From a German point of view it may be outrageous that England and France should already be in possession of all the most desirable parts of Africa. The natives, no doubt, yearn for that paternal benevolence with which their affairs would be administered at Berlin. London and Paris, however, seem to feel that the present situation is fairly satisfactory, and their opinion, under the circumstances, would seem to be entitled to consideration. Germany is welcome to the Bismarck Archipelago and the Palau group; but England cannot be blamed if she keeps a watchful eye upon any designs which seem to imperil her continued possession of territory already acquired. Nor can she fairly be charged with the pursuit of any policy hostile towards Germany's legitimate development. Her markets are free to Germany. Nowhere where England is in full control has any measure been taken which in the slightest degree hampers the trade or shipping of other nations, although her semi-independent Colonies, such as Canada and Australia, have followed the pernicious example of Germany and the United States in the benighted policy of protectionism, England suffering along with the rest by their mischievous tariffs. Germany professes to regard the mighty fleet of Great Britain as a menace; yet England's fleet was overwhelmingly strong when most of what is now Germany was a welter of dukedoms, counties and petty principalities. Without a single cruiser Germany would still be the greatest Continental power. If that expansion be pushed to such a point that England should decide that it must abruptly be terminated by the

North Sea fleet behind a screen of torpedo destroyers, the fault will not be England's. Great Britain has no right to dictate two-power standards or to say whether Germany's fleet shall exceed a given limit or not; but she has the right to exist as an empire, and the country which challenges that right must be prepared to stand the consequences.

With the rivalries of England and Germany the United States has no immediate concern. She has nothing to gain by siding with one or the other in the event of the two coming to grips. The conquest of Canada might be held out as a temptation towards allying with Germany. The humiliating results of America's raids upon Canada in the War of 1812 are a reminder of the perils of such an enterprise, and the Canada of to-day would be a far more dangerous foe to encounter than the straggling provinces of 1812. The march of an American army to Ottawa would not be as simple a matter as that to Mexico City in 1847. Any one who knows Canada knows that that country rears plenty of men who can shoot and ride. The Boer War showed what a handful of riflemen behind a heap of stones can do. And of what use would it be to conquer Canada? Full of fierce hatred, ever ready to revolt, these conquered provinces would be an eternal thorn in the side of the conqueror. German friendship at the cost of Canadian enmity would be a poor bargain indeed for this country.

The United States can hardly overlook the fact that since 1812, England has been a good neighbor and friend. Co-operating with Napoleon III, England could have dealt the United States a fatal blow by embracing the cause of the South during the Civil War. The United States exists to-day—as the United States—because England remained neutral while the Civil War well nigh brought Lancashire to ruin. She let the "Alabama" loose, it is true; but suppose she had let her whole navy loose! During the war with Spain one European country was America's friend.

The assertion that Bermuda is a menace to the Panama Canal, ignores the fact that England several years ago withdrew her last soldier from the Continent of America, sold her navy-yards at Halifax and Esquimalt to the Canadian Government, and abandoned her naval stations on the Atlantic. Surely no more open expression of confidence in this country could be imagined. In what way has the Panama Canal altered the situation? And wherein is Bermuda more of a menace to America's naval communications than Jamaica or Trinidad or any one of the hundred odd West India islands which belong to the British Empire? That Great Britain owns one-quarter of the land surface of the globe may be irksome to Germany; but the United States has so far never manifested any jealousy because England's far-flung possessions for three thousand miles extend along her northern border and fringe her southeastern coast.

The destruction of England's buying power would deal a staggering blow to this country. Wipe out England and the foreign commerce of the United States would shrink to the extent of nearly \$8,401,000,000 a year. It is infinitely better for all nations to live and labor in peace, freely exchanging those commodities in the production of which each excels, rather than embark upon rivalries of trade and for dominion which in the end may bring on a war in which conqueror and conquered will be equally vanquished.

There is no fundamental reason why the United States should not be friendly with both Great Britain and Germany, and each with the other. There is a lot of foolish sentimentality about

blood being thicker than water. Civil wars have spilled a lot of the thickest blood ever since history began; but there is no gainsaying the tremendous unifying power of a common language. The United States and the British Empire cannot help being more closely related than other peoples because of their language and literature. The Bible legend of the Tower of Babel expresses the simple fact that peoples become aliens to each other when they no longer understand each other's speech. The fact of the English speech is inextinguishable. To that fact and to the further fact that many fine dominions which she would like to possess are now integral parts of the British Empire, Germany would do well to reconcile herself. The peace of the world would be infinitely more stable could she do so. Both the United States and England could then like Germany a great deal better than they do now; because there is much about Germany that commands our respect and would win our friendship if we were less suspicious of her restless militarism. In most things the ideals of the English-speaking peoples are far more akin to those of the German-speaking races than they are to those of the Latins and Slavs. Whether justly or not, we flatter ourselves that the Teutonic races have been a more important factor in the world's progress than have the others. In science, in philosophy, in literature, in freeing mankind from the shackles of religious oppression, we feel that we have been pre-eminent. Those of us who are of Anglo-Saxon extraction admit our shortcomings in music and art; but feel not without pride that a perhaps more gifted member of our racial family has not only held its own in painting with the brilliant Latins, but has completely overshadowed them in the realm of music. These are things which should draw the Teutonic peoples into closer relationship, and, perhaps, bring about something akin to a duality of language, so that there might be a freer interchange of ideas between them. The immense popularity of Shakespeare in Germany shows how easily our common sympathies might be cultivated. In place of this mutual esteem, we find distrust, fierce trade rivalry, recrimination and abuse, and smoldering enmity ready to break out into open warfare. And why? There is just one reason and that is—Dreadnoughts. The lowering war clouds would clear at once were Germany to strike half a dozen Dreadnoughts off her naval program. Were she to do so she would be not a whit less powerful relatively, and her suffering proletariat would be better off by the remission of several millions of marks in taxes. (This morning a cable dispatch says that the poor of Dresden are eating dogs). The chances of her doing so, however seem to be slight. Each new naval budget forces England to a faster pace in the construction of warships while the press of Germany froths over with the high crimes and misdemeanors of England. Either bankruptcy or war must end this maniacal competition.

In the past three hundred years three nations have sought to drive England from the seas. Spain sent a great armada against her. Spain to-day is a decaying corpse. Then the Dutch set upon her, and the fleets of England and Holland harried each other up and down the Channel with unexampled ferocity and stubbornness. Holland to-day is prosperous but insignificant. Then Napoleon decided that Albion must be destroyed; but the maritime hopes of France went down at Trafalgar, and England is still supreme at sea. Now comes Germany with a navy built overnight, to challenge once more the right of the red cross of St. George to flaunt itself as the emblem of the overlordship of the waves. There are those who do not think that the time is yet come for the

hauling down of the flag which has flown victoriously from Sluys to Trafalgar.

SCOTT ROBINSON.

THE INTERNATIONAL is by no means anti-English as our correspondent assumes. We merely desire to extend a square deal in international politics to all nations. Our correspondent in his eloquent letter, true to the standards of the press whose inspiration is drawn from London, misinterprets history and omits to mention certain incontrovertible facts emphasized on another page by P. E. Werner, President of the Werner Company, Akron, O., in an astonishing article on "England as the Arch Enemy of the United States."

THE EDITOR.

A TYPICAL "FRANK" REPLY

To the Editors of *THE INTERNATIONAL*:

The bias of the individual is the predominant characteristic of literature. It reveals itself alike in essayist, critic, and historian. It proves that all writings are unwittingly autobiographical, and that each thinker is prompted by his own prejudice or preconception. It looms lofty in the narratives of Herodotus and Josephus among the ancients, and scarcely less in modern historians, such as Rollins, or Hume, the monarchist and Macaulay, the democrat.

It has often spurred the hand of the critic to hurl poisoned barbs at the heart of genius, stabbing sometimes to death, at the fatal wound of Keats, "pierced by the shaft which flies in darkness"; or to discharge a thunderous battery of denunciation, as when the Scottish reviewers unwittingly made Byron famous, whose self-conscious contempt of inferiority enabled him to reply with deadening fire and silence the bombarding canon of his foes.

Among critics, especially, all seems to depend on the personal point of view, the emphasis of the individual bias. Carlyle could see no good at all in Byron, and rejoiced in the sunset of his genius. That he might honor Goethe more he must regard Byron less. Yet this very Goethe reveals his own rebellious instincts by exalting to the highest heaven the very genius whom Carlyle had condemned to the lowest hell. "He has reached a very low level," cries Carlyle; his envious wish becoming father to his biased abuse, whilst Goethe calmly muses, "Byron issues from the sea-waves ever fresh."

Criticism is, therefore, only valuable when the idiosyncrasy that prompts it is discerned by the reader. The very thing one critic most condemns is precisely what the next most praises. Therein may be some comfort to the unhappy victims that lie so oft upon the roadway of literature, wounded by the ruthless spear of some passing critic.

"We have all known Good critics who have stamped out poets' hopes;" for the clearer the spiritual vision the more frail the heart that feels it.

These musings have been engendered in my mind by a recent review of one of my books in the columns of *THE INTERNATIONAL*, whose pen men and pen women, none shall deny, are of the very elect, and in whose literary triumph I personally rejoice. The criticism to which I refer flows from the facile pen of Josephine A. Meyer, and its barbed arrows, though hurled by a delicate, feminine hand, make one feel almost like Hamlet when he "could drink such hold blood and do such bitter business as the day would quake to look on."

She pierces with sinister sarcasm the very one of my books which has been the most praised by the better critics. To her this book, "The Tragedy of Hamlet," is "a personal affront," because, forsooth, "if after much contemplation a man be smitten to write and publish" something about Shakespeare, "let him set forth something new." Yet, strange to say, the "newness" of what is set forth in my book has so appealed to some good

critics that they have regarded it in the nature of a discovery. "His argument possesses the unique charm of originality," says a reviewer in the *Duluth News-Tribune*; while a keen critic in the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says, "It cannot be gainsaid that the first seriously to discuss the tragedy in this peculiar light, Professor Frank has presented his grounds with consummate skill."

Again, while admitting my argument regarding the lunacy of Hamlet is unique, your critic murmurs that it "is wrapped about with insincere padding"; while Edwin Markham insists my "treatment is sincere and sympathetic"; and B. O. Flower said, in an extensive review in the *Twentieth Century Magazine*, that "having many years ago had occasion to make a somewhat thorough study of 'Hamlet' that led through several thousand pages of criticism and discussion" he could find "no argument so favorable and convincing" as those advanced in my novel theory of Hamlet's lunacy.

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ested in the art of painting and its
technique.

Apparently, then, my critics do find something "new" in my treatise and sufficient to warrant me "after much contemplation to write and publish" my views. While my book is avowedly "a personal affront" to your daintily fastidious contributor there is naturally to me some consolation in the assurance of a learned critic writing in *The Living Church*, who says of this same "affront," that it presents "a study of Hamlet which, with the exception, perhaps of some of the productions of German criticism, is unequalled in refinement, ingenuity and scholarly research."

Thus much for the diversity of opinions that may be found among diverse critics, each of whom may be prompted by bias or pre-conception. Yet to me there comes a supreme consolation in the fact that among the several scores of lengthy and studious reviews of this book, which have been published in magazines and newspapers during the past year, all of them, with the exception of perhaps less than half dozen, are laudatory and emphatic in their appreciation of the novelty and instructiveness of the treatment presented.

Your feminine critic, however, is especially severe in her denunciation because of my "misquotations," which she says "are set forth in gorgeous settings." By this she means, without informing the reader, that I have attempted the classification of the many sayings in "Hamlet" under original headings or captions, merely for what benefit they may be to the general reader in making apt quotations. After reading her severe charge I have again carefully gone over all the quotations in this series, comparing with the text in Furness's "Hamlet," and, while I admit there are one or two serious typographical blunders (as where "bound" is printed for "bounded"), yet in all the hundred classified excerpts alphabetically arranged from "Ambition" to "Weariness of Life," no unbiased critic will find, I think, any error that is not to be attributed to typographical or proof reader's oversight rather than to the ignorance or disinterestedness of the author.

But even if the glaring misquotations were true, does it not seem an extravagance, born of rancor, wholly to condemn a work which certainly involves much that even your severe critic is forced to admit is wholly new in a subject three hundred years old which has been traversed by thousands of erudite and penetrating students?

To say that such a book is "a personal affront" can mean but little else than the critic was offended that she had not first conceived the truth that I, unhappy wight, myself discovered.

Apparently your critic is envious that, as Elizabeth Barret Browning exclaims,
..... "A man
Produced this, when much rather they should say,
'Tis insight and he saw this."

HENRY FRANK.

FROM THE CRITIC

To the Editor of *THE INTERNATIONAL*:

Even the "feminine critic" is silent in the face of perfection. Dr. Farnk's letter is the last and most eloquent word on "The Tragedy of Hamlet" by Henry Frank.

JOSEPHINE A. MEYER.

MR. HARVEY'S SHORT STORIES

In mentioning short-story writers of America who have shaken themselves free from the conventionalities and sentimentalities of the writing craft as it is practiced hereabouts, one should not overlook the name of Alexander Harvey, a revolutionary, a pantheist, a medieval romanticist, a psychologist of sex, and a pagan plus courage. It is worth while noting that his stories appear, not in the conservative periodicals given over to the niceties of a zymotic culture, but in such magazines as the *St. Louis Mirror* and *THE INTERNATIONAL*.—*Town Topics*.

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A PROBLEM present almost everywhere is the temperance problem. Drunkenness is a curse, a vice and a disease. It has caused more suffering in the world—mental suffering—than any of our scourges, not even war excepted.

The fight against drunkenness has gone on for centuries. Luckily, we can see that progress there has been. There is infinitely less drunkenness to-day than there has been.

This question of temperance has got to be fought out in this country and settled along lines of common sense. Those that discuss it and deal with it must know their subject. The fact that a man or a woman has had a son turn out a drunkard does not by any means indicate the man's or woman's right or capacity for making laws to regulate the drink traffic. On the contrary, the man whose son has turned out a drunkard has before him the living evidence of the fact that he, the father, does not understand the drink question. Let the prohibitionists ask themselves how many of the most hopeless young drunkards in the early twenties are the sons of prohibitionist fathers—boys that were brought up under the strict intemperate law of prohibition?

Prohibition compels secret drinking, and re-

effectual.

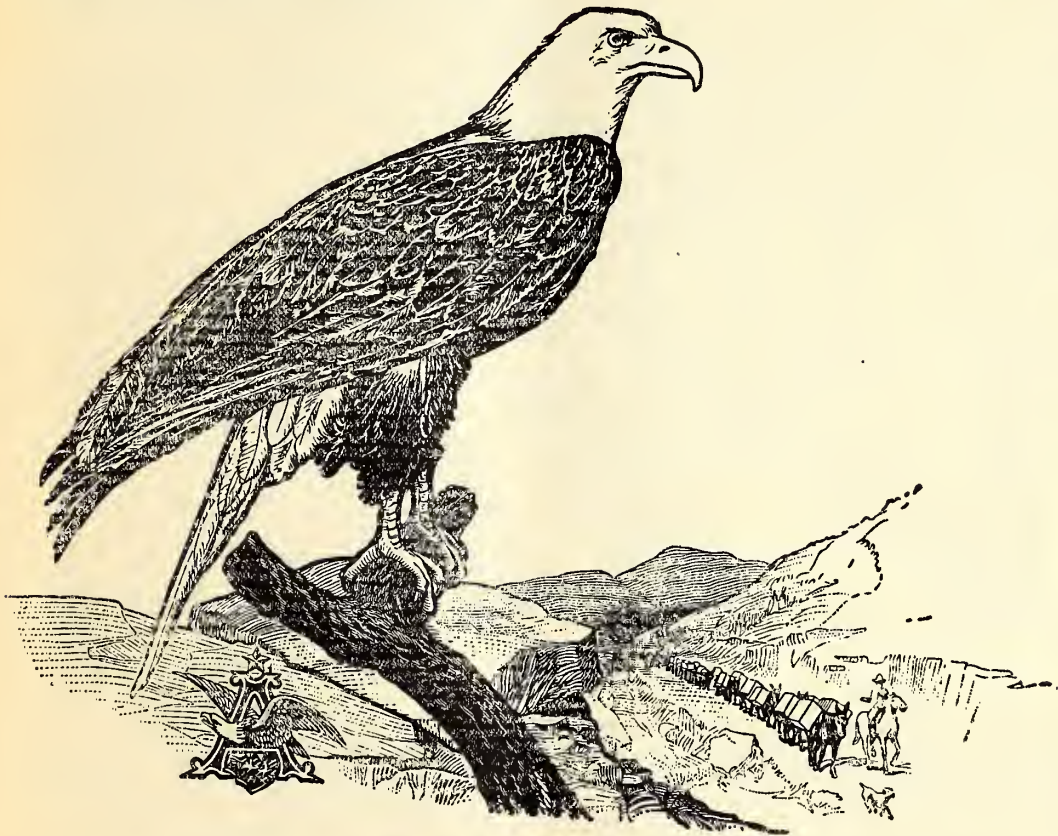
Let the mild, natural drinks of temperate people, light beers and wines, be sold freely and crowd out the drug habit. If the Chinese smoked tobacco, they would not smoke opium. That would be a blessing for China.

The man who leads a strictly normal life, who is not overworked, and not overtired, can perhaps get along with no stimulant whatever, if he has great strength of mind. But, if he works very hard, and breaks himself down, he is actually compelled to build himself up on a normal, temperate drink.

Ninety per cent of all men continue to drink stimulants. If laws are passed that make it impossible for them to get a mild stimulant openly, they will get a violent, poisonous drink secretly. Thus you make them drunkards.

Make it very easy for the hardworking man to get his light beer sociably, every day in the year. Enable the sedentary man, the student, the man whose muscles and liver are sluggish, to take his glass of beer or light wine. Bigotry, intolerance, control of a majority by the minority, will cause secret drunkenness, and never true temperance.

THEO. L.



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THE INTERNATIONAL

and REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS ~

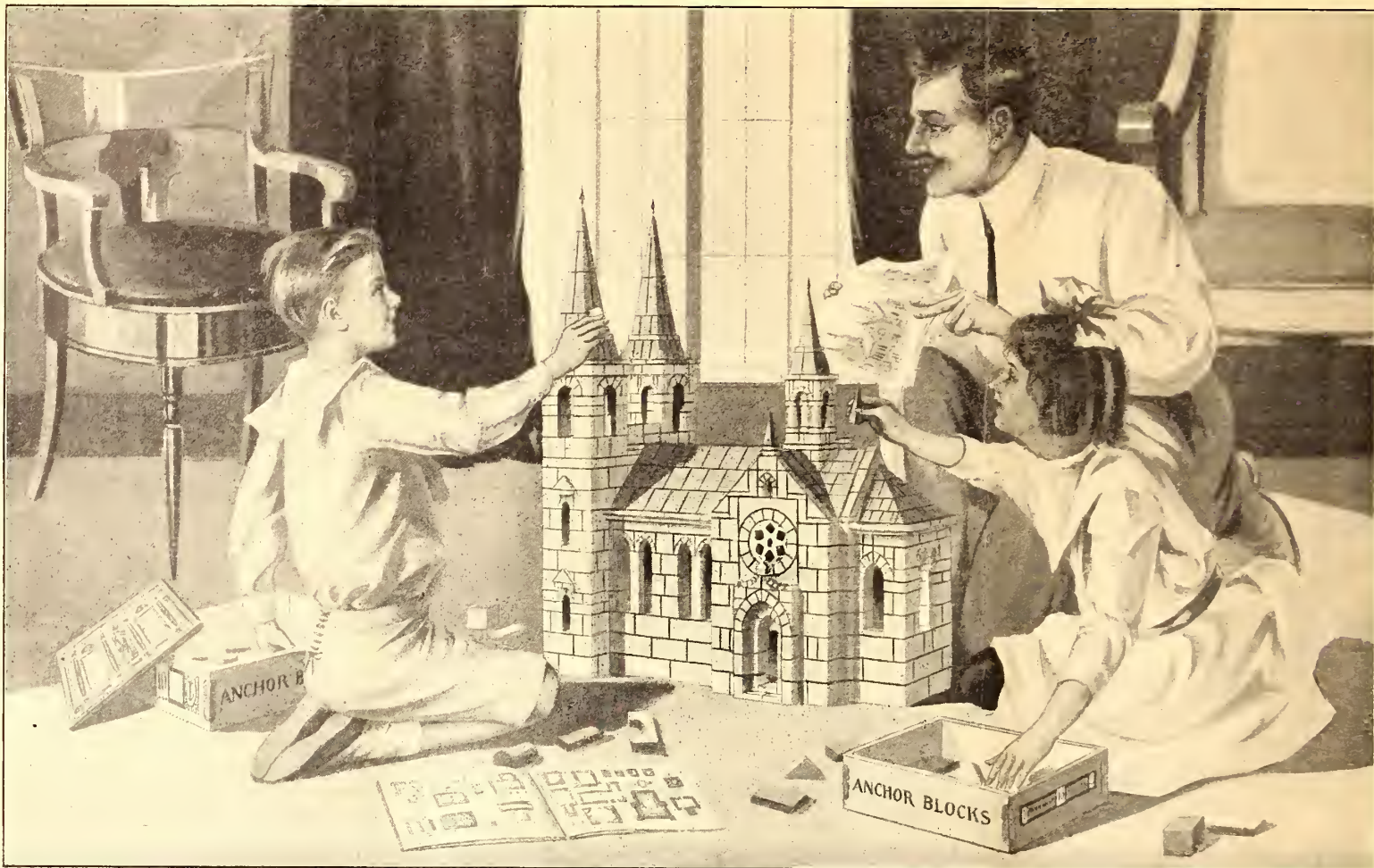


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NO. VI

NOVEMBER
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THE INTERNATIONAL

VOL. VI—No. 6

NOVEMBER, 1912

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EDITED BY: GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: B. RUSSELL HERTS · RICHARD LE GALLIENNE
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REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS—

A Menace to Civilization

THE war against Turkey precipitated by Montenegro with the secret co-operation of the other principalities in the Balkan, in defiance of the expressed will of the Powers, points to the growing vitality of the Slav. The vast masses of Russians and their brothers who dwell nominally under Turkish sovereignty will be whipped into action by this new crusade, no matter what may be its immediate issue. If even China could be roused from slumber Russia, too, will bestir herself. The awakening of the Slavic consciousness will be a menace to our Teutonic civilization. Germany under the leadership of her far-sighted Emperor realized this when she took so determined and apparently wantonly relentless an attitude toward the Poles dwelling within her border. If Teutonic culture be worth preserving,—and if Chamberlain is right all culture, as we understand the word, is Teutonic,—the three great Germanic nations, Germany, England and the United States should face this issue squarely. Perhaps if England had not hesitated so long in acquiescing in the joint demand of the Powers for peace, this war might have been averted. The Teutonic nations are the guardians of Civilization. They are also natural allies against the Slav and the Mongol. Instead of piling Dreadnaughts against each other, they should join hands in this crisis. Alone and at odds, they are vulnerable. They are invincible if united.

New Jersey Barbarians

THE Canadian lad who was expelled from school because he refused to acknowledge fealty to the American flag may well complain of the intolerance of New Jersey. The citizenship of the United States is a precious gift, not a mess of pottage to be forced

down the throat of unwilling aliens. We should welcome the desirable foreigner who swears allegiance to Uncle Sam, but we should not honor less, for that reason, law-abiding citizens of other countries who choose to retain their loyalty even politically to the land of their birth.

Compelling a foreigner who is not an American at heart to salute our flag is as preposterous as asking an atheist to kiss the Bible. The salute to the flag as practiced in our public schools degenerates a sacred ritual into a meaningless mechanism. The young Canadian who refused to regard it in that light deserves praise for his courage and determination. To shut him out of the public schools because his intelligence is apparently so infinitely superior to the intelligence of his teachers is an act of barbarism hard to reconcile with twentieth century ethics. His father doubtlessly pays part of the taxes that support our public school system. Those who withhold the blessings of education from the boy because he refuses to betray his country, evince the moral and judicial attitude of the South Sea Islands. We are after all still distinctly and unmistakably provincial. If an American lad had been subjected to similar treatment in London or Berlin, the air would be filled with the screech of the eagle.

On the Side of the Angels

EVEN if not a single vote were cast for the Progressive Party in the State of New York, its claim to moral victory would already be established by the nominations of Hedges and Sulzer. The acclamation of Oscar S. Straus by the Progressive Convention, as Governor Wilson expressed it, has put both old parties on their mettle. Each of the candidates standing by himself deserves the

support of honest men, but over Hedges hovers the shadow of Barnes. Sulzer, on the other hand, gives promise of independence. Straus stands on his own feet and on his accomplishments under four or five administrations. In time the Progressive Party may evolve bosses, but as yet it is free and unshackled. The Progressive Party is fortunate in that it has no past, except the past of its leaders. And it is bound not by their past errors, but by their past and present achievements. If Flinn and Woodruff are bosses, they are bosses fighting on the side of the angels. If, with success, they should betray leanings toward the other side, the man who unhorsed Lorimer and dethroned Penrose in his own bailiwick, will be strong enough to grapple with them. Theodore Roosevelt has promised to take the stump against any candidate of the Progressive Party who may betray his covenant with the People. If Roosevelt should be elected, borne by a tidal wave of popular enthusiasm, he will faithfully observe the terms of this contract.

Fixing the Blame

HOW inevitable that the foes of the people should base upon the attempt to slay Theodore Roosevelt subtler impeachments of his character. How unctuously, for example, the *New York Times* swelling with its own grief at Roosevelt's wound, indicted him for the words of encouragement he spoke to his followers, the blood yet trickling from his wound! As for the *New York Herald* words cannot reach the depth of our sympathy for its predicament. It branded Roosevelt as the "third term," scorning to utter his hated name. Psychologically speaking it cast the bullet now in Roosevelt's body. More successful than its contemporaries, the highly respectable *New York World* tried to make Mr. Roosevelt seem disreputable because he did not fall when he was shot. It was quite unnecessary for the addle-headed Schrank to confess himself a constituent of the *Herald* and of the *World*. The perversity of his paranoia was caught from their editorial columns. It is lucky for the *New York Times* that the assassin did not reveal himself one of its readers. For in the latter part of May or in the first half of June he might have discovered a leading editorial in that exponent of smug Phara-saism in which Colonel Roosevelt was delicately limned as a wild rhinoceros. In that same outbreak from the *Times* was volunteered information that the only thing to stop a wild rhinoceros is a bullet. The assassin's hand merely completed the gesture engendered in the brain of the *New York Times*.

Nor is Mr. Taft entirely free from blame, for he reiterated with unpleasant frequency his speculations as to what would happen if the leader of the Progressive Party were suddenly translated to heaven. Mr. Roosevelt admonished the President for the bad taste

implied in this interrogation, but the offence was repeated only a few weeks ago. We congratulate all these gentlemen on the escape of Theodore Roosevelt, fortunate for him, but even more fortunate for them. Naturally even the most bitter political enemies of the Colonel never dreamed that a poor wretch would make himself the tangible instrument of their oratorical wrath. But they and we all should heed the lesson taught by Czolgosz, brought home by Gallagher, and emphasized through the shot fired at Milwaukee by Schrank. If newspapers fail to read the red handwriting on the wall, the public must force them to a realization of the fact that there can be no freedom of press or speech without responsibility. A free press is the guardian of our liberties, but a free and irresponsible press is a hideous menace.

Abjectly as the assassin exploited his personality upon an unprepared public, he gave the country and the world a thrill. Our petty partisanships were obliterated. One beautiful sweep of sympathy saluted the stricken chief. How superior Roosevelt seemed to his detractors in the hour of his trial! He rang out as true metal under the terrific blow of fate. He was supremely and tremendously himself. Himself as Caesar was when, falling at the base of Pompey's statue he uttered his sublime reproach. Roosevelt was himself as truly as was àBecket when, succumbing to his wound at the foot of the high cathedral altar he implored God's mercy upon his enemies. But Roosevelt was himself more grandly still. With the bullet in his breast, the mutilated sheets of his speech held out before him, Roosevelt spoke neither of himself nor of his anguish but of the cause for which, then and there, he was risking his life.

Join the Strike of the Diners

THOSE who would break bread in New York hotels must now pay a tax of ten cents in addition to the regular charge for whatever viands they may devour. In view of the ridiculously altitudinous prices now charged in the restaurants which first initiated this petty and un-American innovation, I would suggest a strike of the diners. If we may no longer butter our bread at the expense of the hotels, why should we continue to pay the larger part of their waiters' wages? We should refuse to bestow the customary obolus upon waiters and hat boys, until the unjust tax on our appetites be removed. Millions of discomforts for defence, but not one cent for tribute to the Hotel Trust. This seems the proper moment to put a stop to the degrading tip system which is as cordially disliked by the Ganymedes who serve us our meals as by those who feast at public boards. As long as waiters are compelled to rely chiefly on tips for their sustenance, they will be classed in the popular mind with the prostitute and the beggar.

G. S. V.

IMPORTANT PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

READERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL will note from the cover of the present issue that the price of the magazine has been advanced to 15 cents per copy and \$1.50 for the year.

We believe that the necessity for this increased charge will be understood by all subscribers, inasmuch as the reading public realizes that all magazines sold at the ten cent price depend for their profit, and even for expenses, upon a mere "side line," namely advertising.

We do not consider this a business basis for our publication. THE INTERNATIONAL costs far more than 10 cents to print. Its paper is of the finest quality, and the total cost of getting out a single copy of the magazine is generally between 12 cents and 13 cents. In order to publish THE INTERNATIONAL at 10 cents it would be necessary either to decrease the size of the magazine or to make its editorial policy subservient to its advertising.

The same condition exists in all the popular magazines and it is a condition which the publishers of THE INTERNATIONAL regard as unsound. We believe that THE INTERNATIONAL is worth 15 cents, and we think that the great majority of our readers will agree with us. We have found that there is in this country an ever increasing body of open-minded and liberal men and women who are willing to support a journal which expresses some measure

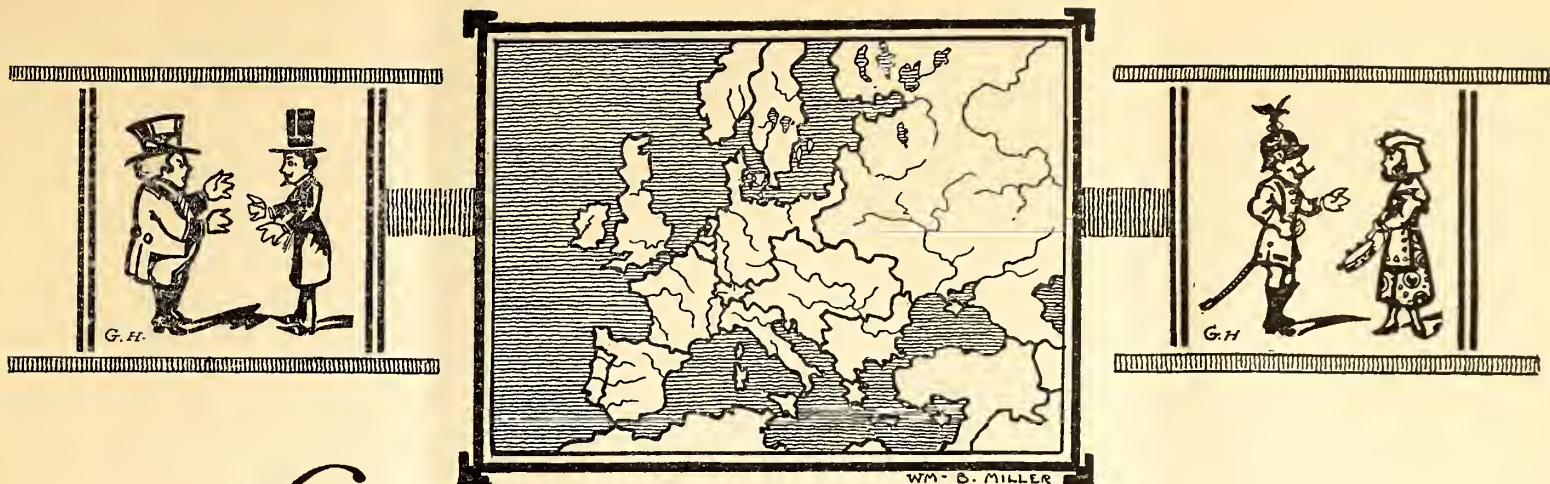
of their attitude toward life and conduct, even if they are forced to pay their full share in the actual cost of its production.

We shall not, however, take advantage of such readers, and it is for that reason that we offer all our present subscribers the privilege of renewing their subscriptions for one year at the original price of One Dollar until January 1, 1913.

* * * * *

MR. B. RUSSELL HERTS has been added to the contributing editors of the magazine. Mr. Herts was the founder of THE INTERNATIONAL and two years it was mainly through his efforts that the magazine advanced and prospered. Mr. Herts now wishes to devote himself more extensively to literary and other projects with which he has long been connected, and the publishers of THE INTERNATIONAL have therefore regretfully been forced to accept his resignation from the managing editorship of the magazine. Mr. Herts will, however, remain a regular contributor to THE INTERNATIONAL and with Mrs. Wagstaff and Mr. LeGallienne will act in a general advisory editorial capacity. The editorial control of the magazine will remain in the hands of Mr. George Sylvester Viereck.

MOODS PUBLISHING COMPANY.



• The Quintessence of Europe •

Two weeks abroad

- BY B. RUSSELL HERTS -

(Continued from October Issue)

VII.

PARIS AND LONDON are cities that have personalities. Berlin would have had if the Kaiser had not tampered with its development in his attempt to create a second Paris. The "gaiety" of Berlin is a weighty, conscious affair like the gaiety of an elephant who has been living with baboons.

New York, too, may possess its deeply personal factor. The poets have written of its clanging elevated railways, its roaring subways, its dazzling skyscrapers, its dirt, delightfulness, commerce, wealth and poverty. But the European capitals are like the European character: they are established, settled and unchanging. The German is dull, studious and effective; the Frenchman sprightly, faithless and negligible; the Englishman courteous, cold and egotistic. London is cold, Paris is hot; London is busy and preoccupied, Paris is lustful, listless and loquacious.

London streets are a mass of busses; London theatres a mass of shirt bosoms and London clubs a mass of yawns. Business is more reposeful in Paris than society is in London. Both are a bore in Berlin.

It is difficult to describe what makes the Englishman cry "Dear old London!" when he comes in at Paddington—but he means it. If it is evening, he sees the lights, lights, lights on every side along the streets, the moving trams and the dashing busses, the dim, grey, governmental buildings and the respectful poor. In the daylight all is quick with life—and without hurry.

There are those who dislike the commercial quality of London, who detest the miles of streets lined with small shops. But business in London has an inoffensive air; it does not intrude itself, and there are other things. Every few streets, in the midst of the petty everyday, is some huge building, redolent with history: Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace, the British Museum and the National Gallery are only the most important and impressive of a hundred. You cannot find such in America. Nor have we the pretty little squares that crop up everywhere, with their inevitable trees and grass and flower beds in London.

Paris, in sunny France, is not so green. Paris has not the touch of the "Beyond." Like the French themselves it is sprightly and obvious, with little reserve power. Shudder once or twice at the impressiveness of the Louvre, give a dozen hours' interest to Notre Dame and the Pantheon, see three pictures in the Luxembourg, walk in the Bois, the Avenue de l'Opera and the Quartier, and Paris is a mystery made manifest. There is something of the infinite in London; something of the eternal, of the universal and the inexpressible.

VIII.

The churches, like the other amusements of Europe differ considerably one from another. In Paris, they are generally places whither one comes to pray and whence one goes to scoff.

The small Paris churches have a greater number of grotesque figures of the Virgin than an imaginative American could have conceived existent in the world. Some have blue gowns and red noses, others are clothed in golden raiment fit for the Bal Bullier.

In London and Berlin, where churches are free and Protestant, the people go in greater numbers to the theatres, operas and concerts. That may be a reason for the excellence of German music and English stage-management. Not that the Munich level is everywhere preserved in Germany: in Frankfurt one can see as bad a performance of Italian opera as one pleases. Nor are the theatres of London run upon the level of the Kingsway, where that extraordinary master of finesse in dialog and interpretation, Granville Barker, holds hour-long discussions with his casts during time that is generally spent by directors in howling out commands. Not another manager anywhere could have given "Fanny's First Play" as London had it for a year and a half, nor has anyone produced "The Winter's Tale," as it will appear in England and America this season. But one can see an average play handled with thorough adequacy any night in London, while in New York one must often choose to see a better play miserably murdered. In Berlin at the Kleines or Deutsches Theatres or several others, one sees excellent work excellently done. It is, I suppose, because the middle class, omitting hurry from its program, has time not only to eat and to drink beer, but also to think, read and develop good taste.

IX.

Abroad vice stalks abroad. Here we suppose most other people live quite virtuously. We are perfectly aware that we ourselves have our occasional glasses of beer, that we puff our sustaining pipes, but we don't tell others much about what we do or believe for fear of hurting them and their opinion of us.

Continental Europe looks at these things quite differently. There it is not considered quite the same offense for a man and woman to seek happiness together without consulting a minister or magistrate, as for a man to strangle his brother, poison his mother and shoot the policeman who comes to arrest him. As Dr. W. J. Robinson put it: "We in America are continually confusing vice with crime." Europeans are way ahead of us in realizing the difference.

There is, I suppose, less drunkenness in Switzerland than in any other country on earth. But Switzerland is far from being a Prohibition state, for drinking there is almost universal. The secret is simply that in Switzerland light, slight intoxicants are much encouraged and sparingly taxed, and so the people feel no need for the expensive, heavily tariffed whiskey, brandy and gin. Likewise, in Switzerland, perversions of our natural instincts exist to but a very limited extent, though of laws against them there are none.

Our total failure to cope with the drinking problem in the United States, Germany's total failure, by means of barbarous laws, to solve its sex difficulties, must convince us at last that man's most intimate and individual desires cannot be curbed or broken by governmental action. The Germans have learned this and their laws will be repealed. We ourselves must soon view serious public need, as the only justification of state interference with individual freedom.

X.

I sat on the deck of a great German liner, filled with the essence of a hundred colorful experiences in six European countries, and mellowed, perhaps a little saddened, by the perfect calm of the sea-life with its lack of letters, telephones, subways, clocks, dirt, and business thoughts. There I wrote these rough hewn stanzas:

We move so tenderly
Across the sea
That surely God can scarcely hear.

Back from our bow
We toss the great blue ocean
So calmly, quietly, that now
With scarce a motion
The foam becomes a cloud
Wrapping our stern up in a trembling shroud.

There is no fear,
For all is calm, warm blue
Ensheathed in some
Strange warm, yet greying sunlight.
So little motion is there in the sea
That from us, too,
Activity, ambition, hate and passion flee,
Our spirits soar
And we become
Half less than men, half more.

It had been a fascinating trip and joyfully I recalled the mighty moments of which every fine experience is composed, as I sat in the centre of my three deck-chairs, two of them heaped high with books and manuscript. The homeward travel was contributing its share of pleasure, particularly in its possibilities of acquaintance with characters typical, I suppose, of all ocean voyages, but interesting no less.

There was quaint young Miss French of an exotic type so very different in Americans from its evidence in European women. With us it is queerly often chained to Puritanism, and very seldom visualized in vice. Often, in both cases, it is the effect of a too unmixed ancestry, but here it seldom represents an effort at artistic living.

Americans rarely live literature and that is one of the reasons our books are so bad. We do not believe our authors; we look to them for amusement or information but never for judgments. Therefore it is that our feminine exotics, although fine and gentle, are neither subtle nor artistic.

So it was that these primary, appropriate characteristics were not to be found in Mlle. French. With an instinct for individuality, she was prevented by fear and training and inheritance from developing more than a semblance of it. There were in her consciousness her parents' obviously frequent warnings against "experience"; the training of a "finishing school"—one of those institutions which complete, not the education of their attendants, but their possibility of education and the inheritance of a good American ancestry. There is so much of the negative in such a type that it rarely resorts to resistance against environment. Miss France's mind might carry her to pastures new, to fresh associations and ideas and undreamed

possibilities, but there would always be the long arm, not of coincidence, but of convention, to restrain her. American exotic girls are almost always so: there is not in them the necessity for self-expression that makes some European women able to establish themselves as imaginative realists in the midst of our world of unimaginative romanticists. Instinct and power are completely severed.

Among the other passengers I discovered Mrs. Schumann, who appeared each morn and evening in another startling gown, but always together with the same well-known and impressive German. Knowing that they were not related, all the passengers attended to them and conversed about them. As was proper, Mrs. Schumann proved to be the sublimation of the dilettante: in touch with painting, music and the drama, but deeply touched by none. Her gowns were art objects. Her coiffure was a work of art. Her mind, as I have said of George Moore's, was the student of her senses and her senses were the motive power of her mind. Never commonplace, never fundamental, always interested, but with a mild skepticism, she cared for beauty without allowing it to act quite as a motive power or granting it a prime significance. I asked if she had written anything. "Stories, once or twice," I was informed, "I do not like most poetry; I am too real." But there was insufficient power of expression and not the willingness to labor. Life was enough, and life to her was clear and clever prose; it was unnecessary for her to write in either form.

The commonplace types offered themselves for inspection—and attention: teachers out for their first great holiday; business men, always true to their trade, even in a week of enforced idleness; college girls, masculinized and athletic, but as ineffectual as the women of earlier generations—all the fatuous world of mediocrity, unenlivened, uninspired by the vastness, the calmness, the sunniness, the eternal glory of being afloat on a vacant water-world.

I turned back thoughtfully to my visits resplendent feminae of the old world.

There was dark vibrant Hortense, whom I found in Switzerland—a brown bundle of artistic genius wandering across Europe with a kindly old mother, who gave her no chance for activity. Mistress of three languages, she was conversationally starved. Powerful with pencil and brush, she had been kept from work to entertain her parent, and confined to the polite, extravagant inanities, first in Berlin, then in the Riviera, now in Switzerland. I came, and we feasted intellectually together for three entire days. I have never talked so much. We played upon each other's mental pianos whole symphonies of chatter about all things imaginable: art and literature and politics and personalities and problems and the inevitable Sex. I think we Americans talk more of sex than any nation on the earth; abroad they are less afraid of it and so they have better means of expression.

Madeleine, another wondrous internationalist, met me in Paris. She was scarlet, and she says herself that, differently born, she would have been a scarlet woman—as, one wonders, how many of most unquestionable virgins would not be? Madeleine seemed to me like a colorful Spring garden: her brows pale lilies trembling in a wind; her cheeks crushed roses held in a beautiful pink hand, her lips red pulsing poppies, a throbbing patch toward which all eyes were turned quite irresistibly.

In London, I had left Deidre and Maire, lovely goddesses from over the Irish Sea. Deidre, despite her name with its centuries of sorrowful associations, was a gladsome Irish lassie, sunny and brave, with a bit of religion and traditionalism to mellow her. Maire was a keen mind set behind a rarely lovely physiognomy. She thought, quite interestingly, that women often respond to our male emotional demands in order to gain the fruits of men's mentality. Her mind was analytic and she craved men's syntheses so that she could dissect them. That is why, more than for any other reason, Maire was not great in her art of acting. She understood her parts so well she could never be hypnotized by them. The dramatist's must be a conscious intellect, but the actor fails unless he is much of the mystic.

However, I apologize for drifting. I shall try not to lapse into seriousness again—next month.

Frances Alda

An Interview by HUBERT ST. JOHN

MADAME ALDA, who is also the wife of Gatti Casazza, swept imperiously into the room in which I was to interview her. She swept past me to a quaint little ottoman on which she curled herself up kittenishly. How she harmoniously blends the imperious with the kittenish, I don't know. All I can say is that she does it. It is only one of the many marvels that Frances Alda performs.

The interviewer stood and listened, he sighed and waited. At length the lady addressed him.

"I abhor interviewers!" came from her lips.

But as this alarming exclamation was accompanied by a most enchanting smile, I stayed.

"An Interviewer is a hateful American institution," she continued.

"Ah! you don't like America," I interrupted.

"I don't like interviewers!" cried Madame Alda, in a tempestuous crescendo. "But America! Why, I simply dote on America. The country is my passion, my world-without-end dream. England and France are all very well—for cold philosophers and bloodless statesmen. But for me, for the artist, for the singer, America is the land of heart's desire."

"And interviewers—?" asked the representative of the species.

"They are the price that celebrity pays to sorrow for living in this happy hunting ground. Why do I hate them? Because they make me frightfully nervous. An audience of 3000 people is my delight. But a single interviewer unnerves me. I warn you, Mr. Newspaperman, if you try to interview me, I shall be too terrified to speak."

My courage might have deserted me but for her radiant smile. As it was, I drew my chair close beside her.

"Well," said I, with a desperate audacity, "then I won't interview you. We'll just have a little chat."

Mischief darted from her black eyes. "Good. If you won't interview me, I'll confess everything!"

"Then please begin with the parts you have triumphed in—Desdemona and Manon."

"I'd rather not!" she protested. "I love the parts I've already appeared in, but I *live* in the parts in which I'm ambitious to appear. Desdemona and Manon—I'm greatly attached to them, as I'm greatly attached to the memories of my Australian childhood. But it's the future, not the past, that stirs one's aspiration, isn't it? What little I've done so far, belongs to the long ago."

It couldn't have been very long ago, for Madame Alda is only thirty. To one who heard her talk so entertainingly, a splendid future seemed to lie securely before her. One doesn't need to rave with painters over her auburn hair, or dream with poets about her flashing black eyes. To hear her sing the *Ave Maria* from *Otello* or *L'ora o Tirsi* from *Manon Lescaut* is enough to learn what it means to have all heaven brought down to earth.

"Which parts do you like best?" I asked, shaking myself out of my reverie.

"My best parts are in operas in which I have never sung—that is, never at the Metropolitan. Elsa in *Lohengrin*, and Eva in *Die Meistersinger*, are the characters which I think I can do most justice to. As these parts are sought by many ambitious singers who are dear friends of mine and who have striven for them longer than I have, it is only fair that I should await my appointed turn. But that New York may some day hear me both as Elsa and as Eva, remains my abiding hope."

"At present the music-lovers of New York are intensely excited about *Cyrano*, the new opera by Walter Damrosch. Do you like the role of Roxane which you are to create in this work?"

"Like' is a cold word for the passionate devotion I feel towards Roxane. I dare say you know that the leading feminine part was first offered to Emmy Destinn. This charming singer is possessed of a versatile talent singularly befitting the requirements of Mr. Damrosch's remarkable work. A certain unfamiliarity with English,

however, caused Madame Destinn to hesitate about accepting Roxane. Thus, by good fortune, the part fell to me. And when you consider that Mr. Damrosch has woven inspiring themes into a rich and distinguished musical fabric and that Mr. Henderson has written a libretto which for grace of diction and poetry of thought is unmatched, you will easily understand why this new musical offering engrosses me, heart and soul."

"Have you any confidence in the future of American music?"

"Unbounded confidence. Would I be as proud as I am to play my part in the spring unfolding of American opera, if I were not assured that this is but the herald of a glorious summer bloom?"

"Our foreign critics are less optimistic. They assert that a nation cannot serve both Mammon and Music."

"Nonsense! Fine art flourishes where two conditions exist: wealth and heroic endeavor. In the United States there is no lack of the wealth needed to create a certain *milieu* which acts as a spur to the artist's inspiration. As for the second condition, are not Americans organizing an entire continent? What can be more heroic than that? Look at the amazing result. There are your sky-piercing edifices paying tribute to the heroic intellect at work! And believe me, the deep and rich emotion that attends this work is finding expression in webs of exquisite traceries unified into art-works like 'Mona' or 'Cyrano.'"

Just then Madame Alda's Turkish maid caused a most agreeable divertissement by setting before us two gorgeous portions of ice cream.

"This alone," remarked the singer as we fell to, "this alone is enough to place the United States among the artistic nations. What other country can exhibit a creation so unique, so delicate, at once so heating to the fancy and so cooling to the taste, and so miraculous withal in keeping its own nature under whatever rainbow-colored tint its outward look may be disguised?"

It was one of New York's rare October days with a temperature of 88 degrees near the refrigerator. So I contented myself with an approving gurgle.

"They talk of the social revolution in Italy," continued the Australian Skylark. "Well, I flatter myself that when I introduced American ice cream in Milan the summer before last, I started a little revolution all my own. Would you believe it? The Milanese have gone crazy about ice cream. Men take it as an appetizer before meals, women take it as a tonic after. What's more, in smart Roman society, American ice cream *klatsches* have completely driven English afternoon teas from the field. However, the most startling result of my innovation was an article by a noted physician recommending ice cream as a cure alike for obesity or thinness—two Boston bricks six times a day in the former case, one brick after each meal in the latter."

I glanced suspiciously at Mme. Alda under the impression that she was "guying" me. She did not wink an eye-lash and looked more innocent than Lady Hamilton as Circe.

"Tell me about your successes and triumphs in the West," I said, after a pause.

"No interviewing!" she cried with an admonitory wave of the hand. "But I don't mind telling you that I'm very fond of the spacious West and that my concert tours there are always sources of delirious joy to me. The West has such delightful women and such lovable children. Why, even the men are adorable. And how cozy Western homes are! Mind, I don't say that I'm free from the spell of the pomp and glamor of the East. To be frank, it is not that I love the East less, but that I adore the West more. I'll tell you why. In Eastern households we sometimes find that the good old maxim 'What is home without a mother' has less practical meaning than its parody: 'what is home without a dog or kitten.' In the West, however, the words 'mother' and 'baby' are not yet obsolete, for they still represent actualities of which people are not ashamed."

"Then you approve of Schumann-Heink?"

"Approve of her! I admire her intensely!" cried Madame Alda, in a musical run reaching F in alt. "She has not only given society the benefit of a superb voice. She has given society the benefit of eight superb children. Her international fame is merited in a two-fold sense: as a singer she is an artist, and as a mother she is doubly so."

"I shouldn't suppose that babies harmonized with bel canto."

As Madame Alda ignored this brilliant comment, I hastened to ask her where she would buy the magnificent dresses that *Roxane* would surely wear.

"What a question! All Grand Opera singers wear Parisian costumes. But I'll tell you a secret, if you'll promise not to repeat it on Broadway nor to whisper it in the streets of Askalon around Times Square."

I solemnly promised.

"My last dress cost \$800. The wonderful material was from Paquin. Now guess where it was made. Paquin—no! Callot—pooh! You give it up? Well, it was made in the heart of New York at the Metropolitan Opera House. Yes, the whole dress to the last stitch was made in the Metropolitan wardrobe department under the direction of that exceedingly capable chief, Mrs. Musaeus. You wouldn't have believed it? Of course not. But you see, the Metropolitan is a very wonderful place, and few people know the range and scope of the activities carried on under its roof. New Yorkers owe far more than they imagine to the able and self-sacrificing board of Directors who have made efficiency the watchword in every department of the Opera House, from the management itself down to the wardrobe room."

"Won't you plunge into the pros and cons of bel canto?"

"I've read with much interest," said Madame Alda, "the published statements of Sembrich, Galski, Rappold and Mr. Frank Damrosch in the recent controversy. I find myself in agreement with the fundamental ideas of each of these eminent artists, despite their differing viewpoints. We have always had beautiful voices cultivated to express great beauty of tone, and I feel that we always shall have such voices. It is true that the emphasis which the modern dramatic composer lays on acting, has enabled some first rate actresses with only second rate voices to gain prominence on the operatic stage. But such instances only prove how eager producers are to supply the opera goer's demand that dramatic singers shall act as well as they sing.

"It has been said in this connection that the technique of to-day ruins voices by forcing them. But we must remember that not every one's voice is of the finest quality, and that lesser singers have always existed at the side of superior ones. Still, fairness compels me to say that the girls who are described by Mme. Sembrich as shrieking themselves out in *Santuzza* and *Tosca*, do not sing at the Metro-

politan and never will sing there. As to vocal technique, why should we expect it to be the same for the operas of the twentieth century as for the operas of the eighteenth? We do not expect the technique of Shakespear to be identical with the technique of Sophocles or Aeschylus, do we? Now I firmly believe that artists gifted with voices and esthetic instincts of the highest order will develop into beautiful singers no matter what technical demands the inevitable changes in operatic requirements may make upon them. Consider what varying styles are represented by Jean de Reszke, Ternina, Sembrich and Olive Fremstad. These singers are all dowered with genius of the very first degree, they have all sung in modern declamatory works, and, despite individual differences of vocal training, they have all, in those very works, gained universal applause."

"Evidently you don't agree with the critics who declare that modern composers and conductors, in their constant use of all the thunders of the orchestra, develop the purely stentorian qualities of voices?"

"I don't think such practises are more frequent to-day than formerly. What about Rossini's *Stabat Mater* or Verdi's *Trovatore*, where the entire wind band blares away in a fortissimo rage against the unhappy singer? Even Wagner was most considerate of the singer's voice. And many living composers and conductors are opposed to that forcing of voices and instruments which I heard one critic call 'musical Hooliganism.' That reminds me of Nikisch whom I met in London during the summer of 1911, when he accompanied Eleanor Gerhardt, whose voice is surely an exquisitely beautiful one. Do you recall that Beethoven's C minor symphony is scored for two horns? The custom nowadays is to double these, but even then, our huge auditoriums tempt a few conductors to overblow the horns. When Nikisch conducted this symphony in London, he boldly used eight horns, and thereby secured richness of expression without straining the brasses to the point where noise and impotence unite. Let me add that practical idealists like Nikisch are just as common in the field of vocal as of instrumental music."

"Am I right in supposing that musical Hooliganism will find no place in *Cyrano*?"

"You are!" was the emphatic reply. "But that's not chatting, Mr. Journalist. That's interviewing. As I said in the beginning, I've never been interviewed before, I won't be interviewed now, and I *never* shall be interviewed again. All I will say is that the prospect of singing *Roxane* fills me with rapture. I only hope I shall be able to infect the public with my own enthusiasm. In any event, I feel quite sure that after the first night, music lovers will agree with me that Mr. Damrosch—ably assisted by Mr. Henderson's libretto—has scored a great American triumph."

And with these words our delightful chat came to an end.

The Love-Task

By EDWARD HEYMAN PFEIFFER

GOD HAS not given thee unto my touch
Merely to fumble for, merely to clutch.

God has not given thee unto mine ear
Merely to listen for, merely to hear.

God has not given thee unto my lip
Merely to thirst for, merely to sip.

God has not made thee as sweet as a flower
Merely to blossom and breathe for an hour.

God has not given thee unto my sight
Merely for wonder, merely for light.

Out of five senses we are to make
Something diviner—soul for soul's sake!

J. William Lloyd, Philosopher of the Paradox

By LEONARD D. ABBOTT

THERE IS a final secret, so a famous poetess declares, which is grasped only by those who are really great. It is the secret of the paradox that underlies life. In every age have been some who tried to penetrate to the heart of its mystery. In our own time and country J. William Lloyd, of Westfield, New Jersey, offers a new interpretation of its meaning. Lloyd is a poet, a sociologist and a philosopher, and commands a style of rare simplicity and warmth. His spirit is communicated by the titles of some of his books—"Dawn Thought," "Life's Beautiful Battle," "The Natural Man," "Dwellers in Vale Sunrise," "Psalms of the Race Roots," "The Larger Love." He is a pantheist, but more than that. He is a Socialist, yet cannot be described as Socialist only. He can best be understood in the terms of a phrase that he says he found in Proudhon, namely, "the philosophy of contradictions." He is a prophet of paradox.

Something in the fiber of our age both creates and demands his message. Probably more keenly than any generation that ever lived, we of to-day are tormented by the riddle of existence. We are spiritually restless, and we find no firm place for our feet. Everything is in flux. Perplexities crowd upon us. We no sooner see a truth than we see its opposite. Or we start with an attitude that seems to us the truth, and that soon proves to be only a half-truth. We know just enough to be sure that we know nothing finally and absolutely. We are baffled by the disillusionments of life, by evil, pain and sickness.

Amid the spiritual ferment of our time, Lloyd holds a banner on which is inscribed the word Reconciliation. By this he means not compromise, but recognition of the necessity of linking opposites in order to attain to real insight. Let us frankly recognize, he says, that the universe is not logical, that it is rooted in contradictions. Let us also recognize that as a rule we look at only one side of the truth. Let us then determine to outgrow our present habit, and to cultivate in its place the more difficult, but more rewarding habit of "both-seeing."

God is the supreme paradox, according to this conception of life. The contradictions of the Divine Nature keep us as busy arguing, discussing, speculating now as in the days when man first began to think in religious terms. Lloyd confesses a certain degree of sympathy with all religions and all earnest teachers, including even atheists, who, as he points out, have often been religious men in revolt against intolerable superstitions. Every cult has been groping after some aspect of truth, and each has been incomplete. The philosophy of the paradox rises serenely above them all, distributing the merit and truth of each with impartial gratitude, and correcting their mistakes in the light of a brighter day.

Lloyd tells us that "there is but One," whether we call it God, the universe, or anything else; but he knows, nevertheless, that the universe is a "multiverse," and that we cannot live without at least an illusion of dualism. He calls our sense of separateness, indeed, the "working fiction" of the universe, and he enunciates the familiar religious paradox that he who would gain his life must lose it. He means that we must grow until our consciousness includes everything, until it becomes at one with the Divine Consciousness.

Evil becomes in Lloyd's eyes good, because it is an indispensable element in our growth. Evil and good, he contends, are both necessary. If either were withdrawn, the cosmic scheme would fall into chaos. Everywhere and at all times, he avers, evil has been the predecessor of good and has compelled good. It originates in partialness and in incompleteness; it helps us to become complete. It is like the trainer that inflicts hard blows on an athlete in order that the latter may become physically fit. It is like the adversary in a game of skill who opposes every move you make, but whose antagonism makes the game.

The same reasoning is applied to pain and sickness, which, in Lloyd's view, are beneficent. Physical suffering betokens a distur-

bance of unity, and should be regarded both as a warning and as a stimulus. "Life is a succession of labor-pains, and a travail of suffering precedes every birth of better things." If we ask whether we shall ever be released from pain, Lloyd replies in the negative. "The end of evil, thereby stopping eternal progress, would itself be the greatest possible evil, and cosmic monotony would itself be the worst conceivable pain."

Death is conceived by Lloyd as a mode of life. Like evil and pain, it also is our friend, if we but realize it. It marks one of the inevitable transformations through which we pass on our way to the Goal. Lloyd accepts reincarnation, and has been a sympathetic student of Spiritualism. The eternal life, as he sees it, rises and falls in waves, and each wave is an individual life.

In the sociological field Lloyd's philosophy works out into another paradox. He started as an Anarchist; he has become a Socialist. He believes in a kind of Socialist-Anarchism. For no social theory, he insists, is adequate unless it includes the conflicting doctrines of solidarity and individuality, of government and liberty. The immediate solution of this antinomy, he suggests, may be found in a "larger Socialism" which controls collectively the industrial processes, but allows to the individual dissenter the right to secede. The ultimate ideal is a perfect balance and reciprocity between the individual and society.

In the matter of sex and marriage, Lloyd touches the most extreme and, in his own mind, the most important point in his philosophy. He maintains that the exclusively monogamic ideal can no longer fully satisfy a growing and enlarging humanity; that the tendency of sexual evolution is to include and reconcile all forms of sexual life, to set the individual free and refer him to his own intelligence and conscience in his sexual faith and practice, precisely as now prevails in the field of religion. Lloyd would reconcile marriage and free love by allowing a "central love" and "side lovers." This he calls "the Larger Love."

On a thousand other subjects and in a thousand other ways, the philosophy of the paradox may be applied. All about us are evidences of contradiction. The fate-free-will enigma is one expression of it. The opposition of egoism and altruism is another. We often hear the remark: "There are two sides to every question." Society progresses by conflict. Politics is the struggle of hostile parties. Love between man and woman is a contest and a war. No matter how much we apotheosize gentleness, peace, beauty, virtue, joy, we know in our hearts that these words only have meaning in contrast with their opposites, and that we cannot have them without their opposites.

Nothing is commoner than the paradox of personality. We all know men and women who are absolutely inconsistent, and whose innate qualities are contradictory. One personality is radical in mind, conservative in action, or vice versa. Another character is evil, yet admirable. Lloyd instances the cases of great courtesans and adventurers whom people admire against their own principles. "No crime can exist without its saving grace, nor any saint without his saving sin." The phrases, "dual personality," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," have passed into the currency of the language and find at least partial exemplification in every human being.

How the individual is to find his way amid the bewildering flux, Lloyd indicates in this sentence: "Every nature, like a root pushed through the soil, selects its own nutriment, and rejects all elements which do not feed it." We may trust our consciences, but we need to remember that conscience, like everything else, grows with our growth.

In its totality, the philosophy of the paradox is revolutionary and makes for a freedom ampler than any hitherto conceived. No man could have formulated it unless his own sympathies had been universal and his own life something of a contradiction. Lloyd has drawn to himself men and women of many countries. He occupies,

in the present state of thought, a unique and solitary position. He is a link between the transcendental individualism of Emerson, the pantheistic and democratic idealism of Whitman, and the philosophic radicalism, the Socialism and Individualism, of our own time. If, as Otto Weininger has said, the essence of genius is its power to include a multitude of personalities, then J. William Lloyd has won his right

to the title. He has the primitive traits of a North American Indian; the mystic intuitions of an Oriental Yogi; the austerity of a New England Puritan. He does not hesitate to claim kinship with the greatest. "Buddha," he says, "saw the truth, so did Moses, Socrates, Jesus, Mohammed, Mother Ann Lee, Swedenborg, Emerson, Whitman, and so do I."

The Death Dance

By FORD TARPLEY

"O, I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU, they will never find me way up here."

She nestled close in his arms and abandoned the thought with a laughing little sigh. Above the half-heard confusion of the outer café, her name rose persistently. Of all the dancers that performed there night after night, she was the favorite, and it was late in the evening and they had begun to miss her. Many had come just to see her, and growing tired of the other performers, they surmised her flight and united in a boisterous appeal, hoping that they might call her back. Not a few were familiar with these secret haunts of hers—the little rooms opening from the balcony that ran above the dance hall—they had even sought with her on evenings previous its quiet and seclusion and lavishly supplied champagne for the mere privilege of gazing into her eyes, for they were strange eyes and deep with hidden mystery.

"O, I will not be found." Neither of them spoke for a moment, and then the cries subsided. The languid strain of a waltz arose. Someone had evidently succeeded in satisfying the clamoring crowd. She breathed a sigh of relief, for secretly she had feared the intrusion of the manager, and now again her attentions and smiles were full upon the youth at her side. She stroked his face and eyes with pale slender hands and then she pressed her lips upon his.

"Beautiful boy, beautiful boy," she murmured. "You see, I will not leave you. I love you."

He was gazing dreamily ahead of him, exquisitely dazed. "The most wonderful thing in the world you are," he said, "and now you are blushing." A smile lighted her eyes for a moment and then again they grew amorous and wistful.

"Tell me, tell me all about yourself. Tell me all, haven't you never loved nothing with all your heart and soul? Dearie, tell me, see I'm just crazy about you, crazier than I was about anything for a long time." She drew his head to her throat and held him close with both her arms. "Now tell me," she sighed, after she had kissed him many times on the cheeks and then on the lips. "Tell me," she was looking him full in the eyes.

He smiled and half laughed. "There's nothing—nothing to tell!"

"'Bout all your sweethearts, there's lots and lots, I know, but none of 'em love you like me. You're young and different. I haven't loved no one else for ages."

"There's none—I'm"—he hesitated and muttered, trying to change the thought by kissing her.

"You're what? What was you going to say?"

"I'm, I'm still in school."

"Dearie, dearie, youngster," she murmured.

"I liked that story you were telling me."

"What story?" Her mind was on other things.

"When they stopped you by yelling down stairs."

"No, no," a faint, pained expression deepened her eyes for a second and then she was smiling.

"It is bad and morbid and we want to only think of nice things. I just want to talk to you of love."

"But after he married her, what happened?"

"He took her from the café back to his home."

"And there?"

"Oh, they loved, so they were happy as could be."

"Forever after," he added dramatically and laughed.

She hesitated for a second, her eyes glanced from his and there was a tremor on her lips. "No, pretty soon his folks found out she had been a dancer and they made it terrible for her, and one night she stole away from him . . . from him and her little baby."

"And now?" he added tenderly.

"Oh, she went back to the booze-joint and there she's still dancing. But there now, why worry about that," she exclaimed with an indifferent shrug of the shoulder, forcing a smile. "It was many years ago, many—many, and she has forgotten it now. Smile, it is only the story of a pretty sorrow."

"One of the fascinating bits of life," he said musingly.

Above the confused murmur from down stairs rose the cry: "Natalia, Natalia, we want Natalia."

"You see, I am still popular, I am not growing old, am I? Come, let's have some red stuff." She loosed herself from him and fell back among the pillows while he filled the glasses. "And a cigarette." He tossed her his silver case. "R.S.M." hesitatingly she read from the monogram, and there was a faint choke in her voice. He stood before her smiling, waiting with a lighted match. "Here, or I shall burn my fingers off." She put a cigarette to her lips and he held a match to it. "I see now, Natalia, why you wear poppies, they are so like you. I should always have you wear poppies." He touched the fading blossoms that lay in her black hair. Her eyes were darkened in thought and peering absently beyond him. "You have never even told me your name yet, boy," she said after a moment, smiling languidly up at him.

"Bob."

"Bob what?"

"Millard."

She took a stifled breath and then in an instant she was on her feet, laughing hilariously. "Come, I am stupid to-night." She drained the glass of wine and looked dizzily around her. "Hear, they are calling me again!" This time the cry arose more persistently than ever. "Shall I dance for you? Yes—yes, I will dance for you. I will kiss you first, then I will dance more wonderfully than ever before, and you'll be crazy about me, but you must never come back again." She drew close to him, her eyes wistfully longing and her color pale as death.

"Natalia—Natalia," he gasped, his voice wild with mad passion, and a strange smile curling his lips. A look of horror flashed across her face, and with a shudder and cry she leaped from him, but he caught her in his arms and held her frantically. "I will kiss you, I will have you, you are mine to-night," and his lips flamed upon hers like fire. She struggled feebly, uttering breathless cries, and then with a delirious effort she was loose. For a second she swayed faintly, then running to the door she opened it and stood upon the little balcony above the crowd; she waived to them and smiled. A burst of applause broke forth, and rushing down the stairs she jumped to the empty stage.

"Dance de Passion!" several in the audience cried, and responding to the orchestra, she fell into a slow swinging movement. Every muscle in her body yielded to the languid movement. Her eyes stared blankly up to the balcony above, where the pale youth stood like one in a trance. Then in an instant the music grew to a minor key, to a sobbing vicious theme, sustained by the weird wailing of a violin. Her eyes shut and utterly she abandoned herself to frantic

delirium. Wilder and wilder it grew and fiercer and freer her deliverance. The boy leaned, dazed, far over the balustrade, in his hand he held one of the poppies from her hair, it trembled with the quivering of his breath, and fell to the floor like a crushed and dying butterfly. A frantic uproar of shouting and applause burst forth. The orchestra stopped; she did not rise. There was a moment of silent suspense, then someone shrieked. The audience was on its feet and a crowd rushed to her.

The boy stood stricken. Someone had spoken the word "dead;" then it seemed as if the lights had gone out, and he sought the stairs. There was a sickening murmur of voices all around him and he remembered that he had walked through many streets.

"The story was her own," he muttered over and over, "and I reminded her of her son."

But the anguish of her soul and the truth he never guessed.

England

Von MARTIN DRESCHER

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Martin Drescher, the Francois Villon of German-American poetry, forcefully explains in this poem, which was taken from his latest collection, the popular German attitude toward Great Britain. We print his poem for its poetic strength, not because we necessarily agree with its burden.]

IN PIRATENSCHIFF streicht durch die Meere dahin,
Ausspähend nach sicherem Diebesgewinn.
Keine Grausamkeit flieht's, keinen Frevel scheut's.
Frech flattert sein düsteres Banner vom Mast,
Doch seltsam — es haftet, beschmutzt und verblasst,
Auf der schwarzen Flagge ein weisses Kreuz.

Welch einziges Schauspiel! Ein frommer Bandit,
Der zu Raub und Mord mit dem Schlachtruf zieht:
Des Höchsten heiliger Wille gebeut's!
Der Wehrlose plündert, der Blutgeld erpresst,
Und bei all seinen Greueln prangen lässt
Auf der schwarzen Flagge das weisse Kreuz.

So segelt das Raubschiff Jahrhunderte schon,
Nie ward seiner Gier der gebührende Lohn.
Nie hat es bereut und auch heut nicht bereut's.
Wann immer den Abscheu der Welt es geweckt,
Stets hat jede Schmach, jeden Frevel gedeckt
Auf der schwarzen Flagge das weisse Kreuz.

Bald aber, Pirat, triumphierst du nicht mehr,
Schon dröhnt er vom Festland dumpf und schwer,
Der erste Klang deines Sterbegeläuts,
Entfesselt ist der Empörten Wut,
Sie zerren hinab in die brausende Flut
Deine schwarze Flagge, dein weisses Kreuz.

Twilight

By BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

ONE WHITE STAR sobbing in the hyacinth sky
Day's death . . . a thousand butterflies that soar
Into the languid ether; the downpour
Of flickering golden lights that dance and die.

Your head upon my bosom . . . still we lie
In the red-tinged shadows of the wheat,
And all about the little singing feet
Of birds and crickets as they flutter by.

Love is beauty. Lift your frail arms high
So I may see the heaven of your face
And in the darkness hear the quiet pace
Of God who lingers like a brother, high.

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The Man O' Dreams

By J. WILLIAM LLOYD

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GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK has asked me to edit a department in *THE INTERNATIONAL* and I take for its caption the name once given me by an observing friend.

For I have only my dreams to give my readers.

I shall speak usually in the first person and for this make no excuses. I am an egoist. I am not afraid of the pronoun I. After all what can a man give the world but himself? For I am an altruist. I would that my whole life and all its details might be beautiful and valuable to my fellows. It is for them I dream and I would paint ever before them the canvas of the glorious and hopeful ideal.

You cannot be egoist and altruist at the same time, cries the partizan, but you can, and nothing is easier or more certain. It hurts *me* to see men miserable and it gives *me* joy to dream for them the dreams that emancipate and inspire. That tells all.

It does not follow because I am recluse, a hermit, that these things are not true. You cannot prove that I do not love men because I flee from the crowd to the deep woods and the quiet fields. Sometimes the best way to love is to let alone. I worship the ocean but I would not be drowned. I do not love the sun the less because I would not fall into it. The essential soldier is the man who makes the ammunition, but he does not do this in the midst of battle.

Besides I am the Philosopher of the Paradox. I stand for the Contradiction and its Reconciliation. I do not have to be consistent. I am not logical. I am a seer and a mouthpiece of Life.

And so I give myself. It is all I have to give. All any man has to give. And upon the perfection and depth of the gift depend any man's value; and his worthlessness is conditioned upon the niggardliness and unwisdom of his withholding. For selfishness is fool's wisdom. Love is what we live on, the only final source of joy. When we compel others they put disease and poison into all they give because our compulsion has first made them diseased and poisonous themselves and they cannot do otherwise. What a fool he who gives his cook a contagious disease. Set each man free and help him to perfect his own gift in his own way (he cannot help giving it at last) and we shall all be generous, rich and well together. This is wisdom of life.

I am a philosopher, they say, a prophet, a teacher, a poet. Well, I am the Man O' Dreams. But I shall try your patience very often and call out your criticism, excite even your contempt, because I shall advocate so many things you think out of fashion, disproved, chimerical, contradictory or in bad taste. I shall shock you by Puritanism and free-love, by religion and unbelief, by moralism and iconoclasm.

No man is more alive to the loveliness of the subtle, the indirect, the refined, but I shall constitute myself mainly the champion of the simple, the direct, the naked—and that is why I speak in the first person. I hold that the value of the indirect and the elaborate has been overestimated, its cult overdone. If I could I would return the mass of men to a worship of the natural, the healthy, the sincere; to sanity, simplicity and unstimulated nerves. Of course we have already an abundant cult of these things from the utilitarian aspect, but I would proclaim and prove their superior beauty and content of esthetic joy also. And, after all, will anyone seriously maintain that clothes are more beautiful than bodies, polite forms than kindness, sickness than health, roofs than the open sky? At any rate, in this fungoid day the beauty of the normal should also have its champion. Why not restore man to Eden?

It seems very strange, on the face of it, that so many of our artists ignore moral beauty and celebrate decadence. But the reason is not far to seek. Morality has been made a code forced on men by the priests and the masters to make them docile and regardful of monopolies and the artists, whose nostrils pant ever for liberty, have instinctively revolted. But they have kicked over the dinner with the pot and then celebrated the smutty viands. For there is a true Morality which is the Instinct and Art of Human Harmony, the conduct which conduces the human joy, and this is more beautiful than anything else in life and should be the flame on the altar in every artist's soul. The beauty of helpful life and sweet service is fairest of all.

This may seem strange to some, for I am well aware there are those who hold me one of the decadents for that I have so often struck at the conventional morality, especially anent sex. Even Viereck, in his Berlin address, designated me a "Devil Worshipper." But this is injustice. I am a Puritan. I live instinctively by conscience. When I fall short of my own right I am in torture. The charm of sin is one thing in life I cannot comprehend. That a man might think anything right is easy to understand, but that he should find delight in doing what he himself feels wrong baffles beyond words and unsettles the poles. So I am not immoral or unmoral, but a prophet of the Future's Ideal Law. By all means let us challenge anything calling itself right, but not until and unless we have a clearer, larger Right of our own to compare it with.

I have sometimes dreamed of a poetry depending for its charm not on metaphor or any of the usual tricks, but simply and solely upon the suggestion by graceful and melodious words of ideals of beautiful life.

* * *

To those who would understand me I would say that the center of my philosophy, of all my dreams, my teaching, is the superior and self-centered soul—not the rejection of desire, love, duty, labor, battle, passion, but the possession always of a divine, uplifted consciousness, floating angel-like above these, serene, immortal, far-seeing, subject to nothing. This is the supreme good, the one thing finally satisfying and precious. Such a soul appreciates everything, is always sane, considerate. Love is its aura, its emanation, but love cannot blind it, intoxicate it, whelm it in agony. It is above love, its creator, not its slave. Liberty is the atmosphere of such a soul—it is free and it sets free by catalytic presence. And the radiation of such a soul is Peace. It is rest and strength itself, to itself, and to all who touch it, see it.

In all that I write, have ever written, or would ever write occurs this as the central thought. This is what I mean by the Overlook, the Dream, the Lifted Land, the Soul Supreme, the Serene Life.

* * *

To a wildwood philosopher, looking out between tree-trunks, with bird-glasses, at the passing human world, nothing is more striking to-day than the way the Zeitgeist is driving everybody toward Socialism, meaning by this not necessarily the doctrine of Berger and Debs, but using the word in that larger sense in which it implies all voluntary co-operation of human beings for human benefit, as opposed to that forced co-operation for the profit and power of the few, which has always heretofore prevailed and now prevails in the world. The Social Conscience is thoroughly aroused at last, and there is no laud exempt, no individual who does not find himself forced to feel its troublings.

(Concluded on page 128)

Philadelphia's Political Redemption

By T. EVERETT HARRY

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Within six months after assuming office, the Reform Administration, under Mayor Rudolph Blankenburg, who was elected on a Fusion Democratic and Reform-Republican ticket, has effected the absolute reformation of Philadelphia, for years regarded as the most debauched and exploited municipality in America. Not only has the reign of corrupt politicians and contractors been eliminated from power, but the entire administration has been put on a business basis, the police and city employees have been taken out of politics, the social evil has been restricted to a small district where it is under the immediate scrutiny and regulation of the police, hundreds of thousands of dollars have been saved on contracts, and many other reforms of importance have been accomplished. The work done is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable and significant ever accomplished in America. This article, prepared with the cooperation of the heads of the administration, is the first authentic account of the cleaning up of the city once known as "Philadelphia, Corrupt and Contented," and may be taken as the official account of a work which will attract country wide attention.]

A Pre-Bull-Moose Prayer-Meeting Election

ON THE NIGHT of November 7, 1911, eager crowds thronged the streets of Philadelphia. The mayoralty contest had just closed, and wherever the election returns were flashed on incandescent stretches of canvas thousands of men, women, and children jammed the streets. No election in the history of the gang-ridden city had ever aroused such keen personal interest on the part of the citizens; no campaign, of the city's many campaigns for reform, had ever excited such a manifestation of fervor and partisan hysteria. The fusion ticket of the Reform Republicans and Democrats was headed by Rudolph Blankenburg, "the grand old man of reform," whose valiant picturesque figure had loomed at the head of the forces for civic righteousness in Philadelphia for more than thirty years. Against him the Republican organization had placed George H. Earle, Jr., president of the Real Estate Trust Company. In the contest preceding the election a unique thing had happened: the women of the city, joining with the men, had carried on a vigorous campaign, marching in the streets, holding stirring meetings, distributing banners, placards, and making personal house to house appeals. The school children, too, had marched in parade—they were told to plead with their fathers to give to their city a government untainted by graft. One day a plainly-clad woman came into the headquarters of the Women's Committee and placed five hundred one dollar bills on a table, saying, "These are for the Blankenburg campaign, and a prayer goes with every bill." She declined to give her name. For three weeks preceding the crucial day, mass meetings had been held nightly in every section of the city, and each night, driven from place to place in an automobile, Mr. Blankenburg addressed from three to five meetings. So congested were the halls that the patriarchal old reformer had often to make his entrance by means of rear fire escapes. The spectacular demonstrations of the uprising of 1905 were eclipsed by the monstrous parades, and the frantic gatherings of men burning with a white heat of patriotic zeal and determination. For Philadelphia knew that the critical time of its history had come: it was to win now in its reform campaign, or ingloriously fail indefinitely.

Election day teemed with excitement. The Gang, driven desperate, resorted to every possible device of trickery, vote-buying and fraud. Prices of votes went up in every ward; repeaters were dragged from voting place to voting place; seldom had there been such an audacious, unscrupulous debauchery of the ballot. So, when night came, the crowds waited, with hearts beating wildly, silent, half-fearful and expectant. As the black figures announcing the votes were flashed on the canvas screens there was, at times, wild cheering, again a disheartening silence. The result hung in doubt. The countings were held back in many wards. Until late in the night it seemed that the old organization might possibly win.

Even those most interested became weary and heartsick and went home to bed.

The Man Who Is Mayor

AT LAST it was known that the Fusion ticket had won. Reform had at last been accomplished in Philadelphia. And this largely through the indefatigable, determined, unselfish efforts of a single man who, for three decades, devoted what was best in him to the civic regeneration of his city. Mr. Blankenburg was elected by a nominal majority of 4,495. What the actual majority was, considering the thousands of fraudulent votes cast by the Organization, will never be known. Although Mr. Earle had received 195,000 at the primary election, and Mr. Blankenburg only 52,000, he had never hesitated in heading the Fusion ticket. And the result, in the announced countings at the general election showed 134,680 votes for Mr. Blankenburg, and 130,185 votes for Mr. Earle.

Rudolph Blankenburg's personal efforts toward the reforming of Philadelphia, which he began in 1880 in the formation of the famous Committee of One Hundred, had at last terminated in success. His actual practical work, however, for the people had to begin.

Mr. Blankenburg assumed office on December 4, 1911. The treasury of the city was empty. The municipality was in debt to the extent of \$96,856,136. Its running expenses were just \$4,000,000 ahead of its annual receipts. The city of Philadelphia during the term of John E. Reyburn, Mr. Blankenburg's predecessor, had possibly been more unscrupulously and high-handedly robbed than ever; it had been mulcted and bled to the ultimate degree by the robber contractors in control of the organization; a facile—if not fatuous and blind—mayor had permitted expenditure to increase at leaps and bounds, and, at no time, in all its shameful history of misgovernment, had the city received less in obvious actual returns for the money unstintedly and criminally spent.

The total expenses of the city, during the 4 years' term of John Weaver amounted to \$116,860,513, with an average annual disbursement of \$29,215,128. During the 4 years and 8 months term of John E. Reyburn, the city expenses increased to \$178,993,541, with an annual average disbursement of \$35,798,708.

A careful scrutiny of the city work and the contracts in force, shows that during the term of ex-Mayor Reyburn no better work was done than during Mr. Weaver's term; nothing notable was accomplished in municipal improvements; there was no examination or checking up of the contractors; no effort was made, whatever, to see that the city was getting its money's worth. The city went heavily into debt; its expenditures rose in excess of its income; it was governed in a hap-hazard, pathetic manner—the prey of the political harpies and bandit contractors.

As to what became of the vast amount of money spent, the new mayor says he has no

means of knowing. "We have been too busy, since assuming office, to investigate the evils of the past administration," declared Mayor Blankenburg, "nor have we had money to spend in such investigation. That a large portion of this money was misspent and dishonestly used, is undoubted. But our work lies in the future; in the correction of rather than the dwelling upon, past evils. The contractors who received contracts under the old administrations will of course complete their work; but they will be carefully watched and compelled to live up to the letter of their agreements. New contracts will be given in the same way as business men give contracts. As an instance of what can be saved by the business like administration of a city, as compared to a graft ridden government, I have already saved—in two items alone—\$282,791. The contract for collecting the city garbage had been awarded by my predecessor for \$510,000 a year. Cancelling this contract, and calling for new bids, I shall have the same work done—no, I shall have better and more careful work done—for \$278,588."

The "Cleaning" of the City

PHILADELPHIA for many years had been called "corrupt and contented." In no city, perhaps, had a band of unscrupulous politicians and contractors ever secured so grim and sinister a hold. Under McNicholl and Penrose, the organization assumed a power surpassing that under Quay and Durham.

That Philadelphia finally arose, and with a new and unexpected strength at last cast off the tentacles of the unclean octopus that held it in its lecherous thrall, should be an example to every graft ridden community in this land. That it has been possible to reform Philadelphia should stimulate to renewed efforts all who have labored, with whatever futile results, in other cities for municipal reform. Mr. Blankenburg assumed the office of Mayor determined to clean up the city; those who assumed department positions under him were banded in the same cause—that "Philadelphia the corrupt" should become known as "Philadelphia the clean"; that the Reform administration should prove, in the concrete evidence of its work, that no political organization can ultimately besmirch or destroy the fair reputation of a city so long as there are honest and clean men to struggle for political purity.

Within six months after assuming office, by steady and persistent work, Mr. Blankenburg's administration has eliminated all office holders and city employees from participation in active politics; it has cleaned up the police department, stopped political assessment of members of the force and forbidden policemen to act as henchmen of the old organization; all known houses of prostitution existing without a few streets in the city have been closed, thus reducing the evil to a limited area where it is regulated and closely watched; in addition Mayor Blankenburg appointed a vice commis-

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sion of well known citizens, the purpose of which is the ultimate solution and correction of the social evil; high civil service standards have been established, under which the city receives from all employees an equally efficient and energetic service as that required by large business corporations; new contracts have given out on a competitive basis, already saving the city several hundred thousand dollars, and a strict scrutiny has been instituted over the work for which the city contracted under previous administrations. The city administration has been welded into a smoothly running machine, and by the holding of constant consultations with the heads of the various departments at cabinet meetings, where all important matters of administrative policy are freely discussed, the new mayor has reduced to a minimum all loss of energy through friction or doubling of work. The administration works systematically, harmoniously, as has been proven, efficiently. It has already absolutely wiped out graft in municipal offices and has begun to give the public its due in civic improvements and greater service. Walk the streets of Philadelphia to-day and, as an instance of the practical work, you will find the streets better cleaned, the street car service improved, and the police handling of vehicles and traffic systematically regulated. Mayor Blankenburg's aim has been to afford service to the public in such practical every day matters just as in the saving of thousands of dollars on municipal contracts.

As a consequence of the legal changing of the date of inauguration to the last month of 1911, Mayor Blankenburg's administration was at once plunged into the consideration of budget requirements for the year of 1912 immediately after assuming office. Contracts had to be considered and let before the end of the year—twenty-six days off. This period was further shortened by the circumstance of the holiday week between Christmas and New Year, a week in which it is difficult to make or keep appointments with important people.

On the day of inauguration, before any member had time to familiarize himself with the duties of his new position, before anyone had an opportunity to study the adverse conditions under which he assumed office, the new administration was, therefore, brought face to face with important problems demanding an immediate solution.

Garbage—and Light.

THE HANDLING of a new garbage contract was one of the most important acts of the early days of the reform administration. In order to renew it with the favored parties a new contract was hurriedly awarded by Mr. Reyburn on the morning of the very day of Mr. Blankenburg's inauguration and a few hours before he assumed office—and over the head of the then director of Public Works—for the sum of \$510,000.

Mr. Blankenburg had reason to believe that this figure was excessive; he felt that the interest of the tax payers of the city had been wantonly sacrificed. On assuming office he immediately rescinded the contract and re-advertised for bids, and later let out the identical contract which ex-Mayor Reyburn had awarded for \$510,000, for \$278,588—thus saving the city, on this item alone, \$231,412.

Among the other contracts to be awarded was that for electric lighting. Usually contracts had been let to favorite parties with no effort toward economy. Mr. Blankenburg determined to conduct the business of the city as he had run his own business; to save money wherever possible; to secure the lowest bids for desired work. After a talk with the corporation furnishing light to the city, he secured a voluntary reduction amounting to \$51,379.

On this and the garbage items there was saved within a few days \$282,791.

Contracts had to be let rapidly in the initial days of the new administration, as under a ruling of the courts no service could be rendered the city until contracts had been executed. When the reform administration entered office, City Councils was in the midst of the work of passing the budget. Estimates for department and Bureau requirements had been furnished to Councils by directors who had just gone out of office, and who, therefore, were not responsible for the conduct of departments under new appropriations. Although in no position to speak authoritatively, having just assumed office, Mr. Blankenburg's new directors were nevertheless obliged to take immediate action. In every case the work was taken up; wherever it was possible, economies were planned; in many instances, however, because of a lack of time for discussion or the investigation of better courses, it was impossible to bring about desired reforms.

Miraculous Civil Service

TWO PHRASES of work demanding early consideration had to do with the very basis of government, namely a reform of the Civil Service and the putting of the city's administration on a practical business basis.

In the matter of Civil Service reform, the work had to be conducted with extreme care as there were affected many office holders who were the innocent possessors of what might be called "tainted titles"—for example, the large body of policemen and firemen who had been appointed under the ruling of the former Civil Service Commission which illegally divided eligible lists into district lists.

A little miracle, however, was accomplished by the intelligence shown by the new Civil Service Commission, and as a result of the systematic study of the needs of the departments many changes were made in administrative practice. A large number of non-competitive positions were abolished and put on a competitive basis. These included such offices as those of assistant chiefship of the Bureau of Highways, the assistant commissionship in charge of railways, streets, of the Department of Public Works; assistantships in the Department of Bacteriology, in the Bureau of Health; examiners in the Civil Service Commission, captains, pilots and engineers in the Department of Wharves, Docks and Ferries; and clerkships, stenographic and other minor positions in other departments, including the office of the Mayor, the Department of the City Solicitor, and the Department of Public Safety. The positions affected numbered more than one hundred and fifty. The change resulted in greater efficiency and an elimination of the political favoritism which had previously prevailed. A number of employees, charged by the Committee of 70 with political activity, were tried; as a result 2 resigned, 22 were dismissed, 15 suspended, 42 cautioned and 2 acquitted. The work of the Commission was supplemented by assurance given by the directors of the various departments to their employees that merit only, and not political influence, would be the basis of promotion. This has resulted in the abstaining of employees from active participation in politics and more effective work for the city.

For decades the police in Philadelphia had been the agents of political masters rather than protectors of the public. The entire police organization, as a body, was the instrument of the Republican uprising. The function of the blue coats, especially at elections, was much what it is in most machine-ruled cities; only in Philadelphia, without question, the police club was used more flagrantly than it has ever been elsewhere. The police were

factors of vote repeating; they managed the casting of thousands of mythical votes; they protected and abetted speakeasies and houses of ill fame, collected graft and fostered the registration of voters as residents in these places. To secure promotions policemen had to distinguish themselves by usefulness to politicians. They had to do this whether they wanted to or not. Perhaps the policemen individually resented the political mastery of their rulers. At least a fair proportion did. One must always account for the physical hulk in blue to whom graft is what water is to the duck. But the police themselves, under the old regime, were not free of oppression. They were compelled to belong to political clubs, which demanded heavy dues and in which, in all probability, ward leaders had interests. A policeman's salary, until he has served three years, is \$900 a year. Under the organization each policeman was assessed for each election campaign—of which there were four, including two primary and two general elections—\$15 each or an average of \$60 a year, a drain on the policeman's meagre salary. In addition to his salary the city allows each policeman \$30 annually for clothes. Under organization rule the contract for policemen's clothes was arbitrarily given to a favored contractor and the clothing allowance was always entirely used up. A policeman had no excess for new clothes in case his suit was torn in a brawl; he had to defray the additional expense of new clothes or repairs himself.

Mayor Blankenburg appointed as head of the Department of Public Safety, Mr. George D. Porter, for a number of years a leader in reformation movements. When he assumed office, one of the first things Mr. Porter did was to issue orders forbidding police participation in politics; he commanded the strict observance of the Shern law, which prohibits political activity on the part of city employees; he made it known that any policeman or official violating this law would be immediately dismissed, and that promotions would be based entirely upon excellence of service. The policemen were freed of the obligation to belong to political clubs and to pay political assessments. To this the police certainly did not rebel; for the first time in many years they were free of the incubus of political oppression, and, for the first time in decades, they refrained from activity at elections in the last Presidential primaries in April.

Director Porter directed his endeavors toward creating a feeling in the men that their entire time and ability must be given to the service of the city and its citizens. When it is remembered that the police of Philadelphia had been under an adverse influence for years, and had been forced to do political work for political masters, the difficulty in this work of reformation becomes apparent. To effect the desired result, the entire force was canvassed; many lieutenants were transferred to new districts and officers of minor importance were taken from districts where they had been politically active in the past. Five lieutenants, on well founded grounds, were dismissed. As a part of the new police policy, a thorough examination was made by the police of all registration lists throughout the city.

Director Porter says it is impossible to state exactly how many "illegal" names were stricken from the list, in view of the fact that there were, of course, a number of legitimate removals, deaths, etc. However, the Bureau of Police reported as improperly appearing upon the current registration list in the later part of 1911, 42,556 names, of which the registrars struck off 21,497 names. Thus a mythical host of voters was destroyed.

In addition to enabling the police to save

\$60 individually a year on political assessments, Director Porter made it possible for them to make a considerable saving on the buying of their uniforms. An appropriation committee was formed from members of the force and they were given the privilege denied them formerly, of awarding the contract for their own uniforms. On the spring order the sum of \$40,000 was saved, and from this a policeman who damages his attire can draw his percentage for a new suit. The results of these benefits are apparent. The police everywhere are more active in their work. They have shown special efficiency in enforcing the new regulation for traffic control. To encourage the co-operative spirit, a police band was organized; in this the members entered with enthusiasm.

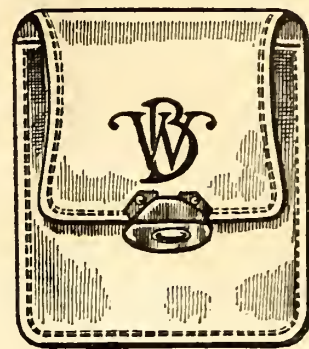
Under the previous administration a large percentage of the policemen, firemen and other city employees were compelled to live in places selected by ward or division leaders. Consequently in many cases policemen with large families had to abide in inadequate or unpleasant places. Others, living outside the appointed district, had to maintain a room assigned by a ward leader. Under Director Porter's regime they are permitted to live where they please.

Formerly separate lists had been made of police and firemen for various districts out of the general eligible list; men were also admitted to the force who fell below the standards of physical requirements. In doing this, so Judge Sulzberger rendered a decision, the former Civil Service Commission had violated the law. So, after much thought and careful study, a plan for re-examination of the men already in the service was worked out. This promises to clarify the situation, with the loss of only a comparatively few men who were physically ineligible.

Besides taking the police out of active participation in politics, the most notable work accomplished by Director Porter was the wiping out of disorderly houses in the residential section of Philadelphia and the concentration of the social evil to a small district, including several streets in the tenderloin, where it has been placed under the close scrutiny and stringent regulation of the police. To complete the work of solving the social evil, Mayor Blankenburg appointed a vice commission of twenty-one well-known citizens, under the chairmanship of William Clarke Mason, who will study the problem and make recommendations for remedial measures.

In other departments important improvements have been started. Innovations have been made in city administration which challenge the attention of all municipalities.

Under organization rule the city treasury of Philadelphia had been wantonly plundered by hook and crook, on every pretext; no effort whatever was made toward economy. The practice was in vogue of giving to each department a private fund out of which to purchase its own supplies, and each bureau was awarded a specific amount over which it had absolute control. As a consequence there were nearly fifty separate purchasing agencies; each bought according to their individual judgment supplies for the use of the city of Philadelphia. Assuming that the buying was in the hands of honest and efficient officials, this system of distributed buying inevitably resulted in higher prices being paid for everything. This unbusinesslike scheme of buying is in vogue in most cities. As a matter of fact, Philadelphia had a nominal Department of supplies, which, under the Bullitt charter, was designed to handle in a concentrated manner all the purchasing accounts of the city. Until Mr. Blankenburg came into office its functions were negligible.



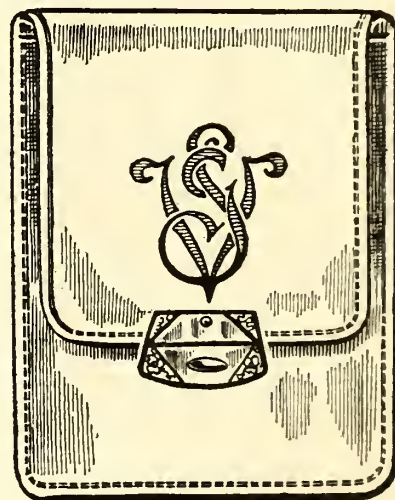
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The new mayor decided that this office should assume its rightful functions, and handle the purchasing of city supplies. Within the past six months under director Herman Loeb the practice of individual buying by bureaus has been almost entirely eliminated, and city purchases are confined to one department. While the department has not yet reached its highest stage of usefulness, it has passed from the experimental period. Supplies are now purchased at prices far below those prevailing under other administrations.

Mayor Blankenburg says it needs no argument to prove that goods of better quality and at better prices can be procured when purchased in bulk. Moreover a comparison of the schedules of other departments with the schedules on file in the Department of Supplies saving from 15 to 35 per cent as many items.

All of the schedules are now undergoing a thorough revision with a view of standardizing all supplies, thus affording to all bidders full and adequate information, and thus enabling them to bid intelligently. The beneficial effect of this revision is already beginning to show in the prices that are now recorded on all such articles as oil, leather, packing, flour, gauze, lumber, stationery and printing, on some of which articles the prices have been actually cut in two. Greater savings still could be affected, so the mayor declares, if Councils would appropriate earlier in the year so as to enable the director to purchase unperishable supplies in bulk, to be stored in a central warehouse, and from which distributions could be made upon receipt of approved requisitions from the various departments and bureaus. Already the net saving within six months is sufficient to pay the total expenses of the Department, which amount to \$35,000 for an entire year. And not only have lower prices been obtained, but by this systematic and concentrated system of buying by a central authority, expenditures have been saved by a decrease in quantities and an elimination of unnecessary buying. That this plan of confining the buying of supplies to one organized department has proven so successful, should act as a stimulating example to other cities. In New York, for instance, there has been talk of such a system—but it has gone no further.

[A second article on the Reformation of Philadelphia will appear in the December number.]

The Man O' Dreams

(Concluded from page 124)

It is very curious, very amusing, to observe the action of its enemies. They are perfectly well aware that they wish to maintain the present order unchanged—they are perfectly conscious that the best weapon is a conspiracy of silence. In the words of classic Uncle Remus: "Dey ain't no ways fibble under de hat," but they are caught and compelled by powers greater than themselves, that they cannot control. Seeing the steady gain of Socialism they feel compelled to fight it, but when they would strike they find no weapons available but compromise and concession. As their balloon comes down, to keep themselves afloat, they are forced to throw overboard, to the waiting crowd below, article after article which they hold precious. They find no way to prevent the quick coming of complete Socialism except to fight for time by yielding Socialism in dilute doses and disguised forms. They know that Socialists crave discussion and agitation, but they must write books against Socialism and then have the mortification of seeing Socialists welcoming all such literature as part of the propaganda. For to tell the discontented and every day more intelligent and conscious workman that it is better for him to peaceably give up the greater part of the wealth he produces to parasites and remain himself in contented disinheritance, is like eulogising fasting to the starving.

Again the owners must have armies to defend them. The value of an army depends upon its intelligence. Armies are drawn from workingmen. Workingmen must be educated to make good soldiers. Educated men at once know their own value, their equality with the masters, know what they need, what they deserve, how they have been robbed and degraded, what they want and how to get it. Behold the fatal circle! How are you going to keep such men down or make from them willing tools for their own mutilation?

And those who are employed to write books to defend the masters, or the masters themselves who attempt to defend themselves by books, if fair and honest, continually find themselves defeated by the arguments they would defeat. Socialism converts them, at least in part, as they study it.

The Czar finds himself moving for disarmament and universal peace. The Kaiser fights fire with fire and tries by a paternalistic Socialism of his own to content Cerberus with sops. The politics of England and of every country of Europe is torn by Socialistic problems. Even in far-off China we see Sun Yat Sen resigning the Presidency to preach ideal Socialism. And in this country it is Socialism that is really the burning question, just as it is in the Catholic Church. Every reactionary measure nowadays is intended to check some Socialistic advance, every "progressive" proposition is either an opportunist Socialist measure, consciously intended to insert a wedge, or is a concession, intended to satisfy those hungering for Socialism with a part loaf. The drift toward Socialism is everywhere recognized, all literature throbs with it, and almost every public act has direct or indirect reference to it. Roosevelt, the Man of the Iron Jaw, posing only a few years back as the great Anti-Socialist, to-day has voluntarily inserted more Socialistic planks and sentiments into his platform than are in any other political platform on earth, that of the straight Socialists alone excepted. Socialism laps at the very lips of the Iron Jaw itself and there are those who look for the rising tide to submerge it.

The Progressives are modified Socialists, the Single-Taxers are modified Socialists, the I. W. W. are modified Socialists, the Anarchists are modified Socialists, every advanced movement of our day presents Socialism in some one of its methods or forms, in some dilution, variation or attenuation.



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By MARY MACMILLAN

ROSES I hold with caresses,
Roses of rapturous beauty,
Roses still fairer than roses,
Roses love-tinctured.

Twilight I look into thrilling,
Twilight of tendrest colors,
Twilight still sweeter than twilight,
Twilight love-haunted.

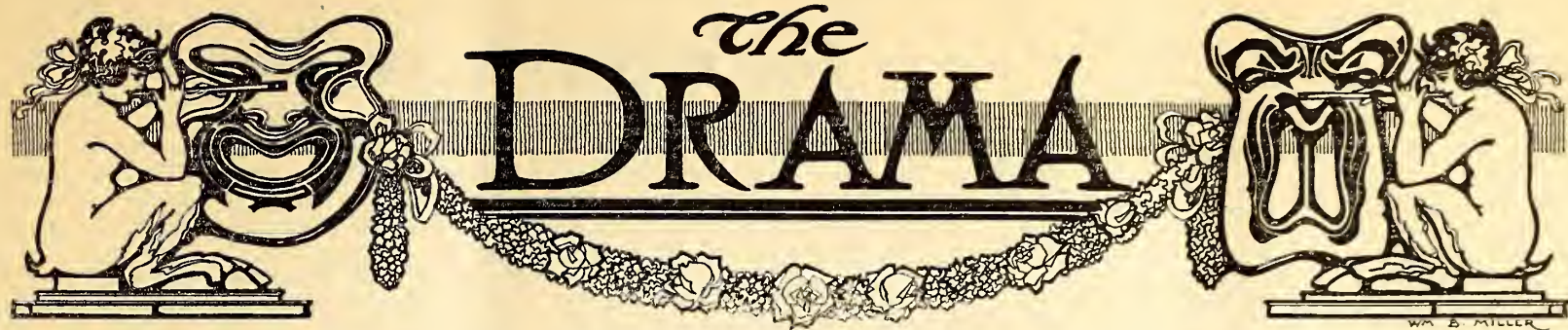
Breezes I hear on the hillside,
Breezes of millions of wee flutes,
Breezes still softer than breezes,
Breezes love-whispered.

Roses and twilight and breezes,
Fragrance and color and music,
Transcend their own perfect beauty,
Since you have kissed me....

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The Admirable Solipsists

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

SOLIPSISM has its advantages. It is a tremendous asset in the theater. It makes for unity: one personality instead of five, ten or twenty, is projected over the footlights. To consider yourself the center of the universe, to deny the reality of anyone save yourself, to look upon your fellow men as puppets for your own amusement or as material for your own work of art, is surely a dangerous game. Usually it is a disastrous game. But if you win in the theater with the art of solipsism, the stakes are tremendous. Your triumph is overwhelming. When Shakespeare wrote "The play's the thing!" he was probably surreptitiously advertising his own plays, calling the attention of Elizabethan audiences to the superiority of the tragedy to the actors or the scenic production (which was probably considered elaborate). But yesterday we went to see Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet rather than William Shakespeare's. We went to see M. Mounet-Sully, not Oedipus; we went to see Mme. Bernhardt, not the melodramas of M. Victorien Sardou. Some of us went to see Hedda Gabler, but saw instead Alla Nazimova. Ibsen, too, conquered the theater, and to tamper with his work is fatal—to it, though perhaps not to success. To-day we go to see a "Reinhardt," a "Bakst," or a "Belasco" in precisely the same manner as we go to see a "Whistler," a "Goya," or (since we have dragged in Belasco) a "Bouguereau." The playhouse is only interesting, one might venture to say, when some one person masters it tyrannically, and dominates everything. Figuratively speaking, the artist must use a whip, as Nietzsche recommended in a slightly different sense. And this is the reason (Q. E. D.!) why we flock to see "the new Shaw play" (caring naught whether it's Fanny's or Lizzie's) and why we flock again to see "Shaw's best comedy"—to wit: "Man and Superman." For George Bernard Shaw is the master solipsist of the English drama!

Where Craig and Shaw Agree

Edward Gordon Craig—another very practical and successful solipsist—writes: "It is impossible for a work of art to be produced where more than one brain is permitted to direct; and if works of art are not to be seen in the theater, this one reason is a sufficient one, though there are plenty more." This seems very like a defence of solipsism in the theater. As long as we are addicted to electric signs, I should personally prefer to see the name of George Marion in large letters in front of a theater instead of the vapid, saccharine title of the musical comedy he produces. I should in some cases prefer to see the name of Mr. Belasco's stage carpenter in gold or purple lights rather than some of the titles he selects for his melodramas. But I do not insist upon this, however, for the actual facts are patent enough to any observant theatergoer.

That the art of solipsism is a difficult one has lately been illustrated by Mr. Arnold Daly's recent production of "Steve," an "American," by John McIntyre. Mr. Daly is an acknowledged

artist, and he evidently felt that his power was sufficient to compel attention in a play, devoid of orientation, surrounded by mediocre actors, and in a particularly static character. Steve remains the same Steve at the end of the play that he was at the beginning. Despite Mr. Daly's extraordinary powers of characterization, his solipsism encountered too many obstacles. "Steve" was withdrawn at the end of the week. The actor as solipsist has little opportunity these days. Mr. McIntyre is no Shaw, and "Steve" is no "Candida." "The new Shaw play" in the meantime was proving that Bernard Shaw was practising the solipsism that Gordon Craig preaches, while "Man and Superman" at the Hudson Theater proved that an overwhelming solipsism was a decisive factor in the success of his best comedy.

Bernard's Play and Fanny's

Shaw, following the example of many artists who have sped past the age of discretion, has evidently reached the stage where he is willing to present himself in fifty-seven different varieties. "Fanny's First Play" is a wonderful box of lollypops out of which each of us can select according to his taste. That portion of the comedy which pretends to be the play of Miss Fanny O'Dowda gives us the Shaw who can tell an interesting story in dramatic and climactic fashion, the Shaw who can fashion and paint marionettes in colors adroitly, if crudely, human, and the Shaw who is a virtuoso in manipulating them in such a fashion as to keep this painted side facing the audience—as long as he chooses to do so. These particular marionettes, it strikes me, are for the most part so human that unless Mr. Shaw had been careful enough to point out that they were "mere marionettes," we should consider them as vital and lifelike as any of Sir Arthur Pinero's "real" people. "Darling Dora" is perhaps the prize puppet of the whole boxfull. She has none of the hard sociological outlines of that other astonishing Shavian puppet which was called Mrs. Warren. Then for those who prefer Shaw *sans* siphon, he has given us a dramatized preface on the subject of Dramatic Criticism, with a fine assortment of critics to illustrate all its symptoms in graphic style. True to his solipsistic nature, the center of the discussion about Miss Fanny's play, the dominating theme of this "induction" and "epilogue" is Mr. Bernard Shaw. The English company which presents "Fanny's First Play" at the Comedy Theater is a good one because it falls into the Shavian spirit. Each actor obeys the whip of the ringmaster. Shaw's solipsism in this play is supreme, unreservedly delightful, and undoubtedly profitable.

Helpful Hints for M. Bergson

A compelling and dynamic solipsism pervades "Man and Superman." Robert Loraine in the role of John Tanner was another admirable solipsist. John Tanner embodies the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth as seen through the abnormally normal eyes of Mr. Shaw. His efforts to assert his independence,

his wild flight from Ann Whitefield are really an admirable dramatization of the philosophy of M. Bergson. Tanner is the Intellect and Ann Whitefield is a coy but cunning little Vital Impetus (*l'élan vital*). Tanner is destructively intellectualistic; he criticizes all the social organization of Life. He is Mr. Bernard Shaw during a debauch on Caesarian Socialism. There is a good deal of the Sidney and Beatrice Webb philosophy in Tanner's actions, if not in his words. He is the solipsist who would modestly create new molds of his own for Life, loudly expressing his dissatisfaction of the old. Tanner jumps right into the Bergsonian description of the Intellect. "It is life looking outward, putting itself outside itself... hence its bewilderment when it turns to the living and is confronted with organization. It does what it can, it resolves the organized into the unorganized, for it cannot, without reversing its natural direction, and twisting about on itself, think true continuity, real mobility, reciprocal penetration—in a word that creative evolution which is Life." Or further: "The intellect does not admit the unforeseeable. It rejects all creation." Is this not the whole drama of John Tanner and Ann Whitefield? It is Shaw at his best as dramatist, and at his most unsatisfactory as philosopher. It reveals the mutually combative elements of his mind—the glorification of the *élan vital*, along with the usual socialistic twaddle about state regulation and protection of motherhood.

The performance at the Hudson Theater was more than satisfactory. Robert Loraine as the solipsistic Intellect was the ideal Shavian protagonist and *raisonneur*. Miss May Blayney was a delightful little *élan vital*. Ennery Straker, chauffeur and syndicalist *par excellence*, was excellently portrayed by Mr. A. P. Kaye.

French Playwrights vs. American Critics

The A. B. Walkley-Trotter and the Gilbert Cannon-Gunn types of dramatic critic are not native to these United States. To get the quintessence of dramatic criticism in its most purely American aspect, one should read the remarks recently made by Mr. Louis Sherwin in *The Globe*, entitled "French Playwrights vs. the American Public." Mr. Sherwin, be it understood, is a play reviewer of no mean ability. Though aggressively patriotic, he is discerning enough to realize the possibility of the native drama. "Every profession, every industry, every walk of life," he tells us, "is full of drama, except the drama. . . There is drama all around us—except in the theater. In fact, I am tempted to think that we go to the theater to escape the drama!" These are fine words and just, surely. Even truer, it strikes me, are the following: "The spirit of revolt against present conditions in politics, in business, in marriage, in religion, is almost entirely missing from the playhouse. It is on the lips of every man in the street, and it is on every page of every newspaper. Theatrical managers and playwrights alone seem to be unconscious of it, or else they do not dare to put it in their theaters. Mr. Sherwin further

Dr. Wiley Answered

tells us that the managers stuff the stale mechanical rubbish from the workshops of sterile French playwrights" down our throats. All of which contains more than a single element of truth. But on the strength of it, Mr. Sherwin proceeds to condemn the entire French theater! He needs but a single, succinct paragraph to reveal how astonishingly much he does not know about the French theater. His is no ordinary feat of dramatic criticism, and his paragraph is well worth quoting on this account. Says Mr. Sherwin, with an entirely admirable ring of authority:

"The palmy days of the French theater passed away long ago. The French drama is as dead as Pharaoh's mummy, and not even Eugène Brieux can bring it completely to life. With the exception of Brieux and Rostand French dramatic authors are, to put it brutally, stewing in their own juice. They are rehashing stale themes—and chiefly one theme at that. Of course their work has all the polish that mechanical facility can give it. But what is more futile than technical facility that is lifeless? If a man wants children of flesh and blood, will he be content with wax figures as a substitute, be they ever so well made?"

Solipsists in Ignorance

Mr. Sherwin's contempt was surely not bred of familiarity. His jewel-like little paragraph illustrates strikingly the wide sweep of American dramatic criticism. Our ignorance is wild, free, untrammelled, youthful. There is something of the glorious spirit of the great out-of-doors about it. It is not in the least decadent. (We may have an occasional Henry T. Parker, but he writes on the *Boston Transcript* and does not count.) We recognize the genius of August Strindberg—after he dies. We know Sudermann and Hauptmann and some of Wedekind—in translation. Sem Benelli is a mere name; Traversi is not even that: the Italian theater is even vaguer and more shadowy than the Russian. We know a bit of Andrejev and Gorki; but the craftsmen in whose work the characteristically Russian spirit is embodied are quite unknown, with the possible exception of Anton Tchekoff—thanks to recent translations. But who ever heard of Theodore Sologub, Valery Brusof, N. M. Minsky, Zinovycva-Annibal, or Alexander Blok? And at its very best the French theater means Brieux and Rostand to us! Or perhaps M. Bernstein! Yet, armed with such erudition, we are quite ready to pronounce its funeral oration. As a matter of fact the opportunity to learn something of the French theater has almost battered down our door. Yet it is so strange to us that when a play like "The Rainbow" is produced, bearing an almost uncanny resemblance to "*Son père*," a masterpiece of comedy by Messieurs Guinon and Bouchinet, the similarity of the two plays (a similarity that slaps you in the face) is passed absolutely unnoticed. Brieux and Rostand we hail, but Hervieu with his "*La course du flambeau*," Mirbeau with "*Les affaires sont les affaires*," Donnay, Currel, Kistermaeckers, Marguerite, and Courteline are condemned to the crematory. So untainted is our ethnocentricity that it is an impossibility to understand the satire of a Courteline or a Feydeau, whose craftsmanship we attempt to discover with a moral tape-measure. Mr. Sherwin would have more of the drama of American life in the theater, yet he condemns the very dramatists who have been eminently successful in performing this very feat, and in a few cases at least, accomplishing much more than this. The French playwright has been fearless of life: and this is the supreme lesson the American playwright has yet to learn.

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DR. WILHELM WINDISCH, chief of the brewing faculty of the German Institute of Fermentation, and personal representative of Emperor Wilhelm II at the recent International Chemical Congress, attended the 52nd Annual Convention of the United States Brewers' Association at Boston. It is apparent that Germany is sufficiently interested in our brewing industry to send a special representative to study our conditions.

If the argument that the consumption of beer was debilitating had any truth in it, the German Government, which needs strong young men to a greater degree than any other nation, would be the first to take steps to suppress it. The German Government takes an active part in promoting brewing by establishing schools for the scientific study of the brewing industry.

In Germany, where all the people, from time immemorial, have been temperate drinkers of light, wholesome beers, with a very small percentage of alcohol, there is infinitely less drunkenness than in Maine and Kansas, our two most distinguished prohibition states. There is less crime and disorder due to drink in Germany, France or Italy, where the people are temperate, and where everybody drinks the really temperate drinks, than in any one of our Southern states devoted to prohibition. Prohibition in Germany would mean driving out harmless beers, which do not lead to intoxication. But prohibition would not stop men from drinking. It would compel them to give up beer, which cannot well be hidden, and replace it with some form of ardent spirits.

In Bavaria, where the annual per capita consumption of beer is about fifty-nine gallons, and where distilled liquors are little used, alcoholism is practically unknown, and the abuse of alcohol is only in those districts where wine and malt liquors are not readily obtainable.

The cohorts and sympathizers with Dr. Wiley as to the all-important subject of "What Is Beer," can find little support for their ideals at the hands of Germany's representative of the recent Chemical Congress, who makes no hesitation in declaring Dr. Wiley "a fanatic" on some of his fine food distinctions.

The brewers, notably the ale brewers, have long been at variance with this pure food expert as to "What Is Beer." They have claimed that barley malt, hops, cereals and glucose sugar might properly be used in making various types of beer and ale, but have been met by the adamantine stand that nothing should be allowed to pose as "standard" beer but the product of barley, hops and water, with neither sugar or cereals added. There has been much technical and scientific controversy and the weight of Dr. Wiley's influence has been invariably thrown in favor of the alleged German "standard" of a beer containing only barley and hops with water. American brewers have feared that the ideas of the doctor might be made the official American "standard" and much trouble for them ensue.

In private conversation, however, and in an interview with a writer of the *New York Journal of Commerce*, the great German authority, Dr. Windisch, declares Dr. Wiley's ideas absurd. It is true, he says, that the traditional "lager beer" contains only hops and barley malt and that for the past three years the law has prohibited the introduction of anything else into that type of beer. It was a law passed, however, not because the other grains or sugar were harmful, but to prevent a diversity of products under the same name and in the interests of barley-farmers who wanted to shut out beers made by any other

method or using ingredients—especially rice—which they did not grow. It was not because the grains were regarded as adulterants or injurious, but rather due to tradition and local and national jealousy.

But, says Dr. Windisch, there are other beers brewed in Germany. The "bottom ferments" are of the "lager" type, but "top ferments" frequently use grains and sugar. There is a popular beer in the country known as "Weisbier," made from a wheat malt and with other grains, while large quantities of "sweet beer" are brewed with sugar as an ingredient and entirely within the law.

"For myself," said Dr. Windisch. "I would favor even more liberal use of grains and sugar in beers, because it permits of greater variety of flavors, a better color, and a sharper taste than with the old-type beer. There is absolutely nothing injurious about their use, and they should not be regarded as adulterants, though I think it well to definitely make clear on the label that they are of distinct types and not the old style 'lager.'"

Dr. Windisch was asked his opinion of Dr. Wiley's claim that ales should not contain added sugars.

"That seems to me absurd. Of course, in Germany we brew very little ale, but I cannot see how it is possible to brew ales of the English types without using sugars. I should regard it as essential. In my opinion, Dr. Wiley goes entirely too far in his ideas. He is a fanatic and evidently an enemy to alcohol in every form. His attitude against any use of glucose is likewise unreasonable. His ideas on the addition of carbonic gas to beers are quite absurd, either as regards healthfulness or freedom from 'added substances.' The carbonic the brewer takes from the beer in the fermentation chambers is merely filtered and washed and restored to the finished product. If there was an addition of an excess amount of artificial carbonic there might be some objection, but as the trade practices the process it is merely putting back what is taken out and purified earlier in the process. Dr. Wiley is also in error when he says that beer is not allowed to be sold in Germany till it has stood in storage, or 'lager,' three months. It all depends on the brew and the type. Sometimes beer is stored only a month; sometimes two or three. We store it as long as seems to be necessary and there is no fixed rule about it."

The happiness, as well as the health of every community, of course, depends to a great degree upon the extent and nature of social intercourse, and to some degree upon the existence of means of diversion. Not only are these requisite, but we should be spared as far as possible any interference with personal liberty as far as it does not imperil the general peace of the rest of the community. It can, therefore, be seen that even the conscientious view of the minority may, especially if it be illiberal, interfere very greatly with the normal, mental and even physical well being of a great many other people who believe there is no harm in hearing good music on Sunday with the accompaniment of a glass of beer.

Lawmakers in the United States and public opinion should condemn the use of the strong, highly alcoholic drinks, penalizing with high license or otherwise the use of such drinks. And public opinion, common sense and the law should not only permit but encourage the sale, in decent resorts, under decent conditions, of the natural light wines and beers that mean real temperance.

This is the lesson that history teaches. And this will be ultimately the solution of the drink problem in this country.

THEO L.

Correspondence

(Mr. Frederick F. Schrader, Editor of the *Dramatic Mirror*, formerly of the *Washington Post*, sent us the following convincing rejoinder of Mr. Robinson's letter in the last number of THE INTERNATIONAL. Mr. Schrader is known as one of the foremost translators of Nordau and Alexander Dumas. He has also written a number of popular plays and has contributed widely read political articles and stories to our best magazines.)

To the Editor of THE INTERNATIONAL:

All discussion, from an English point of view, touching the present strained relations between England and Germany, proceeds from the fictitious premise that the German navy has for its object the violent seizure of British territory. Any editorial utterances, from whatsoever source, that do not voice the disinterested motives of Great Britain are discredited as biased, inflammatory, distorted and avowedly Anglophobic.

Thus, reading the very moderate and certainly interesting protest of Mr. Scott Robinson in the October number of THE INTERNATIONAL, this attitude of all Englishmen is clearly set forth. To Mr. Robinson every English policy has the basis of unassailable virtue, while every policy of Germany has the sinister aspect of Machiavellian trickery, inspired by a lust of conquest and violence. With truly British complacency of spirit he asks that Germany confine herself to her original limits as a continental power, restrict her 65,000,000 people to an area the size of three American states, and permit Great Britain, France, Russia and Japan to divide the rest of the world among them.

"The lowering war clouds," he says, "would clear at once if Germany were to strike half a dozen Dreadnoughts off her naval program."

This sounds well in theory. If Germany would send her Dreadnoughts to the junk pile, no doubt England would settle down to a more comfortable state of mind. There is no civilized country in the world where the proletariat is reduced to such distress by oppressive taxation as in England, and if they are not yet eating dogs, it is because they are notoriously conservative if not actually backward in culinary delicacies. On the same theory France promises to keep the peace if Germany will restore Alsace and Lorraine and throw in the West bank of the Rhine, and Denmark will try to cultivate a feeling of neighborly affection if Germany will restore to her Schleswig-Holstein.

In other words, Germany's future existence can be regarded with benevolent tolerance only if she will voluntarily reduce herself to "a geographical conception" and permit her rivals to glut themselves on the spoliation of the defenseless natives of Persia, Mongolia, Korea, Tibet, Tripoli, Morocco and the Boer republics, together with whatever else may be available as valuable territorial assets in Asia and Africa.

Mr. Robinson declares that England cannot be "fairly charged with the pursuit of any policy hostile to Germany's legitimate development."

This assertion strikes the keynote of the whole situation. From the moment she became alarmed by the industrial expansion of her rival, from the time she compelled all German manufactures to be branded with the "Made in Germany" label, down to the time that she roused the slumbering spirit of revenge in France and sent her generals to inspect the

readiness of the French forts for war, England's hostility has been outspoken and unmistakable. This hostility which has confronted Germany is not a theory but a condition susceptible of proof.

England has systematically opposed the peaceful expansion of her rival by every chicanery of which national envy is capable and in which English diplomacy is most resourceful. This opposition has ranged from open violence on sea to secret machinations and diplomatic piracy on land.

It took the former aspect during the last Boer war, when an English warship stopped a German mail steamer making African ports on the high seas and insisted on the right of search. This act would never have been attempted on the part of Great Britain but for the insolence inspired by her feeling of naval supremacy. It was one incident that served to help the agitation for an increased German navy.

As another example I cite the purchase of the Lorenzo Marquez railway in South Africa from Portugal in order to forestall the peaceful expansion of German colonial enterprise and to deal her rival a serious slap in the face. *The Catholic Times* of March 13, 1909, discussed this bit of blockading strategy as an act of open trickery. "If the long patient, suffering German is learning to hate England, who is to blame?" asked the paper. "Trick after trick has been played upon the Germans in all parts of the world by their astute rivals. With preferential rates for her colonies, England has Germany heavily handicapped," etc.

An incident still more flagrant in its spirit of malicious chicanery is England's action in Asia where Germany is building the Bagdad railroad and preparing to open to the civilized world the enormous, long-dormant resources of the oldest continent. Though invited to join, along with French capitalists, in this great project from its inception, England by refusing expected to see the enterprise paralyzed. German money and energy alone carried it to practical fulfillment.

Now, (quoting from an article, "The Fight for the Highway of Nations," by E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., late of the American Consular Service in Ottoman Dominions) "the instant that the true import of this Turko-German treaty was appreciated, every resource of the British Foreign Office was put forth to frustrate it."

Mr. Powell, whose article bears the strongest evidence of pro-British sentiment, relates in what manner England contrived to get possession of the strategic point in her policy of deriving the greatest benefit from the efforts of her rival to construct what he himself calls the Highway of Nations:

"The British waited until the railway was so far completed and the investment so enormous that it was impossible for Germany to back out. Then, one day, a British gunboat dropped anchor off the low-lying sand dunes of Koweit, a gentleman, immaculate in white linen and a white helmet, was rowed ashore in the ship's gig and made his way to the mud-walled residence of the sheik, and after him came sailors bearing various bulky packages. Just what arguments this secret agent brought to bear on the crafty old ruler of Koweit is of small consequence here. Perhaps it was a case of repeating rifles and the embroidered saddle cloth and certain canvas sacks with clinking contents that turned the trick. Suffice it to say that an obscure Arab chieftain, as

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 partment, as the representative of His Britannic
 Majesty, then and there concluded a treaty—
 a trifle informal, it is true, but a treaty just the
 same—whereby the sheik of Koweit dis-
 avowed his allegiance to the Sultan and ac-
 cepted the protection of Great Britain as rep-
 resented by one small gunboat in the harbor.
 As soon as the treaty was concluded the Brit-
 ish agent gave a signal with his handkerchief,
 and the sailors, who went about the business
 as if they had done the same thing before,
 brought ashore and erected with astonishing
 alacrity a flagstaff which, by a peculiar coinci-
 dence, they happened to have aboard.

"Twenty-four hours later the officials of the
 foreign office in Berlin were astounded to re-
 ceive a note from Downing Street informing
 them that the completion of the Bagdad Rail-
 way to Koweit could not be countenanced by
 His Majesty's Government unless the line was
 internationalized and a half share handed over
 to England."

It must be understood that owing to the
 physical configuration of the Persian Gulf, the
 only port at which it would be at all possible
 for a railway to end is Koweit, situated in a
 strategic position at the head of the Gulf. It
 was here that the German engineers had
 planned to end their railway, the construction
 of which at the time of this incident had cost
 twenty-five million dollars.

I cite these few examples to show what
 England is continually up to in order to thwart
 the peaceful development of a great nation of
 65,000,000 in all parts of the world, be it Africa
 or Asia. Need I cite others? They exist on
 every hand. But they suffice. With a navy to
 be feared, England would not dare to practice
 acts of diplomatic high piracy such as these,
 and they will cease (and without war) the
 moment the German navy is able to resent
 John Bull's insults.

The truth back of British hostility is that,
 encouraged by her easy victory over the storm-
 wrecked Spanish Armada, her dearly-bought
 success over Holland, and her destruction at
 Trafalgar of the French fleet, temporarily un-
 der an incompetent commander, England is
 preparing again to rid herself of a commercial
 rival. She destroyed American shipping by
 her subsidy of Confederate cruisers during our
 Civil War and now anticipates the contingency
 of removing Germany as a competitor in the
 world's markets by a coalition with France
 and Russia. But if Germany destroys one
 British Dreadnought for every German Dread-
 nought sunk by England, it will mean the end
 of English supremacy at sea. And Germany may
 make Britain's allies pay dearly for their share
 in the tragedy, or go down to glorious defeat.

But if the German flag is swept from the
 seas, England, with her added prestige, will
 never rest until the American navy is de-
 stroyed and our foreign commerce hopelessly
 damaged.

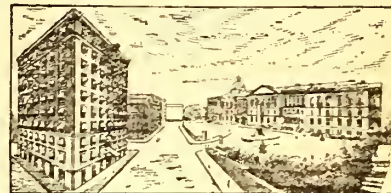
Mr. Robinson will probably say that this is
 inflammatory. Great Britain, he tells us, has
 abandoned her naval stations on the Atlantic
 coast, or turned them over to Canada. How-
 ever, she has recently fortified Jamaica, and
 unless I am grossly misinformed, she has an
 armed stronghold in Bermuda. The late Gen-
 eral H. V. Boynton, of Washington, D. C., a
 few years before his death published an article
 showing that the United States is practically
 girded about with British forts. A coalition
 with Japan is not precluded from calculation
 as a factor menacing to the future security of
 this country, with Germany out of the way.

The German Emperor to-day alone stands
 for the preservation of peace in Europe—not

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England. For 41 years Germany has kept the peace, making one endeavor after another to conciliate France, short of restoring Alsace-Lorraine, without avail. She did not embarrass England during her war with the Boers, and she sought no advantage from the peculiar weakness of Russia during and after the war with Japan. Only in the eyes of her commercial competitor, England, is Germany a menace to the peace of the world. And all because (reversing the argument of Lloyd George to the case of Germany) "if she must buy peace at the price of being treated where her interests are vitally affected as if she were of no account in the cabinet of nations, she would suffer a humiliation intolerable for a great country"—a humiliation which England has never hesitated to administer and which the German people refuse any longer to submit to.

In the words of the German Emperor in his speech at Hamburg in the summer of 1911, "I believe I am justified in concluding that it is your desire to see the navy developed in future, that we may be able to defend our legitimate place in the world against aggression."

The hostility of British statesmen to Germany's peaceful expansion is not entirely misunderstood in England. "Had Great Britain not stifled the German desire for expansion in East Africa," declared R. B. Cunningham-Graham in a London interview last February, "in my opinion the Kaiser would not have sent his famous telegram to Kruger. For I utterly refuse to believe all the various explanations of how that telegram came to be sent."

And the correspondent who transmitted this interview to an American paper added: "In parenthesis it may be stated that the views expressed by Mr. Cunningham-Graham represent a rapidly growing opinion in this country."

FREDERICK F. SCHRADER.

[Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff's article on "The Importance of Women in Art," in which she replied to Michael Monahan's onslaught on female poets, aroused much interest and elicited many responses. We reprint this month two of the most brilliant, one by Léon Dabo, the other by Felix Doubleday.]

To the Editors of THE INTERNATIONAL:

SOME good fairy sent me a marked copy of the September INTERNATIONAL and I read and reread Mrs. Wagstaff's article "The Importance of Woman in Art," probably the most able on the subject by an American, with much interest. The subject itself has always interested me very much. Her study is big, comprehensive and sincere. This is a great deal; it is also very enthusiastic, buoyant, but—I do not feel convinced with good argument. A priori, art is neither masculine nor feminine. The most masculine mind according to Krafft-Ebing is hardly more than 80 per cent and the intensest bit of femininity, all curls and ribbons and ever ready to faint, is feminine in the same ratio, the average being probably 63 per cent. Art has never been a masculine prerogative; there never was any discussion on the subject. "Art happens," and those who preferred to remain with the women and children in the cave, instead of going out with other men to the chase or the battle, fashioned the rude bowl into shape, and tho' rudely it was done, began to ornament it. That was the beginning.

I agree with Dr. Karl Lamprecht (University of Leipzig) that there is no evidence whatsoever of a systematic oppression of the art instinct in woman—quite the contrary. During the 9th, 10th and 11th centuries we find the women of

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the better classes devoting their leisure hours to art. They embroidered (see Musée de Cluny). If you add that these were only the so-called better classes, I will reply that among the lower classes there were no artists, male or female—there were artisans, workmen who fashioned things—and as beautifully as they knew how. During the great Gothic period there were no sculptors, there were many stone-cutters—and their work was art. Why no women worked on the portrait of Chartres Cathedral cutting the Nativity, is obvious; the women carried cement and lime. So does Pat on the Woolworth Building. If he could design ornaments or carve allegories to the glory of Woolworth's genius in selling undershirts for five and ten cents, he would be doing it.

In Japan it was and is forbidden to the Samurai to write Tanka's, all poetry being considered feminine and an emasculation for a man. And we all know the undercurrent of feeling in certain essentially male men, that art is a form of effeminacy. The convents of Europe always fostered art—the nuns were given every material facility to paint, to write. Their subjects were limited, being confined to religion, yet the masterpiece of that period remains St. Theresa's work and that is based on sex aberration. At periods of stagnation women kept alive the spark—it was always considered women's special province. For the past fifty years, to speak of our own

time, there have been more women art students than men. In fact, many schools could not exist without them. Let me mention right here in New York the Art Students' League. Paris swarms with them, there are literally thousands. They have all the advantages the men have, and usually expect special ones because they are women. No one prevents them from becoming masters, from achieving works equal to and superior to what the brute men are doing. Rosa Bonheur is frequently cited as an example. In the first place, Rosa achieved enormous fame through the fortuitous circumstance that Eugénie signally honored her. Secondly she had a brother, Auguste, who had far more talent than she had, yet had no reputation nor special standing as a painter whatever. Thirdly, are you aware of the pathological conditions of Rosa? She shaved regularly. Had to. She had no secondary visual sex manifestations—and Havelock Ellis will explain all the rest.—All this has nothing whatsoever to do with her work, I presume, excepting to prove that men did not prevent her from getting the Legion of Honor. No, systematic oppression by men is a myth. If a woman wants to paint, write, or anything else, she will do so, and if her work is worth while it will be exhibited, hung on the line, medalled and be bought for the Luxembourg. Everything is wide open for woman. No publisher gives a straw whether Jack or Gill wrote a good poem or an able novel. But he does ask: "Is it good?"

Mrs. Wagstaff's thesis is but one phase of feminism which lies very deep. It is the sequel of the industrial revolution. Evolution rules this planet and we are but blind instruments, but do let us try and get things in proper perspective. And let's get to work forgetting on which side of the natural duality we are. Let us work and have our say, but say it beautifully. The thoughts we have, but the form must be developed and polished. LÉON DABO.

To the Editors of THE INTERNATIONAL:

"The Importance of Women in Art" is most interesting but I think it suggests that the women who are gifted in the various arts and of a broader intelligence are too inclined to be generous and share with the rest of womankind titles to consideration that they only are worthy of and deserve.

The most inspiring monuments of beauty created by woman in the realms of literature, art, sculpture or music represent the genius solely of those who are unusually gifted. A "free rein" may be and probably is in most cases essential to these women for a complete expression of their abilities but they are in such a very small minority that to argue that all women should have greater independence is to fasten discontent and bewilderment among those who have capabilities only for the duties of home-making, wifeship and motherhood.

One sees more and more women entering into positions formerly occupied exclusively by men and doing their new work well. What the State gains, however, by women becoming self-supporting it loses by her deterioration in ability to rear strong, virile offspring.

A similar situation is described by Olive Schreiner when she says that war is a most destructive agent, not so much because of its decimation of human lives but because the flower of a country, its strongest men, are killed while the weaker men, those who are less valuable to a country remain behind. A woman cannot go out onto the firing line of life whether her vocation be artistic, professional, or commercial and be an efficient home manager, attending to household duties, rearing children until they are ready for a larger education and do justice to either. The one or the other is sure to be badly done.

The average woman has no housekeeper, English governess and trained nurse to help her in her duties. Most of this work falling by necessity on her own shoulders and the woman who does not feel that the making of a home, the training of the future generation is a noble calling and a privilege is to be pitied.

Although history can give many instances of women who have been good wives and mothers and at the same time been responsible for achievements of distinction in nearly every phase of human endeavor, yet all women are not of the same clay—far from it.

Realizing the limitations of the average woman it should be the effort of everyone who helps mould public opinion to make young women feel that a domestic life is the best and happiest existence for them.

They should be trained in the domestic sciences, taught how to cook wholesome food, what should be done in case of illnesses, laws of hygiene and sanitation, how to keep household accounts and other useful information.

A woman is more spiritual than a man only in that her nervous organization is more acute and her quick perception of things is the result of a more vibrant, highly strung system. To be thus constituted, however, is not to be more aesthetic. Every day we are responsible for various actions that do not call the reason into play at all. This subjective sense of values, this intuition, is nothing more than crystallized reason; in a previous stage of development we found that certain activities increased our welfare while others tended to destroy it and this code of experiences stamped on the brain of our anthropoid ancestors and cave-men cousins serves in this generation as our unconscious reason.

Reason is not such an important faculty in artistic expression as sensations, a sensitivity to all that has poetic form, and it is probable that woman will find her true place in this field rather than in any other.

The wife in Strindberg's "The Father" is obviously the intellectual superior of her husband in many respects but why was not this intelligence manifested earlier by her refusing to marry such a man? She is no more a fine type than the wife Ibsen describes as asking whether her lover died with vine leaves in his hair! Ibsen and Strindberg show the emancipation of woman but in such unnecessarily unpleasant characters that a lot of good which their plays might otherwise do is lost. Those who have liberty know that it is never a permanent possession. It always brings new responsibilities and freedom for women will not come necessarily with their ability to support themselves.

An intelligent, healthy, sympathetic woman is of far greater value to the State as a mother than as a wage earner. The latter is too busily occupied with making a living to attend to the necessary duties of the home.

If free love were a possibility in our present form of social life there might be even more difficult problems to face than those that now confront us, but at least we would have a very much larger proportion of mentally and physically eligible women productive and economically valuable to the State instead of a small percentage as now obtains. The most apparent difficulty that would follow if this plan were adopted would be a proper arrangement for caring for the children.

H. G. Wells suggests a beautiful white city with spotless streets where the women will live with institutional accommodations nearby for educating their offspring, the men making occasional visits only. All solutions of this problem seem just as unattainable and ridiculous as this imaginative picture; one way that a semblance of order can be found is in reviving the

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old-fashioned custom of the woman being not only the bearer of children but their first teacher and the director of all domestic affairs in the home. If her children are healthy, intelligent, and if when they are grown the sons are good workers and the daughters good wives and home makers, the State cannot be too grateful to her.

Those who complain that such a life is narrowing either do not realize the many diversions that a woman thus situated can avail herself of or else they confess that the average woman is incapable of appreciating such pleasures as good books, intercourse with worth-while fellow beings, and the joys of nature if she lives in a rural community and concerts and the art galleries if she lives in a great city.

In practical affairs it seems hardly fair to deny many thousands of intelligent women

the privilege of their opinion on matters that concern themselves directly, their community, and the country at large when the polls are choked at every election with large numbers of male voters who are totally incompetent to express a sensible idea. A franchise restricted to the really competent voters of both sexes would be the most desirable of all ends, but it is necessarily so difficult of attainment as to be well nigh impossible.

When the Shavian Superman (borrowed from Nietzsche) arrives we will all be aesthetic and worshippers of the beautiful because as Schopenhauer says, the only happiness that does not cloy, that remains ever constant, comes through contemplation of the Beautiful and perhaps woman is destined to hasten this new era of civilization.

FELIX DOUBLEDAY.

secuted by a Gautier-like adoration of the flesh, that "white distress and lovely, evil thing" that prepared the "nail of venom" for his "swiftly ruined youth."

He is mellifluous in sound and color-cadence, and his harmonies are always vital and captivating. Youth with its lavish gift of intoxication has afforded Mr. Davis his finest inspiration. He should never grow up, for to remain young means he will retain the lurid flame of his genius. Wisdom could only dim his vision: he must gaze always thro' the roseate veil of passion. If he succeeds in doing this he will number amongst America's greatest poets.

[Fate sardonically grants Mrs. Wagstaff's prayer; as this article is going to press, we are saddened by the news that Homer Davis, the young poet, whose future seemed so promising, suddenly died in Chicago. THE EDITORS.]

A New Parnassian

By BLANCHE S. WAGSTAFF

A NOTE of daring individualism has been sounded in the West. From Chicago hails the clarion voice of Homer Davis, whose iconoclastic poems are real revels of shattering beauty. His six volumes of verse, "Vanitas," "Poems Sacred and Profane," "Eros Eternal," "Omens of Heaven and Hell," "Beatitudes" and "Book of Innocence," show an alarming precocity of vision, a powerful command of metrical effect and a unique variety of mood and manner. Echoing all the bold imagery and opiate charm of the Parisian Diabolics, one is prone to think that in his infancy he was fed upon the virile philosophy of Nietzsche, the dolorous love-weariness of Beaudelaire, the nepenthine verses of Verlaine and the liquid melody of Poe. For he has absorbed all these toxins with singular exquisiteness. And now he gives us songs full of thunder-knell and pageantry of color. His poems are dyed in every rainbow-hue and pregnant with deep sonority. He is a Tscheikowsky in verse, possessed of a haunting Russian barbarism, candour and fearlessness combined with a curiously classic tone and labyrinthine subtlety.

The following is typical of his suggestive style:

NOMADS

We have been to the nethermost ends of the
World:
There is nothing there save the sad waters. .
We are weary, exceedingly weary;
Weary with many hither-comings and thither-
goings.
The dust of ancient wreckage burdens our
feet,
Our feet that have found no hearth whereby
to rest.
We have travelled to the four corners of the
Earth:
There is little there save the sad waters.
When will it cease . . . this quest, this pil-
grimage,
This wandering in search of the Golden
Grail?
How long, O fools, will ye build your Ba-
bels?
Again we say, we have journeyed to the last
country:
There is nothing there save the sad waters,
That gently cover (Oh, so gently!) the out-
worn bodies
Of those, even as we,
Weary with many hither-comings and thither-
goings.

AWAKENING

Now we who wandered, hand in hand,
As brother, sister, in a land
Where Spring wove beauty round our feet
And gave us starry food to eat;
Now we who were so innocent
Of any viper Satan sent
To twine the limbs of the naked lily
Blooming an hour, willy-nilly,
Have tasted of the secret fruit
Wherein the essence of the root
Of the disastrous Tree of Life
Stings like the anger of a knife:
So utterly abandoned you
Have cast your body (spirit too)
Upon my dream of adoration
That fears, yet yearns, a separation;
So suddenly you have resigned
Your hope of Heaven half-divined,
That I desire (knowing well
The path from Paradise to Hell)
Your hate . . . a kinder passion than
The waning love of maid for man!

LILITH

Beneath her flesh the purple serpents lie—
The evil serpents amorous of prey;
Their bright fangs glitter from her regal eye,
Flashing anon a swift and venomous ray:
Within the ambush of her shadowy hair
Are thunderous winds woven of savage
gloom,
Red with the dawn of some impending Doom
That shall appear and conquer unaware
The puny flocks which bleed in futile wars,
That shall devour as the black Abyss
Under the flood of avalanching stars.
Ay, every sun and moon must come to this.
Naught shall remain save *her* white skeleton,
With shrinking serpents fast around the bone!

Mr. Davis is prolific in vigorous epithet: hear the crashing splendor of these lines:

"Red with the dawn of some impending doom,
Under the flood of avalanching stars."

He unites delightfully the Pagan and Christian spirits, and often, in a Blakelike mood reveals in a flash, keen lyric power and exultant Bacchantic nakedness.

His subjects are culled usually from antiquity and with peculiar grace he weaves emblazoned backgrounds for his Sapphic and Biblical studies. There is flash and fervour in everything he writes. One feels the fantastic violence of his color-schemes as in Post-Impressionistic canvas by Matisse. He is per-

Review of Recent Books

Unclothed, by Daniel Carson Goodman; Mitchell Kennerley, \$1.30 net.

THIS BOOK was written shortly before M. Pierre Hamp, a French author, delivered himself as follows: "Love stories will disappear like drinking songs. Good form will soon dictate that one should love as one eats and drinks—that is, as a matter of course and without any emotion." And though this prophecy contains much sound sense, "Unclothed" is nevertheless a very good love story. It is very freshly written and told by a novel method that lends it a good deal of its interest. Lawrence Crewdon and Cleodore Blake, the only two important characters, alternately write the chapters of the book and successively treat the same situations from their two different points of view. Thus we get, or are supposed to get, the masculine and the feminine attitude towards the same, mostly erotic, problems; unhappily the author occasionally betrays his masculinity when writing through Cleodore. It is an ambitious first book and, though the psychological problem sometimes proves too much for the author, he is to be congratulated upon his consistently artistic attitude towards his story.

Cleodore Blake is one of those very modern women who, after an exceptional education, are forced by circumstances into the cynicism of our business world and there acquire a sophistication that often makes for unhappiness. Their erotic problem becomes enormously complicated in their new surroundings, where they can no longer rely on their old instinct and training nor accommodate themselves to a new form of erotic life because their new state is still so unstable. They continue to pursue a simulacrum of marriage when marriage has, in a real sense, become a mere form and fortify themselves against any other relations with the fetish of respectability, self-respect, or what not. Cleodore has fallen in love with an impecunious author under conditions that make marriage a mutually hampering relation, and the lack of any other relation a torture. Cleodore wants to give herself and doesn't, Lawrence Crewdon wants to take her and doesn't. That is the struggle of the book. Both are to blame and yet one understands both. Lawrence Crewdon is driven into the arms of "Loutie" (a purposely abominable name) and Cleodore contemplates a marriage of convenience merely because it is a marriage. Cleodore regrets in time and seeks the abandoned Lawrence when, providentially enough, the acceptance of one of his novels makes marriage possible. The book ends before the lovers meet, but one can imagine that what they have to say to each other will not be very cheerful.

A. K.

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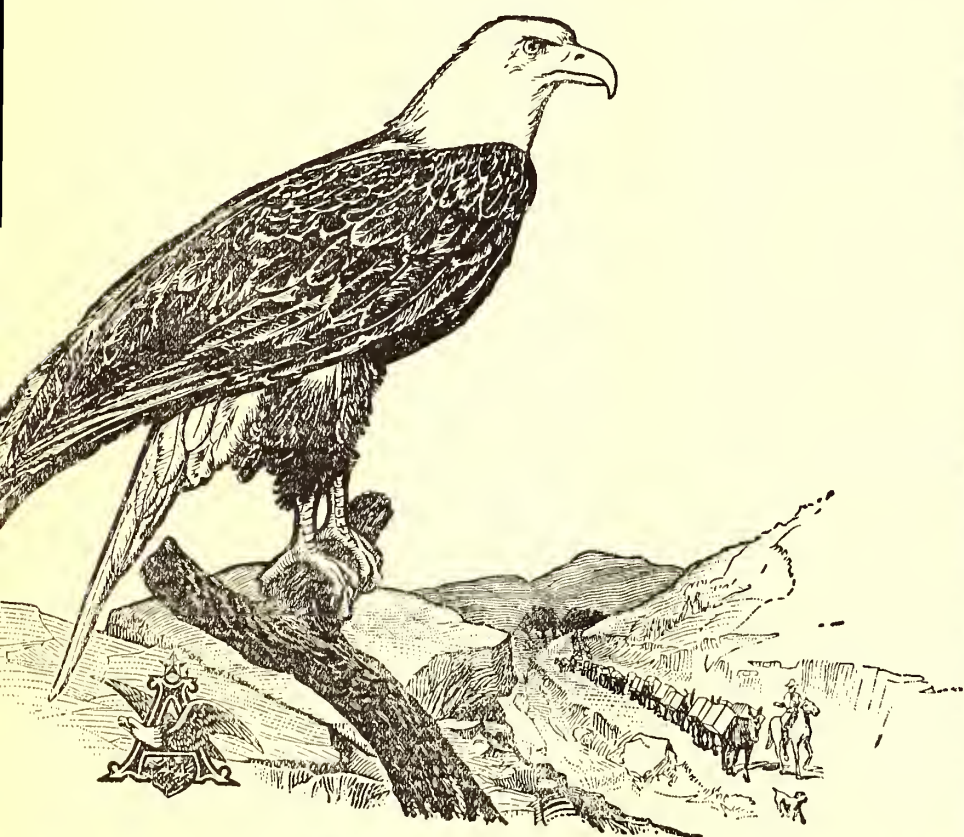
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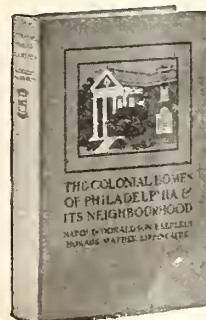
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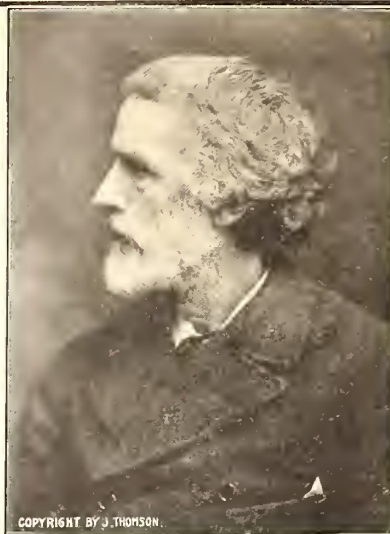
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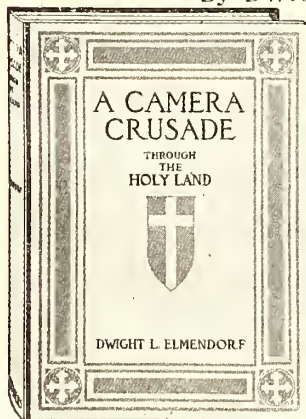
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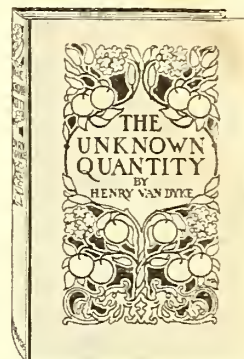
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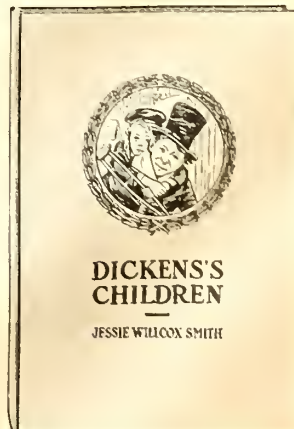
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VOL. VI—No. 7

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BLANCHE WAGSTAFF

REVIEW OF TWO WORLDS

Of Woodrow Wilson

WILSON is President; long live Roosevelt. For, although Mr. Roosevelt was not elected, he is responsible for the moral renaissance of American politics which demolished the old guardsmen of the special interests and swept Mr. Wilson into the White House. But for the nomination of Mr. Roosevelt, the Baltimore Convention would have chosen a man far less capable and progressive than the Governor of New Jersey. Save for the injection of Oscar Straus into the gubernatorial campaign, Mr. Murphy would never have tolerated the nomination of Sulzer. The Progressive Party supplied the yeast of the campaign, even if the Democrats have the dough.

Roosevelt was the first, Wilson the second choice of the present writer. The people have decided for Wilson. Whether we agree with him or not, we must place the country above the party and support the new President where he deserves support, even if partisan interest dictate a different course. For Mr. Wilson will have no child's play if he regards his party's promises as a program. If Mr. Roosevelt had been elected, he would have been embarrassed by lack of support in Congress. Without a Progressive Congress, he would have been unable to keep his covenant with the people. Wilson finds himself in a similar predicament for the opposite reason. His majority in Congress is almost too unwieldy to be managed by one who is unfamiliar with the political chess board. Conflicting interests within the Democratic Party, forgotten while the battle roared, will be emphasized by success. And in spite of the large Democratic majority in the Electoral College and in Congress, Mr. Wilson cannot be sure of the support of the country at large, in many important measures, because the majority of voters emphatically disagree with his policies. Jointly, Taft and Roosevelt (not to speak of Debs) were stronger by far than Wilson. In fact, Wil-

son, victorious though he be, received fewer votes than Bryan. The election, evidently, was not a Democratic landslide, but a Republican accident.

T. R.

"WE stand at Armageddon and we battle for our board." That may be the new war-cry of the Progressives as well as of the Republicans, in view of the spectre of tariff revision and hard times rising gauntly before their affrightened eyes. This fear may or may not be justified. I, for one, am an agnostic on the tariff. But the tariff may be the bridge that will join the hostile camps of the Republicans and the Progressives. It may be, but we have our doubts. The bitterness between both factions is such that reconciliation seems out of the question. And there are gulfs and gulfs and gulfs of vital differences of opinion between them.

I cannot picture Oscar Straus kissing Boss Barnes on the cheek. Beveridge and Lorimer in fond embrace tax my imaginative powers. Neither can I imagine Mr. Roosevelt leading Mr. Taft up the aisle to receive the joint blessings of Lyman Abbott and Dr. Butler.

The Progressives have established themselves as the great opposition party. Two months ago I declared "that only a miracle could elect Roosevelt." The showing his party made is everything short of a miracle. There are those who are ready to bury Roosevelt. But Mr. Roosevelt has been buried so often. The shot that made Milwaukee famous still rings in our ears. It takes more than defeat to kill the Bull Moose. In these days of Anarchistic propaganda, much is to be said for a bullet-proof President.

Theodore Roosevelt in defeat seems to me a greater figure than Theodore Roosevelt in the White House. For Mr. Roosevelt, than whom there is no shrewder public man in the land, knew that as far as he himself was concerned, he was leading a forlorn hope. He knowingly sacrificed himself for the cause. For as he said in a

letter written on the fifth of November: "Many a leader must fall at Armageddon before the long fight is won." The fight will go on, and Mr. Roosevelt will be its leader. The American people will look to him as the resonant spokesman of the Opposition. His place, while less official, will be no less distinctive, than Wilson's.

The Turk

HISTORY is writing. Her hand never turns back. She is writing now the first chapter in the history of the United States of the Balkans. It is to be regretted that Turkey herself is not a member of the Balkan Alliance. Turkey, if properly organized, and modernized, could have been to the Balkans what Prussia was to the German Federation in 1871. The cataclysmic defeat of the Turkish army must be credited not to the Balkan princes, but to the Young Turks themselves. Like the Mexican insurgents, they dethroned a strong ruler, but were unable to step into his boots or to sway his sceptre. Jealousy, disorganization, revolt, were the immediate result of Abdul Hamid's enforced abdication. Treason ran riot. Discipline fled the army. And without discipline, the corner stone of the Prussian military system, the structure so laboriously built up with the aid of Germany's military experts, collapsed utterly. Evidently the Turks never seized the spirit of German militarism, but merely its mechanism. They saw the uniform, not the soul. The Bulgarians, on the other hand, went to school in Germany, but they appropriated organically what they had learned. They nationalized, Bulgarized, so to speak, the German system. Naturally victory was with them.

The "sick man of Europe" seems to be in his dying gasps. But we must beware of snap judgments. For Asia, the mother of nations, is a mysterious reservoir of inexhaustible strength, and the fanaticism of the Mohammedans, if once aroused, may compensate Turkey for her lost battalions. The enlightened opinion of the world seems to be at present with Ferdinand and his Knights of the Cross. Europe would breathe easier if she could be assured that he and his allies, drunk with swift success, may not forfeit this sympathy.

G. S. V.

A Million Votes for Socialism

SOcialism mounts like a tide. It is a far cry from the 21,000 votes polled for Simon Wing, the first Socialist candidate for the Presidency in 1892, to the round million of Socialist votes cast on November 5. In view of this vast total, Socialists have good reason to refuse to be discouraged by recent reverses. Milwaukee may have passed out of their control. Their sole representative in Congress may have been defeated by a coalition of his enemies. But a million votes for Debs constitutes a real triumph.

* * * * *

THE New York *Globe* has lately expressed its surprise that the Socialists should have selected Eugene Debs as their Presiden-

tial candidate for the fourth time. The *Globe*, it is clear, does not know either Debs or the Socialists. This man, whom Lincoln Steffens has described as "the kindest, foolishhest, most courageous lover of man in the world," is literally adored by the radical public. And well he may be. It is not what he says so much as what he is that impresses everyone who comes into contact with him. An agitator with the heart of a poet, magnetic to the finger tips, sincerity incarnate, keen, incisive, eloquent, warm-hearted—this is Eugene Debs.

* * * * *

THERE is real pathos in the fact that in the hour of Debs's triumph his associate, J. A. Wayland, proprietor of the *Appeal to Reason*, has committed suicide. Such is the grim irony of life. "The struggle under the competitive system isn't worth the effort," wrote Wayland just before he died; "let it pass." Debs's attitude is exactly the opposite of Wayland's. "The greater the difficulties," he said to me not long ago in conversation, "the more I am inspired to grapple with them and to conquer them!" This is the secret of Debs's success.

* * * * *

It is interesting to note that the Socialist vote is strongest in the states in which Roosevelt polled his largest vote. California, Illinois, New York and Pennsylvania are the banner states for the Socialists, as well as for the Progressives. This seems to indicate that a great wave of discontent and idealism swept high in all these states, finding insurgent expression in the Progressive Party and radical expression in the Socialist Party. Roosevelt helped the Socialists, instead of drawing votes away from them. One of the surprises of the Socialist vote is its weakness in Massachusetts, an industrial state that is still fermenting with labor troubles and that was expected to give a large Socialist vote, instead of a few thousand.

* * * * *

TAKE it all in all, this solid million of votes for Socialism is as interesting a political portent as we have witnessed in this country in many a year. It shows that the Socialist Party has come to stay. America will have to grow accustomed to it. Sooner than most people realize, the place in Congress left vacant by Victor Berger will be filled by many Socialist representatives. The political record of almost all the European countries tells the same story.

* * * * *

As for Debs, he has said that he would not accept a nomination for President if there were any possibility of his being elected. His part has been that of the visionary, the forerunner. He has fought a long fight and has fought it like a hero. Who could have prophesied that the labor leader who was imprisoned in 1894 for violating an injunction issued by Judge Grosseup would live to see that same judge compelled to resign from the bench under fire, and himself crowned by a million hosannas?

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

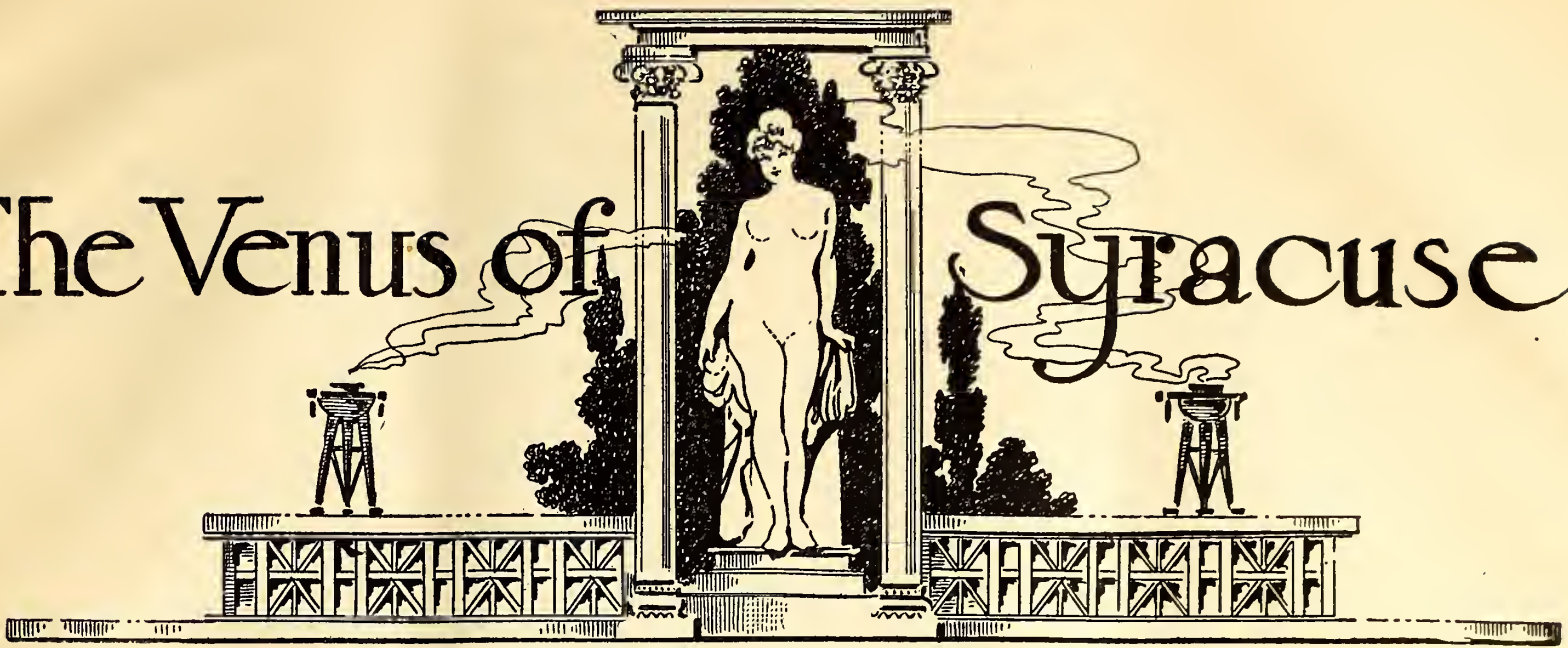
Ysaye

By FERDINAND EARLE

HIS blond Cremona, clinging to his shoulder
In easeful rapture like an Orient bride,
To each caress with cadenced laugh replied
Or feigned to treble moan of virgin pride—
As if his dream, that stormed her breast, were colder
Than Arctic rage. Then beauty's call grew bolder:
On passion's golden string he swayed to hold her,
And O! the harkening silence wept and sighed.

The gorgeous birth of suns was in that song,
The nuptial peace of stars in the Abyss,
The death and spectral metamorphosis
Of moons and other shrouded orbs that throng
The avenues of Darkness and prolong
The pageant of Time's vast cosmopolis.

The Venus of Syracuse



By George E. Woodberry

O SILENT FORM of beauty! O divine
Body of woman given to mortal gaze,
Round which the ever-moving sculptural line
Meanders motionless, and clasps the ways
Of all men's longing in its pure embrace,
Moulding the marble vesture of desire—
What deep power hast thou to exalt our race,
And lovers' thoughts ennoble and inspire!

This is the form of her who ruled supreme
The master-lovers of antiquity;
Great spirits they were who could so fairly dream,
And in a woman's form divinely see
The loveliness the highest heavens own
Flow into being in the breathless stone.

Democracy

A Dialog by ELLIS O. JONES

“DO YOU think it will ever be possible to have a real Democracy?” asked the Walrus as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

“My dear fellow,” replied the Carpenter sagely, “that is a perfectly absurd question. Don't you know that it is impossible to have anything else than a Democracy? Nothing else is thinkable to the clear thinker.”

“Pshaw, what nonsense,” expostulated the Walrus. “You are merely trying to be clever at the expense of reason and fact.”

“Very well, let us see,” said the Carpenter. “Democracy means rule of the people by the people, doesn't it?”

“It does,” admitted the Walrus wearily.

“And absence of Democracy means rule of the people by something else than the people, doesn't it?”

“Of course,” replied the Walrus trying to suppress a yawn.

“Well, then, what else is there that can rule the people? Of course we exclude such obvious acts of God as cyclones, icebergs, tides, fungi, bacteria, mosquitoes, bad crops, earthquakes and death.”

“Your question is too easy,” said the Walrus. “Without attempting to mention them all, there are kings and emperors and czars and priests and medicine men and financiers and magnates, etc. All these are or have been rulers of the people.”

“But they were people, were they not?” inquired the Carpenter sneeringly.

“To be sure they were people. But now you are seeking to escape by a quibble. They were not the whole people, but just a part of the people.”

“Yes, of course. But wait. You will see that I am not quibbling.

All these kings, emperors, etc., were but a part of the people, and consequently they were weaker than the whole people. Right?”

“In a sense, yes. But nevertheless they ruled the people all right.

“You can use the word ‘rule’ if you wish,” said the Carpenter, “but it really means nothing. These so-called rulers occupied their positions because the people thought they were necessary to the public welfare.”

“Of course that was often the case.”

“It was always the case. And as soon as the people decided differently, they got rid of these functionaries.”

“Even so. It always took a terrible struggle.”

“But the struggle was not due to the strength of the so-called rulers. It was due to the fact that the people were not agreed among themselves. While a part of the people was fighting against the rulers, another part was fighting for them.”

“That may all be true,” observed the Walrus; “but do you mean to say that the government of Russia to-day is a Democracy?”

“Technically, no. Actually, yes.”

“Certainly you would not say that it was a Democracy in the sense that America is a Democracy.”

“The only difference is in the form. In Russia the people think it conduces to their welfare to have a ‘Little Father’ to watch over them and guide what they like to think of as the ‘Ship of State.’ In America we have a President whom we look upon as equally important and necessary.”

“But over here we vote for him,” objected the Walrus.

“It is merely a difference of method,” rejoined the Carpenter calmly. “You understand that I am even willing to admit our

method is better, although good arguments to the contrary have been made. But, in each case, it is the will of the people that is carried out. If the people are ignorant it will be an ignorant will. If intelligent, it will be an intelligent will."

"It isn't the will of all the people."

"No, certainly not. It is the composite will. It is the prevailing will. There are very few things that all the people can agree on."

"I must admit," said the Walrus thoughtfully, "that you have thrown a new light on the question, but to proceed upon such an assumption seems to me to be fatal. To assume that we have a Democracy leaves nothing to strive for."

"Quite the contrary," asseverated the Carpenter. "To proceed on that assumption which is a fact, is to get rid of a lot of idle talk.

Everybody who thinks deeply and broadly, believes that the people should rule. Then why argue it? It is as foolish as if certain men started out to argue that people should eat and then gave to their philosophy some high-sounding name, like Dietocracy. That would be absurd, for nobody questions that we must eat. The questions have to do with the kind and quantity of food and how to produce it and distribute it. Is it not so?"

"It sounds plausible," reflected the Walrus. "But I still think it is a fatal hypothesis, destructive of idealism and noble sentiment."

"It may be so," said the Carpenter. "In truth, I think fact is very apt to be destructive of sentiment."

"But it leaves no room for ethics. Surely you don't believe that whatever is, is right."

"No," said the Carpenter, "I merely believe that whatever is, is.

The Warning

By SARAH KING

AS I WENT tripping forth one day, went tripping gaily glad
along,

A little bird came hopping by and sang to me a little
song,

"Light heart, light heart, light heart," sang he,

"Where goest thou so merrily?"

"I go to meet my love," laughed I, "beside the wood and meadow
gate,

He stands there now with eager lips and searching eyes, for I am
late;

I love him—ah, I cannot tell

How much I love, I love so well!"

The little bird came hopping near and shook his feathered head
at me;

"Love not too deep, love not too deep, O careless, careless maid,"
said he.

I cried, "There is no bitter pain

But my love's lips can heal again!"

The bird flapped warnings wings, then flew into the brooding sum-
mer sky,

And on I ran with light, light feet, he could not fright me with his
cry,

But when you held me close to you,

Oh love, I knew! I knew! I knew!

The Coward

By FRANK L. KOCH

THE FOG HORN lifted its hoarse foreboding voice above the
the storm, and the gray-haired woman drew in her breath
tremulously.

"Do you think there is any danger?" she asked, turning to her
steamer-chair neighbor.

"Hardly," lied the young scientist, with quasi light-heartedness.
"The steamer is well nigh unsinkable. It is fitted with all the best
safety devices known to science. Captain and crew are the pick of
picked men. What danger can there be?"

And the gray-haired woman, reassured, was sufficiently grateful
to pour out her heart to him.

"My son went over to America ten years ago," she sighed. "For
eight years he kept sending his widowed mother a money order each
month. And then, suddenly, the remittance stopped. Can you be-
lieve it? He went and got married, and left me to look out for my-
self. So I pinched and pinched until I saved enough to buy me a
passage across. I'm an old woman, and it's my son's duty to sup-
port me as well as the hussy he married. And you can depend on
it, if I don't like my son's wife, she'll know it and so will he."

The young scientist made no reply, but he thought: "It would
be better for the happiness of her family if this bitter old woman
never reached her destination."

* * * * *

Suddenly they were thrown out of their chairs. The steamer
crashed against some great mass, trembled and drew back like a
wounded beast. There were loud, weird screams followed by a hor-
rible calm. And then everything was confusion.

From a secluded corner of the deck the young scientist watched
the crew prepare the lifeboats. He saw useful, indispens-
able citizens give place to helpless women and replaceable
sailors. And it seemed to him as if he were merely a spectator of
motion pictures on a screen. Suddenly a very simple thought de-
tached itself from his subconsciousness and stood out clearly and
concisely like a mountain peak against a pallid sky. It was

really such a simple idea that people saw it every day without ob-
serving it. And yet, if they would only observe, and make prac-
tical use of it, the sinking of a steamer could be rendered im-
possible. The young scientist turned over the scheme calmly and
impersonally in his mind, and his trained intellect could discover no
flaw. And in his breast arose the fiery joy that is born of the ability
to benefit mankind.

The young man was so deeply engrossed in his idea for preventing
loss of life, that he did not think of saving himself until the last
boat was about to be lowered. There was one seat still unoccupied
and no other passengers were in sight on deck.

"To prevent others from losing their lives in future, I must save
mine," muttered the young scientist, and he stepped into the boat.

"Everything ready? Then lower her," said an officer.

"Stop them!" screamed a girl. "There is a woman crying for
help!"

The young scientist looked up and saw the gray-haired woman
standing against the rail, wringing her hands. And he thought: "If
I do not save myself, the world will not know how to prevent the
sinking of steamers." And he pretended not to notice the gray-
haired woman.

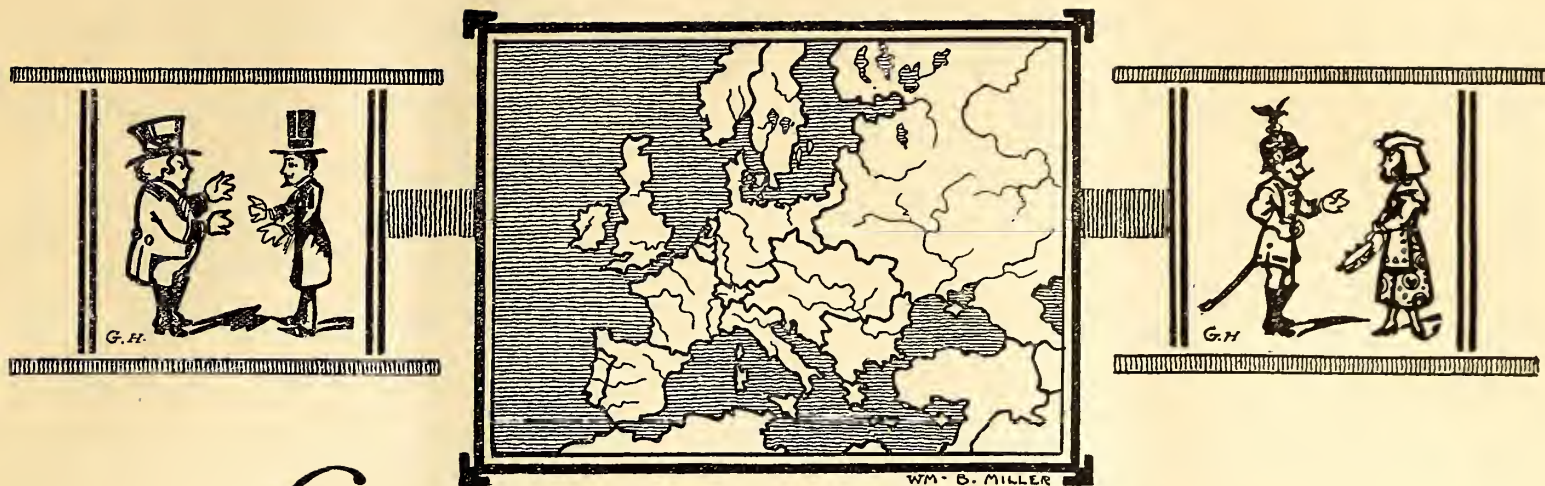
"Can't you hear me?" shrieked the girl, "there is an old woman
still on the steamer!"

He looked up again. The gray-haired woman was waving a shawl
frantically and crying: "Save me! Save me! Save me for my
son!" And the young scientist thought: "Her son will be better off
if the old woman is drowned." He replied to the girl: "There is
no more room on the boat."

"You beast!" hissed the girl. "Aren't you ashamed to save your-
self at the expense of an old woman's life?"

The sailors had their hands on the ropes, ready to lower the last
life boat onto the open sea. The steamer was perceptibly sinking.

"One moment," a hoarse voice commanded, and the young scien-
tist gave his place to the gray-haired woman.



• The Quintessence of Europe •

Two weeks abroad

• BY B. RUSSELL HERTS •

(Continued from November Issue)

XI

BECAUSE the working class in Germany is without dignity the upper classes are brilliant with formalities. The differentiation is extreme. The poor, for example, never hesitate to accept tips. Even conductors are glad to have an extra *Pfennig* with your fare. The man who enlightens you about locations pockets with calmness any little trifle you are good enough to bestow. Only the porters and *Gepäckträger* frown and vociferously remonstrate if you give them too little.

But the rich—the official classes—they are glorious! When you visit a German government official, your card is handed through three porters, and you yourself through as many doorways. Finally you come into the benign presence and a portrait of the Emperor glares superciliously at your crude Americanism. The *Excellenz* (or perhaps only *Regierungsrat*) bows slowly and low, offers you his hand, bows once more, you find yourself seated and the conference begins. At its end there is a mutual bowing, another handshake, still another bowing and “*Auf Wiedersehen*.”

Fortunately, I met my most impressive German acquaintances under more favorable circumstances. It would have been more than my American simplicity could stand to have been treated officially by Count von Bernstorff only two days from New York, even on a summer sea; and Professor Haeckel, being simple and fine and revolutionary himself, met me as an American comrade who needed no formality.

Bernstorff is a diplomat of the new sort—school one might say, I suppose. The hour I met him we stood on deck watching the porpoises jump and dive, sail a few feet under water and then cut through to the surface again. “One wonders why they act that way,” said Germany’s Ambassador, “but then one never can tell why the porpoise jumps without being a porpoise.” The political philosophy of the man was there: there must be thorough understanding without recrimination. He was critical of details in the present order, but he scarcely questioned its fundamentals.

Bristling moustaches, a fine carriage and courtesy, yet a stiffness and brusqueness to some, together with the definiteness of thorough masculinity were the major apparent characteristics of the man. A universal kindness was not to be looked for, but neither was there the smooth perfection of the Disraeli type. Modern diplomacy is celar cut. It depends less on finesse; not so much upon doing things as knowing when not to do them. “Our young men get into

trouble by talking too much,” he said. “When we are quoted we have to deny everything.”

Vast silences had become the keynote of his conversation; eternal care, eternal vigilance must have been his self imposed rule of conduct.

Professor Haeckel was so very different: a gentle, white-bearded radical, odorous with old-worldliness.

We all have intimates among those pedantic folk who entertain their friends by choosing from the world’s great men and women him or her whom they regard as the greatest scientist, painter, writer or sovereign in any particular period of the world’s history. We have probably ourselves, each of us, been asked to name men whom we would place among the unquestionably great. I attempted to do as much not long ago and found it quite impossible to omit the name of Haeckel from contemporary science and philosophy. In the latter field, he surely ranks with James and Bergson and H. G. Wells, even though he is not so liberally expressive of the special standpoint of our generation; as a biologist he comes close to Darwin and is peerless among the men of his own time.

One hesitates, very properly, to make affirmations of this sort. But those of which I am guilty force themselves upon any of us: they are among those self-evident generalizations which are ripe for acceptance.

Thus it is that most of us accept Haeckel as a tremendous figure in the modern world, and we accept him silently, knowing little about him, having read little of his work. We learn extensively, each year more and more, of the personality, of the manner of working of the other masters of the century: Rodin, Strauss, Shaw, Maeterlinck, Zuloaga and the rest. But Haeckel has remained deeply obscured and severed from the world in the tiny village of Jena where pilgrims come once, or perhaps twice, a week, from anywhere across the world, to touch hands and consciousness with the master.

Jena is a village in which we should naturally picture Haeckel: it is too quaintly old for a genuine modern, too filled with age-old atmosphere, too lacking in the obvious improvements of twenty years. But Jena is a town wherein we can imagine a radical of the last generation growing from boyhood into manhood, marrying, settling down after traveling around the world for years, for the last quarter of his century of life, in the unchanged house where he may first have dreamed of the vast and glittering immortalities that have come into his mind and have been given to the world.

Really, the little house is not quite altogether without change. Going into the hall one finds a resplendent, black, cast-iron stove that cannot date back earlier than 1890, but this has flounced down in the midst of a hallway that surely has not been more than painted in half a century. But one gains something of the ancientness of spirit, toward counteracting the stove, from a ten minute walk down the narrow, pebbly lane on which the house has its only exit. Everything but the stove is genuinely old, even to the little waiting maid who tells you "*Excellenz wird sofort kommen*" and climbs with you into the library where you spend ten minutes looking at a set of Goethe, a hundred or so travel books and the shelf of Haeckel's volumes set between flaming water colors that he made in biological moments in the tropics. There, also, you may see the weird, grey picture, reproduced so often all over the world, of Gabriel Max's missing link family, or whatever it is called. It depends greatly upon your mood whether you take the three figures to be monkeys or men. No one can tell for certain which they more resemble.

Haeckel is so sweet, when he hobbles in to meet you, that your admiration melts in wholesome warmth. When he takes your hand you may help him over to the long sofa on which he is forced to recline since his fall from a bookshelf a few years ago, that has made it impossible for him to walk alone and very difficult for him to work. His fine gray eyes glint expectantly in the center of the great masses of white hair that surround his face; and all is serene and beautiful. You tell him about "Our friends in America who think as we do."

Then there is an hour of talk about the universe that is still a riddle, a kindly and radiant farewell, and you march down the pebbly lane while Haeckel waves from the balcony on which you have taken his picture. Perhaps from the garden you pluck a flower to be treasured by some friend in America who thinks as we do.

XII

The breadth of vision that comes with the mind's clear freedom in a summer travel is not conducive to the practical outlook we Americans honor. When one escapes the prejudices and short sightedness of business in New York and looks

out upon life calmly, one inevitably questions the values that he has come to attach to things. Leisure influences one's esthetics, one's politics and one's morals. That is perhaps the reason our women are rapidly advancing in intelligence beyond their brothers as well as their fathers. The unfairness of women's not voting will soon appear less evident than the stupidity of man's voting. Many women to-day, who have leisure for thought, are becoming free of prejudice, which means that they are getting the courage of their lack of convictions. That, more than anything, will make a difference in our marriage institution. In a similar rare state of freedom from convention I thought of William James's questioning of the practical accomplishment we worship and wrote a little poem.

Who shall say what is best?
The struggle and the gain
In the world's eyes, or rest,
Merely to watch life's reign?

Who knows who is the better,
He who strives, and striving,
Writes for his time a letter
Of his name as one arriving

Or he who watches life
Mystically moving on
Beside, beyond him in strife
To spheres from which he's gone?

In fine, is dreaming wrong?
Are we so sure the worker's
Right? Where does the best belong?
Is not truth the shirker's?

The "practical" life, the only life which yields a fair return, means the merchant's life, generally the middleman's life, a life that is unproductive and economically unnecessary. For, as Chiozza Money puts it, honest toil is without honor or comfort. In such a society leisure, with understanding, cannot be condemned.

Sea Changes: Evening

By BAYARD BOYESEN

O SEA whom the slow fogs cover,
O once-immaculate Sea,
O Father and Friend and Lover,
Rise thou again, discover
Thy mightier mood to me!

Or art thou too grown weary
That so thy slackening seas,
Sand-slackened seas and dreary
Heave westward heavily, weary,
With fog and folded breeze?

But lo, the fog's white paces
Spread through the strewing dark,
And a shifting breeze displaces,
With shimmer of silver laces,
The fogs and formless faces
From thy cold plains and stark;

And the waves writhe up moon-smitten
With peal of solemn song;
And the scribbled rocks, salt-written,
The wrinkled rocks and bitten,
Or wrapped with rich weeds long.

Proclaim the endless venture
In every wave that pours
On still things headlong censure
As it turns for deep indenture
On corrigible shores.

So mak'st thou me to ponder,
Grey Sea whose flocking foams,
Swift lips and bent arms yonder,
For all they seek and wander,
Find only rocks for homes.

I meditate thy reaches
And each self-templed wave
That, challenging, impeaches
As on the iron beaches,
Gleeful it clasps the grave.

And lo, my soul I plunder
And all its power employ
To dream from this rock under
There the unpealed heart of thunder
Destroys itself with joy.

And I that was sore for pleasure
And sought for soother air,
For love and jest and leisure—
Though love must dive o'er measure
To blister in despair.

Now shift from the sad ways belted
To my soul that with sorrow twinned:
As a sky full wearily pelted,
Cloud-dappled, but deeply weltd
With press and pommel of wind

Unshelves to show an older
Space of immaculate blue.
And I rise with heart made bolder
To know each wave's white shoulder,
Shattered, shall heave anew.

To know, though life unbridle
All fogs and winds that be,
Or luring airs that idle,
Invite, and bend, and sidle
With straining hearts to thee,

Thy strength shall never languish:
Whate'er the Fates provide,
I'll hear thy tone and anguish
Repulse the lure to languish,
I'll hear abounding anguish
Swing battle from the tide.

The Measure of All Things

By ALEXANDER HARVEY

WHEN IT transpired that the beautiful Mrs. Hetherington was to take the witness stand on that particular morning, the languishing interest of all New York in the Dike trial was stimulated prodigiously.

Dike had involved himself in financial escapades and, if found guilty, it must go hard with him. Yet there was nothing in his case, sensational though it seemed, to differentiate it from the nine days' wonder that went before or the nine days' wonder that came after. The unexpected appearance of Mrs. Hetherington in the character of an important witness provided just the touch of color to catch the general eye, which had only blinked as yet amid the mists of the Dike case.

For Mrs. Hetherington, wife of one of New York's Wall Street princes, was not only the acknowledged leader of society but the acknowledged beauty of the metropolis as well. Precisely as the classic face and Naiad airs of Helen brought home to Poe the glory that was Greece, did Mrs. Hetherington seem no less essential in one's general idea of the great city than its sky line or Tammany Hall. Her beauty worked such miracles that merely to be known as the husband of Mrs. Hetherington atoned completely for the long, unlovely past of the mature financier whose name she bore. Not that the spell of this lady's fascination exerted itself solely through the depths of a pair of eyes or the calm repose of sloping brows above them or the delicate play of red, red lips revealing white, white teeth. Mrs. Hetherington had a mind as well as a body and a heart as well as a mind. The exact tailoring of her skirt was never more becoming than the fine distinction of her speech or the sweetness of her manner. Merely to realize that one was a Mrs. Hetherington's fellow creature afforded the most stimulating sense of how high one had risen in the scale of evolution.

No wonder the criminal court building was thronged, on that particular morning, as the supreme event of the Dike trial mobilized an army of reporters, of photographers, or deputies. The general public emerged somewhat slimly from the battle for admission to the great white chamber, packed, as the hour approached, like a subway train on a wet morning. The first days of the trial had confirmed a general impression of the dilatoriness of justice. Everybody had been late in appearing, even the prisoner. How different now! The spectators crowded every available inch to which the flimsiest pretext could afford access fully half an hour before even a jurymen was on hand. Had the talesmen only known who was to be a witness, how swiftly that box might have been filled!

A quick stirring about the court attendants precipitated a sudden thrill. This long monotony that killed would relieve itself at last! Necks craned themselves. A pair of dull green folding doors at the upper extremity of the pillared chamber parted.

The district attorney entered.

Enviably man! His was to be the privilege of addressing Mrs. Hetherington face to face. With what an indiscreet fidelity his consciousness of that rare circumstance was reflected in the dignity of his strut! yet who could gaze at him just then, barbered like a Brummell, without a feeling that the rare glory of his career entitled him to the high reward that was to be his this day? The district attorney was as young as he was brilliant. The great rewards of his profession were just ahead. The public service he had rendered entitled him to confront even a Mrs. Hetherington with all the glamor if not all the insolence of office. No mediocrity among the men here contemplating him as he peered through his glasses could suppress an unavailing regret. Right, no doubt, it was that this limb of the law should have beauty brought before him, face to face. He had worked hard and resisted temptation and risen by rare merit to renown. Yet how partially does fortune distribute her honors and rewards! That fat little man under the window near the jury box—might not he, given the opportunity, have distinguished himself in the law sufficiently to face a Mrs. Hetherington in all the glamor of success?

But who comes now? His Honor! Hats off there! Shut that door! There rises before us the robed majesty of him whose writs have potency to translate the divine Mrs. Hetherington from the splendors of her husband's Fifth Avenue palace to the very hub of the wheel of crime. Upon the mere order of this judge, impassive, serene, coldly contemplative of the subdued agitation everywhere about him now, even a Mrs. Hetherington must grow deaf to the music of her sphere and listen only to the law. Nay, His Honor there, robed and erudite, had power to commit to prison for contempt that perfect child of time herself! Some consciousness of this was manifest as His Honor, hand at chin, mused sublimely over flowers in a vase seemingly neglected near his elbow. The brooding abstraction of the judicial pose deceived no one that morning. The robed majesty of law itself thrilled at its own vision of Mrs. Hetherington, subpoenaed out of her firmament like a goddess plucked from the sky at some behest of Jove's.

Dike, being on trial, was in the dock, of course. He was taken as the thing inevitable, like the presence of the court stenographer or the light streaming in through the lofty windows. He had been an imposing figure in finance before the catastrophe. No one paid particular attention to him now. He was not the occasion of this agitated concourse. He sat motionless, in a colorless attitude, a colorless suit, insignificant, unimpressive,

The rappings for order consequent upon the entrance of His Honor did not subdue entirely the vague murmur, the shuffling of the feet here and there, the faint laughter now and then and the innumerable sounds evoked by the presence of this swarm within four walls. Somebody had been sworn. A lawyer had repeated a question. There was a gruff admonition to "Speak up, officer!" from a court attendant to a uniformed witness connected with the police. Then, quite suddenly, all became as still as death.

The fact had dawned slowly, subtly, upon the general mind that Mrs. Hetherington was in the court room. No one, apparently, had seen her enter. Yet there she sat, well forward, near the table reserved for the use of counsel, with a lady of much greater maturity than herself at her side. There was a sort of wonder in the air at the self-effacing manner of Mrs. Hetherington's entrance. She had risen o'er the scene silently like the moon beaming upon the waters of a troubled lake and sending them to sleep. They had anticipated her arrival in grandeur, stepping in in an unutterable brilliance to bedazzle them. The throng had expected to have to make a lane through itself for the progress of a heavenly form. Instead, there she was, a surprise—no thunder in the index, but a quiet and insensible coming, like that of dawn.

Mrs. Hetherington, therefore, resembled Niagara in that the first impression, after all that had been said of her, was one of disappointment. But as the second and the third and the fourth contemplation of the falls infuse the mind with a sense of their sublimity, so now they who gazed furtively and repeatedly at that cheek, supported by that hand, drank deep draughts of beauty and delight. One felt that the personality of Mrs. Hetherington was a pervasive essence, that the light of her countenance shone for a favored few, that the beauty at which all New York gaped with a reverence new and strange was held unspotted from the world. Over the aspect of Mrs. Hetherington, in short, was that indefinable quality of quietness which gives supreme distinction.

There was a sound between a sigh and gasp when the court attendant, betraying by his manner his sense of the spectacular—since merely to be privileged to bawl the name of Mrs. Hetherington was to enjoy a fleeting, fugitive sublimity—called the witness of the day. There fell at once from perfect shoulders a full length coat of heavy black broadcloth and the beauty stood forth, erect. Again that sound between a sigh and gasp met a swift extinction in the rap for order. She advanced with all the brightness of a spirit to the isolated pinnacle of the witness stand, fixing ethereal eyes on all below. With what a complete inevitability the court

clerk produced an immaculately fresh and new copy of the Bible to be touched lightly by those lips and preserved forever after from the desecration of any subsequent kiss!

It did not matter in the least—indeed, it was but fitting and appropriate—that the evidence of Mrs. Hetherington seemed of no great moment, one might almost say inconsequential. She was too far above the grossness of this case to achieve more, or rather, less than the poisoning of her blooming spirit in its atmosphere. The crime, the criminal, the district attorney, the judge himself, reeled dizzily below. Yes, Mrs. Hetherington said, when questioned, using in all her replies that tone of silvered softness which descended upon the court room like notes from the mounting skylark, yes, she knew the defendant in this case. She had first met him through her husband six years before. Yes, that was her signature.

Enraptured ears still drank in the melody when a loud voice interposed objection. Counsel for the prisoner insisted upon knowing the meaning of all this irrelevancy. The district attorney begged to remind the court, in a very polished manner, that this line of examination brought out an essential fact. But all realized, as the brilliant prosecutor drew himself up to his full height, that his mellifluous tone was assumed for the benefit of Mrs. Hetherington, that the rose in his coat was worn to catch the eye of Mrs. Hetherington, that the official importance of his manner was a reaction to the stimulus of Mrs. Hetherington. In the same subconscious fashion was it seen that the judicial dignity was especially impressive, when His Honor had to pass upon the point, with an eye single to the presence of Mrs. Hetherington. There was at work here the same palpable yet unseen influence which caused the plain clothes man at the door to enforce discipline with virtuous severity. One could hear the breathing of the asthmatic jurymen when the court decided in awful majesty that Mrs. Hetherington need not answer. To think that there could reside in the constitution or out of it power so absolute as to be able to decide that a Mrs. Hetherington need or need not answer! The judge sat back in his robe and gazed upon the hushed assembly in conscious greatness.

Counsel for the defense resumed his seat in triumph. There had been no great purport, seemingly, in the question challenged. But who would omit an opportunity to bring to the notice of a Mrs. Hetherington the circumstance that he lived and breathed? Were not those combats of the Greek heroes adown the windy plains of Troy a consequence of their knowledge that from some high tower the beautiful Helen beheld their prowess? The district attorney resumed his examination of the witness with a mortified perception that the prisoner's counsel was swelling visibly under the eye of Mrs. Hetherington. All thought of the possible effect upon the minds of the jury was necessarily extinguished.

Now what had inspired in Mrs. Hetherington the degree of confidence with which she regarded the prisoner? This was the new line of examination—the point upon which the district attorney concentrated all the capacity he possessed for impressing beauty and distinction with a sense of his own mettle. The music of the lady's answers was as a silver bell contrasting with the bass drum of the district attorney's queries. Once His Honor intervened, Mrs. Hetherington need not reveal what she had remarked to the prisoner when she sat beside him at dinner on Washington's birthday. The lady fixed her gaze for a second or more upon the law incarnate and black-robed on the bench. With how unmixed a joy would the plain clothes man at the door have done something, anything, to win from those eyes of hers just one such brief glance!

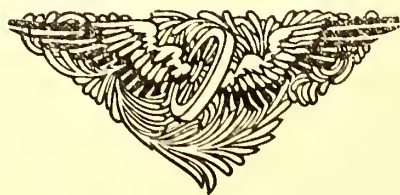
"Really," Mrs. Hetherington was saying now, "the society of the most obscure member of the bar, if his qualities appealed to me,

would be far more enjoyable from my standpoint than that of the greatest lawyer living."

So quietly were the words uttered, so naturally did they arise out of the nature of the question just put her, that for nearly a full minute the force of the bomb Mrs. Hetherington had exploded under his case escaped the district attorney. Not so with His Honor on the bench. He wilted at once. Why were they there that morning in all the pomp and circumstance of legal battle but the better to impress the eye and mind of beauty? Now they learned that the greatest among them, the most successful lawyer who ever lifted himself from a village office to the post of advisor to corporations, was no more to Mrs. Hetherington than the pale and shabby student at the school of law. The strutting district attorney was nothing to Mrs. Hetherington. The black-robed high priest of the constitution there on the bench was nothing to Mrs. Hetherington. Yet, what, in its essence, is life, what is ecstasy, but the power to impress Mrs. Hetherington, the power to attract the wandering glance of her eye, the possession of the charm that fascinates her? Success at the bar means wealth, honor, a seat upon the Supreme Court bench, but it is all as dust to Mrs. Hetherington. The face of his honor had grown haggard. He met the look of the district attorney and saw there the sudden and swift perception of her meaning which made these men fellow sufferers. Not, to be sure, that Mrs. Hetherington had deliberately aimed an arrow to wound them. She spoke sincerely, simply, replying in good faith to a direct question without reservation of any kind. The man of law had brought his martyrdom upon himself.

Again that sound between a sigh and gasp revealed the perfect appreciation of that intent audience. Every man among them was miserable from sympathy with the district attorney, aching with pity for the judge. Mrs. Hetherington had opened with the lightning flash of her reply a whole vista in the inky night of human experience. "Why are we?" the great poet asks and must not the reply be: "For Mrs. Hetherington?" Do not we who are men strive and live and hope for Mrs. Hetherington, cultivate the qualities that charm Mrs. Hetherington? Who would win an empire, pile Pelion upon Ossa, climb the sky, if feats like these paved no path to the favor of Mrs. Hetherington, if they forced her merely to suppress her yawn of boredom? What man, on the other hand, would not dance like a baboon for a kiss from Mrs. Hetherington, paint his visage black for her delight or run yelling into some primeval forest if that could fascinate her? How Mark Antony of old revealed his serpentine guile in abandoning the empire of the world, though it was his to seize, and setting off in pursuit of his Mrs. Hetherington!

Slowly the district attorney came to himself after the first tremendous shock of these reflections. The judge, more aged, was cowering and shivering in his wrinkled robe. There were no eyes for either now in that crowded chamber. Every gaze concentrated itself upon the form of the prisoner in the dock. There was the man whose qualities appealed to Mrs. Hetherington, for there was the man she had invited again and again to her dinners. There was the man whose conversation had delighted Mrs. Hetherington, for she had referred to her admiration of his wit. There was the man who held the wandering eye of her beauty, who brought the smile of pleasure to those rose-red lips—the man who meant something to Mrs. Hetherington. Before she testified to this tremendous purport there was no man in all that court so lost and hopeless as to exchange places with the prisoner. Now the accused had become the cynosure of all eyes, greater than the district attorney, more honored than the judge, the envy of the jury—and in his serene consciousness of these things Dike sat in that dock smiling, redeemed and glorified.



Is Germany Responsible for the Turkish Defeat?

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article embodies the views of one of the greatest military experts in the United States. While we may not reveal his name, the facts marshalled forth in a straightforward manner, without rhetorical flourish, establish the authenticity of his information.]

THE present war has excited public opinion all over the civilized world as to the causes of the Turkish defeat, unforeseen by everybody lacking in knowledge of the Ottoman Empire's interior conditions since Sultan Abdud Hamid was forced to abdicate.

The so-called military experts of French and English newspapers were only too glad in profiting by this opportunity to serve their readers a fairy tale about the pernicious effect that German training, discipline, strategy and armament had produced upon the Turkish army which as it is known had been reorganized by German officers. The fallacious statements of such articles have been accepted with pleasure and satisfaction by all who would like to see the downfall of Germany whose backbone was, is, and always will be, a well trained army and navy. Such people—and they are numerous—feel inclined to think that the defeat of the "German-trained" Turkish army reflects upon the German army itself. Colonel Samuel Hughes, Minister of Militia in Canada, is evidently one of them, if he really said what the New York *Herald* printed on November 13th, page 14. Does he also think that England is to be blamed for the misfortunes of the Turkish fleet?

The reasons for the breakdown of the Ottoman Empire have nothing to do with the "German training" of its army or with the "English training" of its navy. They are lying higher up and may be explained in a few words to every lover of truth.

When Sultan Abdul Hamid who fully realized the delicate position of Turkey in Europe, was in power, his farsightedness not only fomented trouble between his country's probable foes, the Balkan States, to that extent that he even succeeded in bringing about the war between Servia and Bulgaria in 1885, but also laid great stress on the creation of a powerful army. He consequently accepted the German Emperor's offer to train, by his officers, the Turkish army on the German system and to throw open to Turkish officers the doors of German military schools and of the German army's rank and file, while England took and kept in hand unto these days the Turkish navy.

The Kaiser's offer was, of course, not disinterested, for it opened the Turkish market to Krupp and secured certain railway- and trade concessions to Germany. The work of the German instructors under General von der Goltz became so effective that at the time being the Turkish army was commonly held in the repute of being almost invincible.

With the downfall of the Sultan, however, conditions in Turkey changed. The new regime did not follow the beaten track of Abdul Hamid's wise policy as regards the armament of Turkey and lost sight of the ever threatening danger with which a possible alliance of the Balkan States could menace the existence of the Ottoman Empire in Europe.

The desire of the new government was to develop the country materially. Hence the diversion of money formerly granted for military and naval purposes to the improvement of public roads and works on a large scale. The German instructors and the Turkish officers who had been educated in Germany were dismissed, the latter on account of their loyalty to the deposed Sultan. This was a grievous fault, for by thus proceeding the present government deprived the army of its very flower.

A general disorganization began and progressed steadily to such an extent that the Turkish army, short of officers, means and men,

was finally afflicted with dry rot. Furthermore the new regime extended conscription to the Christian subjects which was another serious error, for a possible war was only to be conducted against Christian nations. Consequently religious sentiments inevitably brought to bear in such a war implied the danger that Turkish Christian soldiers would be likely to desert their colors. The present struggle has fully justified this apprehension of the former Sultan. Moreover a Christian element within the Turkish army was necessarily a factor to disturb the homogeneity of this heretofore exclusively Moslem unit.

The false economy of the actual Turkish government prevented the purchase of modern guns and small arms, of ammunition and supplies thus rendering a quick and thorough mobilization impossible. It took Bulgaria six days, Turkey a fortnight to get ready for war. But when the Turks were "ready" in their way, they had only a little makeshift army of about 140,000 men in the peninsula.

The peace-dislocation of the Turkish army providing for eight army corps of three divisions each and three independent divisions in the European area of the Ottoman Empire, there ought to have been a force of about 700,000 men at the disposal of the Turkish General Staff in Macedonia when the mobilization was accomplished. As shown above this was not the case. When war was declared the reserves who had finished their terms with the army had already disbanded and the recruits were only on their way to their garrisons.

The main resource for the army being not the thinly populated mountainous part of European Turkey, but the vast country of Asia Minor and railroad facilities all over Turkey being still in their infancy, it is self-evident that the transportation of the recalled reserves would take so much time that the well prepared allies could strike blow after blow when the Turks only tried to get together.

The Allies had succeeded in keeping their bellicose purposes a secret from almost everyone, especially from Turkey, and they had well chosen the psychological moment. They were well informed about the decadence of the army which they were going to meet on the battlefields and they acted accordingly. An army as in existence under Abdul Hamid would have baffled them even in their desire to cross the frontier.

Much has been said about the superiority of the French material in the Bulgarian artillery over the Turkish Krupp-guns. As a matter of fact the Bulgarians have only 15 cm. howitzers and 12.5 cm. besieging guns from Schneider Canet and 7.5 cm. quick-firing guns from Creuzot, whereas their whole field artillery has been furnished with guns by Krupp. The French howitzers and besieging guns are still, at this writing, bombarding Adrianople. The field artillery of the latest Krupp-type has naturally won out in all the battles, as the Turks had neglected to replace their old Krupp-material by a modern type. Consequently the war proves only the superiority of Krupp over Krupp, meaning the modern and the old type of this field gun.

It seems unnecessary to say more about the causes leading to Turkey's defeat. Anybody whose eyes are not biased can gather from the above statements which emanate from absolutely authentic sources, that German methods and training are just as responsible for Turkey's downfall as the man in the moon. Turkey has merely met her fate. And Shakespeare says: "The fates with traitors do contrive." It is for the reader to find out who were the traitors.



Philadelphia's Political Redemption

By T. EVERETT HARRY

(II.)

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—This is the second of Mr. Harry's sensational articles on the reformation of Philadelphia. The first article appeared in our November number, and was cordially acknowledged by Mayor Blankenburg in a letter which is reproduced in another column. Mr. Harry has decided to adopt the original spelling of his family name. His contributions, therefore, will henceforth be signed T. Everett Harré.]

A Model Community to Be.

NEXT to dealing with immediate necessary reforms, Mayor Blankenburg was confronted with the problem of the city's development. There had loomed for years in the minds of intelligent citizens visions of an expensive parkway; of a broad avenue along the Delaware River, of wharves improved and great commerce with other cities and foreign countries made possible; of the streets kept scrupulously clean; of the transit facilities developed; of railroad tracks elevated; of the city being improved and beautified until it should take its place among the model communities of the world. The new mayor and his cabinet took up the work leading to the realization of these ideals, and already practical work has been done.

A body of men, known as the Comprehensive Plans Committee, formed with the object of preparing specific plans for a greater Philadelphia by ex-Mayor Reyburn, had been declared illegal by the law officer of the city. In order that the committee might conform to the requirements of the City Charter, and to avoid the mistake which had been the basis of the City's Solicitor's declaration that the committee was organized in contravention to law, Mayor Blankenburg recommended a new committee, to act under the Director of Public Works, M. L. Cooke.

This body is thoroughly representative in character, not only as regards the qualifications of the members, but through the circumstance that it represents various divisions of the community's life. For example, the membership contains two bankers, four lawyers, two merchants and two manufacturers, two architects and three engineers. It includes the President of the Academy of Fine Arts, a Professor of Design in the Department of Architecture of the University of Pennsylvania, the President of the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architecture, the head of the Fairmount Park Commission, the President of the Common Councils, and the Chairman of the Finance Committee of Councils.

One member, Mr. G. W. Norris, Director of the Department of Wharves, Docks and Ferries, has long been recognized as a leading banker of the city, and one who is thoroughly familiar with transit problems as well as dock developments, because his banking firm has been intimately associated with large financing problems, which involve a thorough knowledge of the financial as well as the engineering side of such enterprises. Another member, Mr. E. T. Stotesbury, for instance, represents the most important banking interests in America, and possesses a valuable fund of information touching the whole subject of transit problems from both the financial and engineering sides. An important feature in the composition of this Committee is the presence of just such men who are thoroughly familiar with general transportation problems and closely identified with large railway interests. Consequently, a harmonious co-operation with the large corporations toward making Philadelphia a great terminal point is fore-shadowed, because these corporations are thus given to understand that, while the city intends to protect the interests of the people, no attempt will be made to curtail their facilities of operation. On the other

hand, the whole policy of the committee will be constructive, based upon the idea that the growth of these corporations will stimulate the development of the city, and that all interests have a common incentive to make the city worthy of its record through the possession of modern facilities of trade.

For many years the merchants of Philadelphia felt an urgent need of the development of shipping facilities. In dealing with the municipal departments, for the first time in several years, the organization of the Department of Wharves, Docks, and Ferries was completed by the appointment of John Meigs, formerly an assistant engineer in the United States Navy, as assistant director. The department for several months has been gathering data and developing plans for new harbor facilities, and already substantial progress has been made in the building of a new pier at the foot of Dock Street. Specifications for the extension and widening of Delaware Avenue, which will facilitate traffic along the river, have been prepared.

An important event recently marked the effort to establish Philadelphia as one of the most important commercial cities. To stimulate interest in Philadelphia as one of the first water cities in the world, the Department took an active participation in the entertainment of the International Congress of Navigation which held its first American meeting in Philadelphia. During their visit the members of the department held conferences, obtaining information relating to the highest development in port construction and harbor facilities.

To demonstrate the availability of League Island as a fresh water naval station, and the desirability of constructing there the largest dry dock in America, a Congressional delegation, consisting of fifty-eight members of Congress, covering the membership of the Naval Committee and the Committee of Appropriations, were invited to Philadelphia. The city desired to show to those who hold the purse strings of the nation and control its naval expenditures, its unusual advantages—advantages ignored by former administrations. To the entertainment of the delegation—the largest body of Congressmen to visit the city since Congress held its regular session here—the city contributed the financial support. The Director of Wharves, Docks and Ferries was in charge of the entertainment.

Among the problems directly affecting the people with which the Reform Administration had to deal was that concerning street car facilities. For years the public, without avail, had complained of the inefficient service given by the transit company. Some years ago public indignation ran high, protest meetings against the deplorable service rendered were held, and some perfervid speaker urged the tearing up of the trolley tracks. The situation was desperate—some sort of action was imperative. The transit company, loaded with millions of watered stock, felt unable to meet the public demand for improvements, so a speciously attractive compromise was planned. A member of the board of directors of the transit company, a man high in city finances, fathered a proposition whereby the city, in return for the relinquishment of certain rights, was to become a sharer in the earnings of the company.

The city was to give up its privilege to compel the company to put its wires underground, and was to undertake the expense of repaving streets when tracks were torn up for improvement. In return, the city, a number of years in the future, should receive, after the company had paid a certain dividend on all its stock, fifty per cent of the company's earnings. The scheme was designed to placate public excitement. And although wise men showed that, with its burden of watered stock, the company never could even earn an amount sufficient to pay the stated dividend on its stock, and consequently, never would be able to pay the city this mythical share of impossible earnings, the newspapers, under the club of a number of department stores which banded together to urge the measure, supported it, the Council accepted it, the Mayor ratified it. Conditions became worse than ever before.

Under the conditions of the city's agreement with the Rapid Transit Company it has the right of three representatives on its board. In order to handle this difficult transit problem, in an effort to arrive at some remedial plans, Mayor Blankenburg appointed a transit bureau, with Mr. A. Merritt Taylor, a practical transit expert, as commissioner in charge. Under this bureau the whole problem of securing better transit facilities has been taken up, and various systems studied. The work of investigation is being conducted by the most expert talent, the general conditions are being canvassed, for instance, by Ford, Bacon and Davis of New York. This work has been made possible by the appropriation by the Councils of \$50,000. The Rapid Transit Company, under new management, will co-operate with the city. For the first time in decades comprehensive improvements in transit are in sight.

With the work of bettering the transit of the people of Philadelphia by rail, there was also the problem of improving the facilities of the streets; of bettering the roadbeds, cleaning the city thoroughfares, and regulating traffic. During the past administrations one often heard the declaration that Philadelphia was the dirtiest city in the United States. The lack of regulation in handling automobile and wheeled traffic was undeniably obvious. Under new police regulations, automobiles are now parked in the centre of large streets, and traffic is so regulated that it turns into streets at right angles and divides on highways as it approaches busy thoroughfares. The entire street traffic of the city, under police regulation, is now systematically controlled, and thus facilitated.

As originally organized the Highway and Street Cleaning Division of the Department of Public Works did not have in its working force a single engineer. Upon entering office Mr. Blankenburg appointed as Chief of the Bureau, W. H. Connell, who possessed a national reputation as a highway builder, and as assistant director of the Department of Public Works James Reed, Jr., an engineer of established reputation and long service with the United States Government. To insure a betterment in the cleaning of the city's streets, he also appointed a commission of business

(Concluded on page 154)

WHERE THE RECALL IS JUSTIFIED

BY HON. CHARLES F. MAC LEAN

FORMERLY JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—When former justices of the Supreme Court and eminent lecturers on Law such as the Hon. Charles F. McLean, impatient of the law's delay, actually champion the "recall" then indeed we are justified in assuming that the reform of the Judiciary is a matter calling for immediate attention from every party irrespective of its past traditions and platforms. Judge MacLean's experience has not been confined to the narrow path of judiciary procedure, inasmuch as he has served at various times as Police Commissioner, as Park Commissioner of New York City, and as a lecturer at Columbia University.]

THE PRESIDENT has declared: "If there is a thing that disgraces our civilization to-day, it is the delays in criminal and civil justice. It always works in favor of the man with the longest purse."

With this the country is at agreement.

For this sorry situation two of the national parties lately promised remedies so vaguely as to make reproach of breaking a party pledge unavoidable.

The excuses given for neglecting this issue, far and away above those of thrift and thriving, hardly rise to apologies: the grievance is old, is not escaped elsewhere, is too complicated for discussion in the forum of people of ordinary understanding, is under investigation by experts, discussion might tilt against the dignity of the bench and its occupiers (which and whom laymen may not impair or impugn), and arouse—quotha!—discontent.

As lapse of time condones no nuisance, so calamities are not cured by recurring shocks.

Existence of the evil abroad is no consolation for the disappointment of ourselves, *felix Americanorum genus omnibus antepomi nationibus*, as we are assured at each celebration of our independence, on days of thanksgiving and at agricultural fairs. It concerns us little that while the *Berliner Tageblatt* of recent issue with instance and insistence denounces the shortcomings of German courts and German procedure, Willibad Peters, eminent jurist of Leipzig, after setting out the defects of domestic judicial administration and the hopelessness of relief through lawyers, as if to offset the home picture declares that bankruptcy of justice has broken out in France and Belgium because of the institution of official referees,—bepraised by Isaure-Toulouse "for the avoidance of disastrous consequences of delays in the multitudinous transactions at Paris demanding prompt solution."

People of ordinary understanding are able daily to settle differences more complicated, of more serious interest and vastly more numerous than are brought into court. Causes may be intricate. Procedure for their disposition is not perplexing unless needlessly involved.

Relief is hardly expectable from investigation by the legal experts. Lawyers are the craftsmen under whose auspices the calamity has come upon the country. "Sirs," said Demetrius to workmen of like occupation, "ye know that by this craft we have our wealth." Bentham remarked that lawyers are least apt of men to reform the law or its practice. A century ago the impracticability of wholesale executions alone brought respites, meted out according to the prejudice or caprice of the judges, to large numbers after conviction and capital sentence for offenses we now call misdemeanors, making the system of punishments and of criminal law ridiculous. Bill after bill repealing sanguinary statutes was thrown out under the influence of lawyers led by Chief Justice Ellenborough, living and dying in the savor of professional profundity, until Romilly's patience and eloquence exposed the barbarity of their criminal law and roused Englishmen to discontent.

Discontent achieved the first embodiment of the laws of Attica in writing to appease the populace distressed by judicial abuse. Philosophers before and after Aristotle and the Stagyrite himself denounced Dracon's code as crude and cruel. That much of progress aroused the populace to

overjoy and accidentally to suffocating their benefactor in the theatre by raining upon him their caps and cloaks, much as the planters in Rio once flung upon the stage watches and jewels and even articles of apparel in their applause of Aimée, of shapely memory.

Discontent with the dispensation of justice and lively insistence that it be no longer left to the caprice and haphazard of magistrates, one to-day and another to-morrow, changed the unwritten law of Rome into the Twelve Tables to placate the plebeians, necessary to fill the ranks of the legions. Almost on their setting up, professional counsellors began expanding and limiting the brief and pregnant sentences of the Tables, and inventing new forms of actions. Through these perfunctory advisers mystery became the vogue again and continued until Flavius, secretary of a tribune, restored popular access to the law by divulging the formulas of the actions and the calendar of *dies fasti et nefasti*.

Discontent with the intolerable condition of the law confronted Justinian on his accession. Jurisconsults, let alone plain people, could not master its volume. Conflicting authorities of equal validity were so numerous that counsel could not divine the view entertainable by the court.

The Emperor, premising: *Summa republicae tutio de stirpe durum rerum, armorum atque legum, veniens*, directed ten dignitaries, whom he promptly commissioned, to cut out superfluous introductions, sort out the antiquated and, with additions, abbreviations and changes of language where desirable, bring the constitution into short and definitely expressed statutes. Under his sturdy oversight and strict directions, the code bearing his name was completed with surprising speed. With similar dispatch and somewhat similar instructions was prepared the digest of the opinions of the jurisconsults, with retention of their own lucid, philosophical and concise language. The result of this remarkable legislation was hardly spoken of in contemporary histories, save with censure. Jurists and philosophers then and since have condemned its lack of arrangement,—following the empirical order of the praetorian edict. Justinian's law book still affect the jurisprudence of the Caucasian world.

Discontents were the very offspring of the *ancien régime*. Behind the desperation of squalor and misery, fruiting for the guillotine's ghastly reaping, footed fast discontent with the administration of justice in France, wherein were so many systems that the traveller, said Voltaire, changed his laws almost as often as his horses. Jurists and commissions had travailed with futile projects. Napoleon, appreciating the necessity of relieving the irritation, instituted, almost as he became Consul, a commission which under his curt instructions within four months presented its project, in the finishing of which the Consul himself co-operated with surprising zeal, clearness and ability.

Great jurists, as Savigny and Austin, have condemned the ignorance and haste of the compilation, deprecated its want of exposition of principles and rules, and "hence its fallacious brevity." The brief compilation has taken hold of the Continent, Latin and Teuton and Slav. Its perspicuity enables the laundress to know the law affecting her affairs and calling as well as the opulent mistress of the Bon Marché, the village farrier as the ironmaster of Creuzot.

Discontent secured, by popular vote, in the Constitution of 1846 provision for the appointment of a commission instructed to "revise, reform, simplify and abridge the rules, practice and pleadings of the courts of New York." Competent commissioners appointed under that provision, liberally borrowing from the French and from Bentham, prepared the capital code adopted by the Legislature in 1849.

It equipped the judiciary with means for efficiently pruning pleas of redundancy and indefiniteness, suppressing adventurous actions and sham defenses and reducing causes brought in good faith to simple issues so as to shorten trials and dispatch the business.

It has served as model in most states of the Union.

Discontent changed English procedure from the most dilatory in Europe to among the most expeditious. That consummation was achieved by statesmen rather than by lawyers as was evinced in the patriotic and virile speeches of Disraeli and Gladstone on the Supreme Court of Judicature bill, and the pedantic utterances of learned men of the law like Harcourt (then soon to be Solicitor General) reciting the roster of the kings and apostrophising the glories of Westminster Hall.

Law reforms seem not commonly to have come from lawyers prepensely working out their own plans, without being set at definite tasks under specific instructions.

Notable in the melancholy condition of the Holy Roman Empire on the accession of Joseph II. was the warning reputation of the *Reichskammergericht* in Wetzlar, "the jewel of the German Constitution," wherein were judicable the controversies of the states between themselves and with their own subjects. The court's prestige was ebbing lower and lower, in part because the mightier members of the Empire were able to elude enforcement of its decrees, in part because it proceeded so measuredly and with such diffuseness that litigations often pended years before coming to hearing or until the death or impoverishment of the parties. The youthful Emperor interdicted all kinds of gifts and "acknowledgments" and prevailed upon the Diet to institute a commission of inquiry. Patent to all as was the need of radical reform of judicial administration, opposition of the *Staende*, privileged classes of those days, to innovation blocked the commission's progress until, after nine years' labors without substantial accomplishment, its members parted with, as writes the chronicler, *gegenseitiger Erbitterung*.

The touchstone of reform is simplicity with candor.

The *Reichsabschied* of 1654 directed the complainant on the issue of the summons to submit his complaint with "the fact set forth therein in manner summary, terse and pithy, yet plainly and distinctly clear," and bade the defendant "show tersely, pithily and plainly, differentially and clearly too, whether and wherein he presented the fact otherwise than did the plaintiff, how it actually was specifically and at every point and thereby to bring forward whatever plea, dilatory or peremptory, he had in opposition, all at one time under penalty of preclusion."

This might be taken as expressing in quaint fashion the object of the commission appointed in New York under the Constitution of 1846, whose excellent code of procedure borrowed, as

noted, from the French and from Bentham, aroused almost vindictive opposition of contemporaries upon the bench and at the bar. Disregard, contempt of its innovations, brought the nestors O'Connor and Tilden in the chairmaker's case to confusion in an opinion written by a long-time friend whom they never forgave.

Originally of seventy-two pages, that code within thirteen years suffered one hundred and thirty-seven pages of amendments which continued until the presentation to the legislature of the draft of the code prepared by the learned and experienced Mr. Throop and his fellow commissioners, whose plans were baffled by amendments in the legislative committee, and whose work has been disfigured by thick coming amendments to this present.

It is to be recalled, in view of utterances at a late meeting of the American Bar Association, that through all this time the judiciary has been given power and bidden to establish rules of practice of its own making, limited in its discretion only by inconsistency with the code. Exaggerated though be his language, an eminent judge who had practiced under the old and sat under the new procedure, said of this attribute: "The discretionary power vested in the judges by our code of practice has been appalling to all who venerate certainty or learning in the law and has contributed largely toward bringing our judicial system into disrepute."

Assumption of factitious dignity by its members does not elevate the court. *Habitus non facit monachum* is an old maxim of the cannon law. Not the vestures of fine linen or the loin-begirded attendants crying before him, bow the knee, but diligence in his appointed business, stewardly service for people ahungered, made Joseph ruler of Egypt, with power to bind the princes and to teach senators wisdom. Gowns and liveried attendants and salutations of respect count well enough, may be. Parade may not replace performance." The highest virtue of the stage is always attentive to the business of the scene."

Since the adoption of the code under the Constitution of 1846, judicial administration has been the playground of attempts at reform. Notable among those of the last decade was that of 1902-1904, when, as runs the report, "the conditions which embarrass the courts and menace their usefulness and authority became so alarming as to call for the action on the part of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of New York, which led to the enactment of the law" whereunder was appointed this commission of six lawyers and a distinguished layman, the chairman of the Executive Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, "to inquire into the delays and expenses of the administration of justice in the 1st and 2nd judicial districts of the State of New York and to suggest legislation thereon."

After laborious investigation, that commission declared:

"The situation thus disclosed is of the gravest character. The authority of the courts is seriously impaired, and they must accordingly suffer a loss of respect from the people who maintain them. Justice delayed is justice denied, is a maxim of universal acceptance and the indifference of any people to injustice marks the period of their decadence.

"The condition of our own courts recalls that of the courts of the Roman Empire before the reform instituted by Justinian and of which Gibbon wrote as if describing our own situation:

"The expense of the pursuit sometimes exceeded the value of the prize and the fairest rights were abandoned by the poverty or prudence of the claimants. Such costly justice might tend to abate the spirit of litigation, but the unequal pressure seems only to increase the influence of the rich and to aggravate the misery of the poor.

"By these dilatory and expensive proceedings the wealthy pleader obtains a more certain advantage than he could hope from the accidental corruption of a judge."

No mention of modern Continental procedure is made in the commission's report.

Of judicial administration in England, the commission received and approvingly considered several features, including the commercial court created "in response to a persistent demand on the part of the business men of London for a cheap and speedy means for the adjustment of mercantile differences and to relieve this class of litigants from the law's delay which bore specially hard upon mercantile disputes, when from their very nature require speedy adjustment."

One of the judges appearing before the commission spoke of difficulty under the code of constituting a calendar of commercial causes and averred that the appellate division had been hampered in trying to simplify practice for which power to make rules would be a very great advantage. In reply to the commissioner from the Chamber of Commerce inquiringly saying: It has been suggested that the judges might hesitate, even though they had the power to create a calendar for commercial causes, without some affirmative legislation, he returned: "You give the appellate division power to do it and then if we hesitate about it, next year you can have the legislature pass a mandatory act."

Eleven recommendations, with bare reference to a "commercial list," were made by the commission. Of these recommendations the Legislature adopted none. It did, however, at other instance, at the very session during which the report was presented, pass a mandatory act requiring the appellate division to reserve such part or parts, exceeding one, as should be necessary for actions on work, labor and services, material

furnished, sales, policies of insurance, negotiable paper and instruments transferable by endorsement or order—virtually to create a commercial court.

That mandatory act has been left neglected, as lay the tongs and poker in the lady's bed, in the Ingoldsby Legends.

The beneficence of such a court! Sitting as in the great cities of France every secular day, forthwith bringing his wages to the laborer and artisan, payment to the materialman and the merchant, repair of loss by fire, enforcement of written promises of payment of money and delivery of goods!

"If the court," the President has said, "makes a wrong decision, it may be cured upon appeal."

How appeal and whither from not-doing? Can inertia be corrected by impeachment, which lies for turpitude and scandal?

The verbose Lucian, as twitting the judiciary of his day by narrating the experiences of his aerial voyager Menippus, recounted that when the father of gods and men, with the concurrence of all the Olympians, had sentenced the philosophers to be gored to death by the horns of their own dilemmas, Jove himself had needs defer the executions because the four months holiday vacation of the courts of judicature had been proclaimed!

Should not the administration of justice have been progressed in the dozen and a half centuries since the days of the Greek Voltaire?

Other public businesses have been progressed. Citizens of the capital viewing their houses aflame do not stand bargaining with Crassus to send in his fire brigade, slaves to a man, to save *lares ac penates*, or to avert general conflagration, nor do they look up the *aedile plebeius* for protection of person and of goods. The public's corps for fires and of police stand in readiness by day and by night, as do they of the hospital and sanitation services, uninterrupted by alternating days off and vacations of individual hired servants of the public.

In the influx benign of over twenty-eight million souls, who have made the nation great, even relatively fewer than those of the home-born, have been imbued with traditions of the fathers of the republic. To such of them as remain, their descendants and the multitude not knowing the veneration Hamilton expected time to bestow, our admirable Constitution, chiefly by them encountered as restrictive, may become more and more irksome.

Roused to discontent beyond gainsaying, and having learned in some rude school of experience that the enforceable sentiment of the country is the country's enforceable law, these all—unless forefended—may by means more revolutionary than any now contemplated, sweep away the air, and habits, delays and precedents of antiquity, to which, as with fondness, clings the administration of justice.

Nocturne

BY ZOE AKINS

MOUNTAINS and stars . . . and curved and young,
the moon . . .

A high wild road, and shaken olive trees
Clustered in orchards like small silver seas
And you and I so silent. Ah, how soon

The wonder of that haunting night in June
Vanished . . . Do you remember how the ease
Of love came over us, like the deep peace
Upon the ocean after a monsoon?

And beautiful and bitter words you said
Before we left our eerie trysting-place,
Half dreaming and half knowing what should
be . . .

"I would that you and I were lying dead,"
You whispered with your lips against my face,—
"For Life will come and take your love from me!"

Despair

BY ARMITAGE TYSON LIVINGSTON

AFAR IN THE woods where the sun was gold
And the wood-thrush sang his prayer,
Mid the leafy boughs in the forest old
O, the heart of life was there!

Now in the town where the world is new,
I walk with a weary tread
Alone and sad for a voice I knew—
O, the heart of life is dead.

A Song for Ireland

BY FLORENCE KIPER

WHY do you call me so, mother, mother?
Why do you call me so over the sea?
O I am weary, my son, and forsaken.
The voice of my loneliness calls unto thee.

Why are you lonely, mother, mother?
Why are you lonely over the sea?
My beautiful fields have they taken, taken;
They have taken my beautiful fields from me.

Why do you want me, mother, mother?
Why do you want me over the sea?
The sons of my love must arise and redeem me.
I have bled for them, they shall bleed for me.

See, I am coming, mother, mother!
See, I am coming over the sea!
A precious and bitter boon will I give thee—
The gift of death for the love of me.

The Man of Dreams

Not a Monarchy But a Social Conscience

MR. T. EVERETT HARRY'S thoughtful plea for a monarchy in America seems to me one of the most important articles *THE INTERNATIONAL* has ever published. It is a question we Americans are not unlikely to have to face, and it is well to have the affirmative taken by a strong man.

Mr. Harry, however, weakens himself at the start by going out of his way to attack the Declaration of Independence. Elsewhere he rails at "illiterate foreigners," and would disfranchise the unintelligent, but most foreigners understand the Declaration better than he and if he cannot understand fundamental Americanism better than he proves, he perhaps should be disfranchised by his own ruling. In the first place he does not appear to have read the document before echoing the cheap modern sneers against it. The Declaration does not say that 'all men are created free and equal.' The complete sentence is this:—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." No man need misunderstand this who is willing to take an author's meaning. The Declaration was a protest mainly against the despotism of England, prefaced by a brief manifesto of human rights. The author was not a fool. It was as plain then as now and even plainer (for a large part of the population of the world and even of the Colonies consisted of slaves) that all men were not equal in social station, or in muscle, or in intelligence. What he affirms, speaking in an exalted and idealistic sense, is that all men are equal in their fundamental human rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, and that these rights cannot be alienated without crime. All the internal evidence supports this meaning; it was so understood at the time and has been so interpreted by practically all the American people ever since. It would have been absurd indeed to have affirmed literally that all men were free, equal and happy in a document which was an accusation of England for alienating these very rights and a war-cry to regain them.

Again Mr. Harry weakens himself by making very strong and positive affirmations and then qualifying these till they mean something less or different. Thus he affirms a monarch and says he should have "absolute authority," calls even for a Caesar, but explains that this "monarch" is to be elected by the votes of the intelligent, is subject to their recall, and should be a "splendid directing servant," "whose rule shall be one of service," which is a very different thing from a

monarchy as usually understood. He affirms an aristocracy, but would not have it hereditary, or one of wealth, "but of brains; of men and women of fine minds....impelling them to volitional service for the cause of the race"—again something very different from aristocracy as generally understood. He displays prejudice by attacks on negroes and illiterate foreigners, but finally emasculates this by admitting that the negro or foreigner displaying the requisite knowledge and intelligence should be enfranchised. If it is only at last a matter of the intelligence of the individual, Mr. Harry should say so and not by suggestion stir up crude prejudices of race and color.

Mr. Harry is plainly more modernist than he believes himself—his mind seems to be a shelf of old bottles full of new wine.

In other words, his real ideals are not so bad. He wants the intelligence and virtue of the nation to rule, and its best man to execute its service, only he would give this man more leeway and trust more to his intellect and virtue than human experience has yet found safe. And he would limit the franchise to those only who qualified by their intelligence, "knowledge of American conditions," and "qualifying participation in the work of life."

With the spirit of this I have much sympathy. But Mr. Harry's positions, though brilliantly stated, seem to me often crude and boyish. He fails to note many things. All governments, so far as they have been created by idealists, have had much the same ideals. Certainly our American republic was intended to be ideal. And the obstacles to the ideal are mainly in human nature. The people are supposed to be electing their best men to office now, with the best man of all to head them. The difficulty has always been to find the ideal men and Man. Has Mr. Harry an infallible test by which this Man of men may be known?—he gives none. And the proof of our pudding has been that the people have given too much power to their servants—not too little. The servant given power has too often made himself master, a monarch indeed. He accuses the venality of the ignorant, but bitter experience has revealed to us the venality of the educated. Suppose the Monarch bribed by the Interests to betray the people—is that unthinkable?

"Of a mass of laborers few, individually, could run a great establishment." Is that not just as true of most intellectuals—perhaps more so?

Mr. Harry would have our monarchs trained to rule. But what is our government now? Nothing is plainer than that to-day we have an indus-

trial government. Industry and commerce are our supreme concerns and the great captains of industry are our real Caesars and our so-called governments their catspaws. These are the men who have been truly trained to rule and are our master-intellects, our aristocracy of intellect. But they are not the servants, but the exploiters of the people; they are not subject to recall, and their power is or may be hereditary. These are monarchs indeed, and we already have a monarchy in America.

Now I would submit to Mr. Harry that the Socialists whom he despises have a much wiser scheme to secure his ideals—the intelligence and service of the people. Recognizing the industrialism of the age they would perfect it. By combining all productive labor, collectively performed, in one great trust, owned by the people and operated as now by the captains of industry (but as "splendid servants," not as owners) the ends desired would almost automatically come to pass. Wealth would be scientifically produced and scientifically distributed by these men who are now trained to produce and distribute it; with no panics, no strikes, no waste, no over-production, no unemployment. Poverty would be eliminated and with it all excuse for ignorance. Experience shows that the man of property is rarely, if ever, content to be illiterate. Socialists believe in education even more than Mr. Harry, only instead of disfranchising the ignorant worker they would prefer to concentrate education upon him until he was fit to vote. They would distribute the wealth and culture of the country instead of concentrating both on "monarchs" and "aristocracy." Where men are well-fed, well-dressed, happily-employed and well-to-do, they invariably become intelligent, self-respectful, brave, and take pride in social virtue. Only under Socialism would each voter have a "qualifying participation in the work of life." Every man would be a monarch in his own right, yet also a splendid servant of the people because doing his honest, helpful share of the world's work, without at the same time trying to destroy the helpfulness of others as now under competition.

What should govern a people should not be any one of its units but its great Collective Soul—its consciously confederated and co-operating intelligence and virtue. I do not agree with Mr. Harry that every philosophy and religion has come primarily from some great mind. On the contrary I believe that these have gestated slowly in the collective consciousness until at last they have found utterance through some sensitive and ex-

(Concluded on page 158)

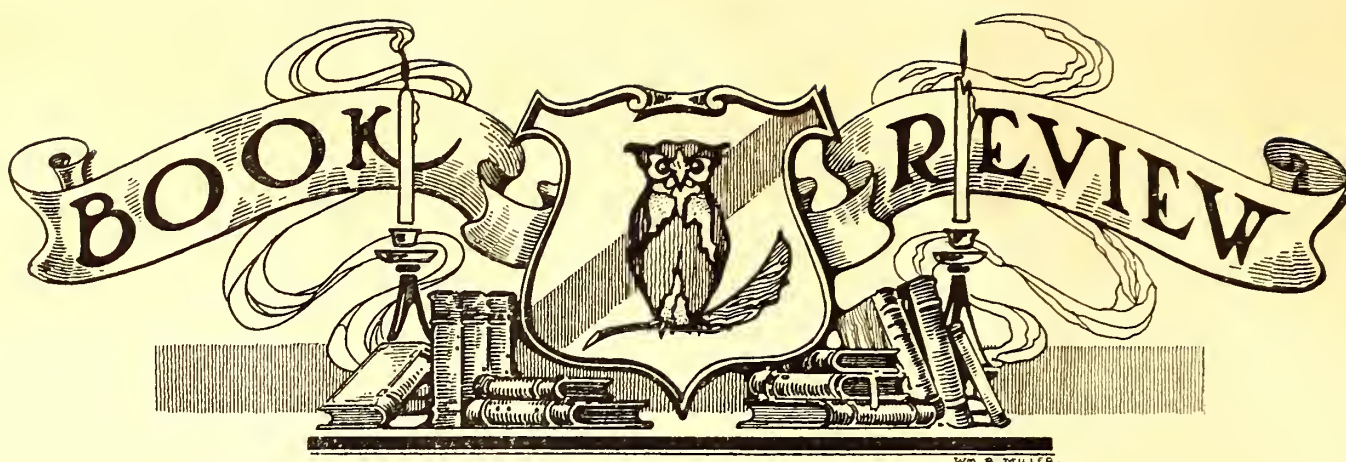
The Peculiar Disposition of Socialists

In the October *INTERNATIONAL* Leonard D. Abbott expressed surprise at the attitude assumed by Socialists toward Roosevelt. "There is a disposition," he said, "on the part of some Socialists to hate Roosevelt with a great hatred. But why? If they put principle first, they ought to feel friendly to him. If imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, he has paid them a high compliment. Congressman Berger is perfectly right when he says that Roosevelt will be remembered as 'one of the most aggressive and most strenuous propagandists for the Socialist party ever known.'"

On this the Rochester (N. Y.) *Herald* comments: "Well, it is a peculiar disposition which Socialists and many others manifest toward per-

sons who are going some distance their way, but not the whole distance. There is the *odium theologicum*, for example. Men who are almost, but not quite, in agreement with each other, in theology hate each other worse than they hate those who are the antipodes to themselves in matters of theological belief. The old-time abolitionists used to hate many men who strongly detested human slavery merely because the latter did not accept their methods. There was some coolness even between Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison at one time. American free traders have declared that they have more respect for protectionists than for those who advocate a tariff for revenue only. Historical students will remember that James G. Birney, the candidate of the Liberal

party for President in 1844, declared that he preferred the election of James K. Polk to the Presidency to the election of Henry Clay, although the election of the latter would have prevented the annexation of Texas to the Union as a slave state. Many other historic instances could be cited, but these will suffice. Consistency is not a common attribute of human beings. Sometimes it looks as if a majority of men got a large part of their happiness out of quarreling. And we are inclined to believe they do. If Socialists or Prohibitionists obtained their hearts' desires, they would not know what to do with themselves for a long time to come. Human beings need something to stir their blood, and their peculiar dispositions usually afford them the opportunity."



The Olympian, by James Oppenheim; Harper & Bros., \$1.35 net.

The *New York Times*, in its review of this book, showed a strange ignorance, in its reviewer, of Mr. Oppenheim's work. One felt immediately, and increasingly as one progressed over the two columns of criticism, that the critic had not read Mr. Oppenheim's earlier work and was writing a superficial "slam" that could not be regarded seriously. And this is memorable in view of the immense improvement in the *Times'* literary supplement during the past four months.

I do not think it is too much to say that a familiarity with "Dr. Rast," "Wild Oats," "Pay Envelopes" and "The Nine Tenths" is essential to a just consideration of this latest work, for without it, Mr. Oppenheim's advance, steady, definite and great, cannot be understood and his still great shortcomings put into proper perspective.

Mr. Oppenheim began five years ago writing—or rather publishing, for he had been writing as many years previously—emotionally effective short stories of the lower East Side. These went well with popular magazine readers and were published in book form. Then Mr. Oppenheim conceived an idea that was too massive for a short story and he determined to write a novel. The result was a short story with elaborations, covering a couple of hundred pages. "Wild Oats" was much discussed because of its propagandist possibilities, but its sales were certainly very limited. Then Mr. Oppenheim returned to the field in which he had been successful and turned out better short stories on industrial workers—in Pittsburgh and elsewhere. A few months later he determined to write a real novel and "The Nine Tenths" appeared.

This, it will be remembered, dealt very effectively with the shirt-waist makers' strike and other industrial events and was woven about the figure of a successful printer who became the publisher of a proletarian weekly. But this work was still like an extended short story, or a series of short stories, and indeed a chapter of it was published as a short story by a magazine.

Now, for the first time, in "The Olympian," we have Mr. Oppenheim writing a genuine novel, according to tradition.

His work is nearly five hundred pages long, and for its author, its procedure is comparatively calm. As usual, the book is filled with interesting incidents in the life of its hero, the rising entrepreneur Trask, with ideas and criticisms of life in general and of our country and time in particular, all of them suggested by the career dealt with, and its style represents a great advance over that of all earlier works. Here, you see, we have the distinct Oppenheim characteristics: the short story brevity, the fine frenzy, the glorification of human accomplishment and love, together with a deeper understanding and a greater calmness than ever before. The *Times'* reviewer saw the old, youthful qualities of Mr. Oppenheim without realizing that they were undergoing an

important transition and that this book must be regarded as standing at the mid-point between the author's two periods. One feels his advance, and one foresees his accomplishment of a work philosophically done, with, at the same time, all the rare poetry in thought and in expression that have been Mr. Oppenheim's chief contribution thus far.

* * *

The 496 Ultra-Fashionables of America by C. W. de Lyon Nicholls; Broadway Publishing Co.

THE PUBLISHER'S PRICE for this volume was not forwarded to us. Unquestionably it depends upon the standing and character of the purchaser. The author is qualified on the title page as "Governor-General of the National Society of Scions of Colonial Cavaliers" and his physiognomy, which faces this indictment is all that his name and position imply. The gentleman would have you know that he is also the author of "The Ultra-Fashionable Peerage of America," of "The Greek Madonna," "The Decadents" and some other works, probably too numerous to mention. The present volume is clothed in mauve with an American eagle rampant, under a lion and a crown.

B. R. H.

* * *

The Hamlet Problem and Its Solution, by Emerson Venable; Stewart Kidd & Co.

When Emerson Venable chose for the motto or sub-title of his book the last request of Hamlet,

"... Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied."

he set for himself the enviable but by no means easy task of living up to Horatio, the Friend. All the not unsatisfied look up suspiciously at his boldness and wonder what new scar will be left upon the wounded name of the Prince of Denmark when he gets through. But Mr. Venable approaches the matter with scientific clearness and poetic restraint. His theory is the most satisfying because in his own words he does not answer the question *away*, he does not "decipher the puzzle" and kill the mystery.

Mr. Venable, moreover, wastes no words in the shibboleth of sentimentalist, physician, nor moralist. The book is short and every sentence in it counts. It is divided into five sections. The first is devoted to the five theories of *Hamlet* that have been juggled with so variously by innumerable commentators throughout the ages. He disposes of them all with the evidence of the text, then proceeds to business. It is as hard to express his theory satisfactorily as it would be to rewrite *Hamlet*, but in the main he suggests that *Hamlet* is a human tragedy, but not the tragedy of a soul. On the contrary, it is a song of praise, a hymn to the Eternal and Ultimate Good.

"In this, the first of his great philosophic tragedies," says Mr. Venable, "Shakespeare exhibits life in its ultimate and eternal relations;—he holds the mirror up to *universal* nature, representing man as conditions and circumscribed in all his action by an omniscient Providence, now

promoting and now thwarting human will, but ever intimating the absolute Good."

Even those who most insistently scout the notion that,

"The Stars in their courses
Do fight on our side,"

cannot deny that this is Shakespeare's message who wrote,

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will—".

Mr. Venable proves it further by quoting the two accidents upon which the plot hangs, the killing of Polonius and the return of the pirate ship to Denmark. Here is the bare hand of Providence deliberately helping and directing.

Hamlet is the agent of these heavenly designs, he is their "scourge and minister" and in order that he may serve adequately as such he must grow and develop and become worthy.

"In each of the other great tragedies is represented the deterioration or utter ruin of a soul... The tragedy of *Hamlet* exhibits the mind of man in its *upward* struggle."

It is the old ethical ideal, that is the salvation of us all, the conquering and subduing of self to the larger good.

"Hamlet's subjective conflict represents the profoundest and subtlest of all struggles;—the conflict forever waging in the human soul between personal and impersonal motives of life,—a conflict not between clearly defined wrong and clearly defined right, but rather between *two rights*, the one relative and the other absolute."

It is in the preparation for this that the secret of Hamlet's delay may be found.

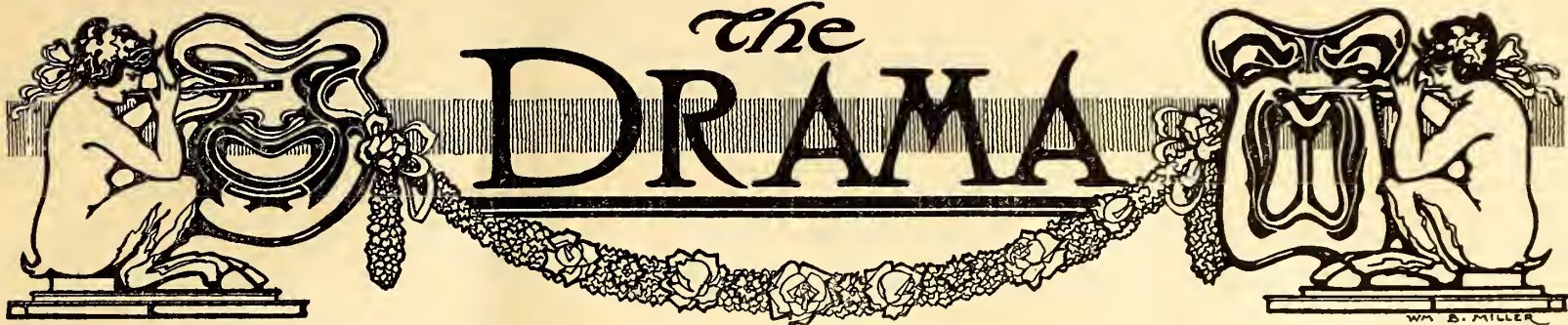
"Not impotence of will, nor morbid irresolution, but the inherent moral forces of his nature, delay his course until at last, by direct intervention of 'the divinity that shapes our ends,' he consummates the task for which all his life, all his sorrow, all his aspiration, have prepared him."

This, in a crude way (for one cannot hope more than to hint at the contents of those closely packed pages here) is what Mr. Venable gathers from his study of the soliloquies, from the first cry that arises from personal sorrow and disillusionment to the calm, passionless speech to Horatio which is in the nature of a soliloquy,

"Does it not, thinkst thee, stand me now upon—
He that hath kill'd my king and whor'd my mother,
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?"

Besides advancing a new and fascinating theory, Mr. Venable has written a book that is clear, scholarly and sincere. All he says rings true because it is not over-stated.

JOSEPHINE A. MEYER



The Secret of the Elaborate Production

By ROBERT ALLERTON PARKER

WE have been hearing a great deal lately about this so-called "stage reform" in Europe, about Gordon Craig, Hevesi, Stanislawsky, Hegemann, Reinhardt and all the rest who are attempting to create a new art of the theater. And all the while we are blind to the significance of the new art of the theater that is growing up around us, here in New York and Chicago. The new stage movement in the United States centers about the Elaborate Production. All of us hear much about the Elaborate Production and the dithyrambic adjectives it begets; but few of us understand the real secret of the Elaborate Production. In its present form it is really quite a marvelous innovation and marks the beginning of a new era in the theater. Now the secret of the Elaborate Production in the American theater lies simply in one phenomenon: a conspicuous expenditure of money. The more money you spend, and the more emphatically you convince the public you have spent incredible amounts of it, the more beautiful will your stage settings and costuming be considered. The whole tendency of this interesting new movement seems to be toward converting the theater into a convenient place for a display of conspicuous waste. Incidentally of course a play may be used in connection with this display, just as *mannequins* are used for the display of ladies' gowns. Expensive incidental music adds a further pecuniary touch to the production, and gives the audience an increased sense of reckless expenditure. A large and expensive cast of actors will also titillate this sense of vicarious extravagance. Other ingenious methods for spending money and for seeming to spend it are being devised daily. Go into some far exotic country, ship home a large consignment of milkcarts, streetcars, garbage cans, and other articles that are simply saturated with "local color," and you will win universal applause for the beautiful spectacle you bring to us. Or go and tear down the Taj Mahal, bring it in pieces to New York, exhibit it in some new "oriental" production and the feat will be heralded as the great artistic triumph of the season. Of course this transfer of the Taj Mahal would cost millions; but do not forget that the beauty of the Elaborate Production is proportionate to the amount of money spent upon it.

The Daughter of Heaven

"The Daughter of Heaven," produced at the Century Theater by the Lieblers, is the most elaborate in a season of elaborate productions. The drama, which serves as a rack for an incredible amount of Chinese satin and specially imported properties, was written by Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier. The general idea is that this play is the weakest part of the production, but that in spite of its deficiencies, it forms an admirable background for a "wonderful spectacle." No one has anything to say in criticism of this "spectacle."

Yet as a spectacle "The Daughter of Heaven" was far more suggestive of Mr. Sing Fat's bazaar on Dupont street, San Francisco, than it was of

Pekin or any other part of China. This, notwithstanding the naively amusing "Lotus" dance of Miss Violet Romer, and the delightfully exotic flamingoes who at once established an *entente cordiale* with the audience and ruined a very grand scene by performing Pavlova-like flips and flutterings up state and down. They were evidently introduced to "lend atmosphere" and they were recklessly generous. Further evidences of the spirit of elaborate pseudo-realism in this production were to be found in the brightly glittering armor of the Chinese soldiers on the walls of Pekin, while cannons and gunpowder were exploding to the intense discomfort of the audience and funeral pyres were being lit. A more interesting illustration of the way realistic settings on the stage defeat their own aim one could not find in the run of a season.

Successful Settings.

The most successful stage settings of the season are to be found at the Little Theater in "Anatol." They are of the conventional type, but they

emphasize strikingly what taste and judgment and intelligence can accomplish in conjunction with a liberal purse, as opposed to what money alone can accomplish. Most interesting of all was the setting of the private room of a restaurant: simple, picturesque, full of color, and imparting to the Schnitzler episode which was played in it more of the atmosphere of Vienna than the expensive cast of American actors was successful in doing—except for the waiter, who was considered so unimportant that his name was not put down on the aristocratic programme, but who might have stepped out of the pages of the Vienna *Floß*. The settings of "Anatol" are to be recommended for study to the producers of musical comedies—particularly to the producer of "The Count of Luxembourg." Could anything be more inconsistent or less artistic than to place an artist of the refinement and delicacy of Miss Ann Swinburne against a background of garish, crude pinks and cerises and yellows and golds and greens and purples, all crowded into the same set and all waging war upon anything like an artistic stage picture? We may expect something artistic in the production of a musical comedy when producers begin to study a few elementary color nuances. Even if the effect desired is to impress upon your audiences the fact that you have spent lots of money on your production, a severely simple setting would succeed much better than one lavishly *bourgeois*.

Shakespeare Made in Germany.

After witnessing the Shakespearean productions of Sothorn and Marlowe and the production of "Julius Caesar" by the Faversham company, there seems to be but one conclusion: to see a satisfactory production of a Shakespeare play we must go to Germany. Probably the chief defect in the mounting of these recent Shakespearean productions lies in the waste of time. Time is wasted both in changing scenery and in the general absence of *tempo* in delivering lines. At the Residenz Theater in Munich "The Taming of the Shrew" has been acted, and effectively acted, in two hours and a quarter. At the Deutsches Theater in Berlin "Lear" was produced in such simple fashion that the weary waits between acts—in order that one ill-planned and badly conceived set of scenery might make way for another—were entirely eliminated. There was more than a gleam of intelligence, one must admit, in the Faversham settings for "Julius Caesar" at the Lyric Theater, but it seemed to be lost in the general scuffle of the Elaborate Production. And it was certainly not the fault of Mr. Faversham that some of his actors delivered long speeches with funereal deliberation. He himself gave a hopeful hint of the value of rapid and effective delivery. Unlike the armor in "The Daughter of Heaven," the Roman soldiers' armor in "Julius Caesar" had been wisely given a bath in vinegar, so that it suggested actual use rather than the cleverness of the theatrical costumer.

As to the Sothorn and Marlowe productions, one fact is patent: that slipshod settings do

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Forty-Eighth Street.....Never Say Die
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Globe.....The Lady of the Slipper
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Hudson.....The High Road
Irving Place.....Repertoire
Keith's Union Square.....Vaudeville
Knickerbocker.....Oh, oh, Delphine
Lyceum.....The Mind the Paint Girl
Liberty.....Milestones.
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The Affairs of Anatol and Snow White
Lyric.....Julius Caesar
Manhattan.....The Whip
Maxime Elliott's.....Ready Money
Metropolitan Opera House—
Grand Opera
Moulin Rouge.....Ziegfeld's Follies
Murray Hill.....Burlesque
New Amsterdam—
The Count of Luxembourg
Park.....A Rich Man's Son
Playhouse.....Little Women
Proctor's Fifth Avenue.....Vaudeville
Republic.....The Governor's Lady
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She Stoops to Conquer
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actually mar the effect of Miss Marlowe's delightful art, and make you acutely aware that these performances would be truly great if enhanced by simple and intelligent stage settings.

However, this regret may be only temporary, for since the continental methods have finally forced an entrance into London with Granville Barker's production of "The Winter's Tale," the American manager, with his customary push and initiative, may provide us with some of this "new" Shakespeare in the course of a decade or two.

The Fatal Fourth Act

A *postiche* fourth act was fatal to an otherwise interesting play, "The New Sin," produced at Wal-lack's last month. Everyone concerned with the production of this play, from the manager down to the author, Mr. B. MacDonald Hastings, had reasons for the addition of this last act, which was added for American consumption. None of them were very good reasons, as this fatal fourth act seemed only to destroy the eloquence of a rather original theme and to emphasize inconsistencies that might otherwise have remained in the background. Had "The New Sin" ended with its third act, it would have presented an interesting tragedy of self-sacrifice and would have brought to the English drama some of the Greek spirit of the French Hervieu. We were told that the play would then have been too short. A good play may never be too short. It might have been preceded by a curtain raiser. It is time that we had once in a while a good curtain-raiser. No one, so far as I can learn, objects to them on general principles, but it is apparent—since Russ Whytal's "Lui" has been withdrawn—that they are no longer considered desirable by the booking agents of the vaudeville theaters.

Philadelphia's Political Redemption

(Concluded from page 148)

men, familiar with the city, who, after canvassing conditions, make recommendations and suggestions for street cleaning. The practical following out of these suggestions is under the direction of Frank L. Neal, a well-known business man. Under Mr. Neal the contractors are obliged to keep the streets scrupulously clean and are compelled to fulfill every letter of their agreements. Philadelphia, physically as well as politically, will thus be kept clean.

Under past administrations, Philadelphia suffered from a deficiency of water. In West Philadelphia especially the present facilities were worked to their maximum capacity. The situation was investigated; recommendations were made for an extension of the piping system to be cared for in a new city loan. A systematic campaign to explain to the people the necessity and economy and the advantages of a metric system was inaugurated. By reforms in the Water Bureau, and as a result of the campaign, the decrease in the waste of water already reaches the extent of more than 10,000,000 gallons a day.

Philadelphia was lacking in adequate fire protection. The demands of business men for improved facilities for years had been ignored. To investigate the system of fire protection and to make recommendations, Mr. Blankenburg, appointed as a commission of experts on fire apparatus, Samuel H. Vauchlain, R. H. Newburn, and Everett Crosby; and on a commission to recommend improvement in fire service, Powell Evans, Wm. T. Haddock, Chas. A. Hexamer, Jos. Collins Jones, Chas. H. Ludington, R. H. Newburn, Robert S. Perry, and Dr. Jesse D. Burks. As a result, five fire engines were purchased, new chemical and hose wagons ordered, and many other alterations and repairs made so as to increase the efficiency of the entire department. A rearrangement has been made in the inspection of

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buildings; a number of new police and fire stations will be opened in the future.

In carrying out plans for city development, swift work in many instances was desirable. The building of the parkway, to extend from City Hall to Fairmount Park, had been handicapped by the failure of the previous administration to acquire properties along the route.

This matter was solved by a decision to utilize funds in hand for the speedy purchase of properties. Within six months one hundred and twenty-six properties along the western end of the parkway were acquired, the work, although in charge of the Department of Public Works, being largely done through the Mayor's office and Law Department. These purchases were made at an average of 10 per cent. over the 1909 assessment. The acquiring of necessary properties is being continued and work on the parkway, to be one of the most beautiful thoroughfares in the world, is being rapidly urged towards completion.

Minor Triumphs

UNDER ORGANIZATION rule many needed repairs to municipal buildings were neglected. During the past six months of Mayor Blankenburg's administration extensive repairs in City Hall have been accomplished. These include a new roof, long needed to protect the building, and interior decorations designed with an idea of enhancing the beauty of the city's seat of government. The office accommodations in the building have been rearranged with the idea of bringing into close proximity the bureaus associated in one department and the departments which work together.

Constant consultations of the heads of the various departments are held. Measures for improvements and administrative policy are freely discussed. The city administration has been welded into a closely knit co-operative machine; the city is run, in every detail, on a business basis; many reforms have been made; and many more, Mayor Blankenburg promises, will be affected in the future.

"No intelligent person," declares the Reform Mayor, "could expect all the wrongs which had been committed in thirty years to be corrected within six months. But we have begun. We took hold of the worst governed municipality in America and we have begun to deal with every problem, comprehensively, effectively, with the idea of ultimate reform."

"It seems very long since the red torches burned night after night during the weeks of my campaign and when thousands shouted their desire for political purity and freedom from boss rule. The glamour has passed. Since then our days have been full; every hour has brought its problem. It is hard, serious, laborious work to rectify the mismanagement of a great city. But we have shown one thing—that it can be done."

And I am sure that, when they consider the result of Mr. Blankenburg's labors and the prospects of the future, the heart of every citizen who lives in the city once known as "Philadelphia the corrupt" rings with the paean that the Mayor's two friends sang, three miles apart, over the telephone the morning they learned of his election. For, to-day, instead of being a byword for mockery, Philadelphia to all other misgoverned communities must symbolize the final attainment, on the part of a serious and determined people, of political freedom, and the final triumph over graft and corruption of principal ideals.

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GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK, Managing Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day
of October, 1912.

Hugo L. Wintner,

Notary Public No. 186,

[SEAL]

New York County, N. Y.

(My commission expires March 31, 1913)

Strindberg and Female Emancipation

To the Editors of THE INTERNATIONAL:

GHOST of Strindberg! By what strange metempsychosis hast thou transmigrated into the Woman Suffrage camp! Thou who hast resisted the thousand siren voices of the suffragettes while in this sublunar world, hast now fallen a victim to the magical prose of Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff. How weak ghosts are! But fear not: with the aid of the works you have left us we will rescue your name from the morass of feminism.

"Strindberg and Ibsen have voiced in the North the consummate note of female emancipation." This sentence in the INTERNATIONAL for September startled me. It is so much at variance with the life and work of the great Swedish dramatist that my literary wrath was kindled and seizing the typewriter in hands I sallied forth to disprove a statement which if Strindberg were alive, he would have considered as a calumny.

Strindberg a champion of Woman's Rights! what a queer notion. Would it not be more appropriate to classify Napoleon as a lover of peace? Out of the writings of this stormy petrel of Scandinavian literature one could easily compile a text-book of misogyny. Strindberg was a women hater *par excellence*. Judge, ye impartial jury:

In the first book which brought the name of Strindberg before the public, *The Red Room*, (1879) his bias is more than pronounced. The misfortunes which befall the chief characters are ascribed to the immorality and selfishness of their female companions. *The Red Room* was written at a period when Strindberg was perfectly happy with his first wife, the actress Siri von Essen. His views cannot, therefore, be ascribed to his marital infelicity, which developed six years later.

After the publication of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, and at a time when the movement for the emancipation of Woman was spreading like wild-fire throughout the North of Europe, Strindberg wrote the first part of *Married* (1884) in which he asserts that women are inferior to men and not competent to occupy an equal position in human society. In the second part of *Married* (1886) his anti-feministic outbreaks are so violent that they seriously detract from the literary value of the book. He goes so far as even to challenge the right of females to hold property. Differences with his wife are probably responsible for this extraordinary fury.

The *Weiberhass* permeates all of Strindberg's autobiographical novels, such as *The Bondswoman's Son*, *The Author*, etc.

His drama, *The Father*, is a bitter attack on women. This word struggle between a man and his "women folk" is one of the gravest and most telling indictments ever written. The wife, the mother-in-law and the cook are pictured as diabolical incarnations. Can one imagine anything baser than the action of the wife who drives her husband to suicide by throwing a doubt in his mind on the legitimacy of his paternal claims? In this conflict the victory goes to the women in league against the man. "This victory of the contemptible and sly creature is due to the fact that reason plays no part in the struggle and the man is at the mercy of women who are not embarrassed by moral principles."

In the *Autobiography of a Fool* we find some of the maddest diatribes against the other sex. He suspects his wife of infidelity with every man who comes to their house and of *amor lesbicus* with her women friends, young and old. To Ibsen he refers as "that Norwegian spy, the inventor of the Equal Rights madness."

In *Countess Julie* it is the woman who sublimbs; but the reasons given by Strindberg (in

the preface) are not flattering. Julie is a product of degenerated aristocracy and she has lost that primordial cunning and natural restraint which is the heritage of the normal woman; she is not viable and must make room for a sturdier race. Deceit and amorality, according to Strindberg, are therefore, the qualities which women who survive, must have. Julie ascribes her fall to her mother, in the following words:

"My mother wanted me to become a nature child and I had to learn everything boys have to know; so that I might become a living example of the fact that women could be as great as man."

Could anybody condemn the cause of woman's emancipation in more scathing terms? Julie has one redeeming trait, she is intelligent; but she ascribes this to her father:

"To throw the guilt on Jesus . . . as Christine does—no! I am too proud and too intelligent to do this—thanks to my father's teachings."

Comrades, which appeared in 1888, is one long tissue of invectives against Woman and the Emancipation movement. Let me quote one characteristic passage:

"The wish to dethrone man and replace him by woman—going back to matriarchy—to dethrone the real master of the universe, the creator of civilization, who bestowed the benefits of culture on the vulgar; man the generator of great thoughts, arts and crafts, of everything, in fact; to elevate in his stead *ces sales bêtes de femmes* who have never taken (with a few futile exceptions) any part in the work of civilization; to do this is a provocation to my sex. At the idea of seeing these anthropomorphs, these half-apes, this horde of semi-developed animals, these

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women who, intellectually belong to the Bronze age, arrive; at this idea, the male in me revolts. I am angrily stirred to resist an enemy inferior in intellect but superior through an entire lack of the moral sense." I venture to say that those who have read *Comrades* will never propose to have Strindberg's name embroidered on the banners of "The Equal Rights League."

To the reader who is still in doubt about Strindberg's opinion of women I submit the following extract from one of his most pitiless plays, *Die Gläubige* (1889). The former husband of Tekla speaks to his friend, the present husband.

GUSTAF—(the former husband). And what do you need her for?

ADOLF. She has to become to me what God was to me before I became an atheist—an object for my sense of reverence.

GUSTAF. Forget that! let something else grow in its stead.

ADOLF. I cannot live without worshipping. . . .

GUSTAF. Slave!

ADOLF. Without worshipping, without adoring a woman. . . .

GUSTAF. Fie upon you! If you absolutely need something before which to kneel, why don't you take your God back? Can you call yourself an atheist if you still harbor the superstition of the female in your blood? Are you a free thinker if you cannot think freely about woman? Do you know what constitutes the sphinx-like profundity of your wife? It's pure stupidity! Look here: she cannot even distinguish between *th* and *t*; the error is due to a peculiar mechanism. Her superiority, after all, consists in her petticoats. Let her put on breeches, draw a mustachio under her nose and listen to her soberly; you'll see how different the whole matter sounds; Woman is nothing but a phonograph reproducing your words—and those of others—in a thinner voice. You know how a woman is made; yes, of course: A boy with mother's breasts, an unripe man, a grown up child arrested in its further development; a being, chronically anaemic, subject to thirteen hemorrhages per year. What can become of such a being?

ADOLF. Yes . . . but then, . . . how could I believe that we were equal?

GUSTAF. Hallucinations! The fascination of her underwear! Or it may be that you are, actually, equal: a levelling down has taken place; her capillarity has brought the water to the same mark!

It is well known that Strindberg was not, in his every day life, the woman hater which his writings imply. He was married three times. He seems to have feared rather than hated women. In them he apprehended the perennial enemy who could side-track his aspirations for laurels into the meandering channels of carnal pleasure. But he was too full of vital force not to follow the dictates of Life and he attempted thrice to realize that ideal companionship which he was destined never to enjoy. His antagonism to the woman's cause is due to this baffled desire and to the earnest design of counter-balancing the gyniolatry of our day.

Strindberg's short romance with Harriet Bosse, the Duse of Scandinavia, which occurred at the time of his meeting with Maeterlinck, did have the effect of stopping for a short while his anti-feminism. He then wrote *Swanwhite* and other mystical plays. But this was of short duration; he soon came back to his realistic style. *Swanwhite* can be compared to Emile Zola's *Le Rêve*. Both authors desired to show a sceptical world that they were capable of creating ideal figures if they only chose to do so. Zola, in spite of *Le Rêve*, remains a naturalist.

The attempt to place Strindberg in a Suffragist niche could only be explained by his lack of popularity in America. His works cannot be found in the Public Libraries. Mr. Huncker and Mr. Edwin Björkman, who have written essays on Strindberg, were careful not to insist on Strindberg's gynephobia: it would have been a death blow to Strindberg's future claims on the hearts of a nation of hypocritic gyniolaters!

PAUL LUTTINGER.

(For Mrs. Wagstaff's reply see page 158.)

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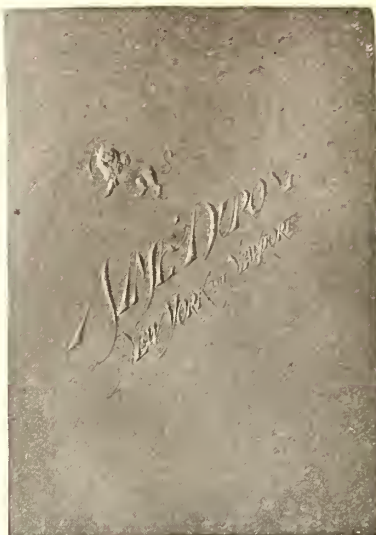
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The Man of Dreams

(Concluded from page 151)

pressive mind—just as Mr. Harry now voices the
vague, wide impulse toward monarchy stirring
among the frightened reactionaries of our time.

Prof. William Morton Wheeler, writing in the
August, 1912, *National Geographical Magazine*,
tells us that man and the insects "are the only
two successful and dominant animal types of the
present age." Of these he says the social insects,
termites, wasps, bees and ants "have been more
successful than man in organizing stable com-
munities" and that the ants are "unquestionably
the most successful and dominant of all these
(insect) groups." And Wheeler admits that these
"stable and well-regulated insect societies have
"neither guide, overseer nor ruler." For the so-
called "queens" are mere inert incubators, and the
real intelligence and prowess of the community is
with the workers who, by their individual and col-
lective genius, meet all its problems and dis-
charge its functions.

We need intelligence; we need organization;
we need "laws" to express temporarily our work-
ing decisions, but repealable at any time as we
grow; we need executives, public servants, to do
our will (and it is often well to leave much to the
intelligence and discretion of the responsible serv-
ant) but we do not need rulers to stunt us by be-
ing brain and will for us—for a healthy organ-
ism has intelligence, power and nutrition in every
part.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

A Reply

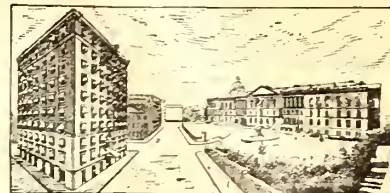
To the Editor of *THE INTERNATIONAL*:

IN REPLY to the brilliant eulogy of Strindberg's
misogyny by Dr. Paul Luttinger, I beg to be
allowed to add a word in defense of my own
previous statement in the September number of
THE INTERNATIONAL, regarding the Scandinavian
dramatist's attitude toward women. Despite the
fact that I acknowledge Strindberg's Schopen-

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hauerian-Nietzschean scorn for the female sex, I still maintain that since his plays depict the revolution that is claiming the attention of the existing strife between the sexes—that vital revolution that is claiming the attention of the entire world—he has unconsciously thrown a more vivid light upon the woman question. Ardent combat is a form of progress. If he portrayed the average inane domesticated woman, content in her servility, Dr. Luttinger would be justified in his opinion that Strindberg acknowledged her innocuous inferiority. But in his very contempt of woman's efforts to better herself, and to tear asunder the shackles that have so long bound her (as in "The Father," where the hyper-developed mother fights for entire jurisdiction of her child, and in "Countess Julie" where the neurotic noblewoman exults in her unlimited sexual freedom), and in his willingness to voice female sufferings and struggles

through the unnecessary tyranny of the male, Strindberg is unconsciously aiding the cause of woman's advancement. In "There Are Crimes and Crimes" we are shown virile women sincerely uttering big thoughts and striving for the liberation of their entrained souls. In "The Link" we find a wife equal to and outwitting her complacently brilliant and vicious husband. In "The Stronger" we are given a flashlight picture of the keenest type of feminine intellect.

In like manner D'Annunzio in his tragic portrayal of the duel of sexes in "The Triumph of Death"—wherein the powerful male brain is subjugated and destroyed by a passionate attachment—and Tolstoi in his "Kreutzer Sonata," revealing the revolting aspect of the existing relations of sex inequality between man and woman, have unknowingly sounded a note in favor of the Feminist cause.

So Strindberg, in crystallizing the petty miseries of married people, has, instead of arousing contempt for the female, awakened her to the fundamental weakness of her position and the urgent need of emancipation from her long moral enslavement.

BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF.

From the Mayor of Philadelphia

My dear Mr. Viereck:

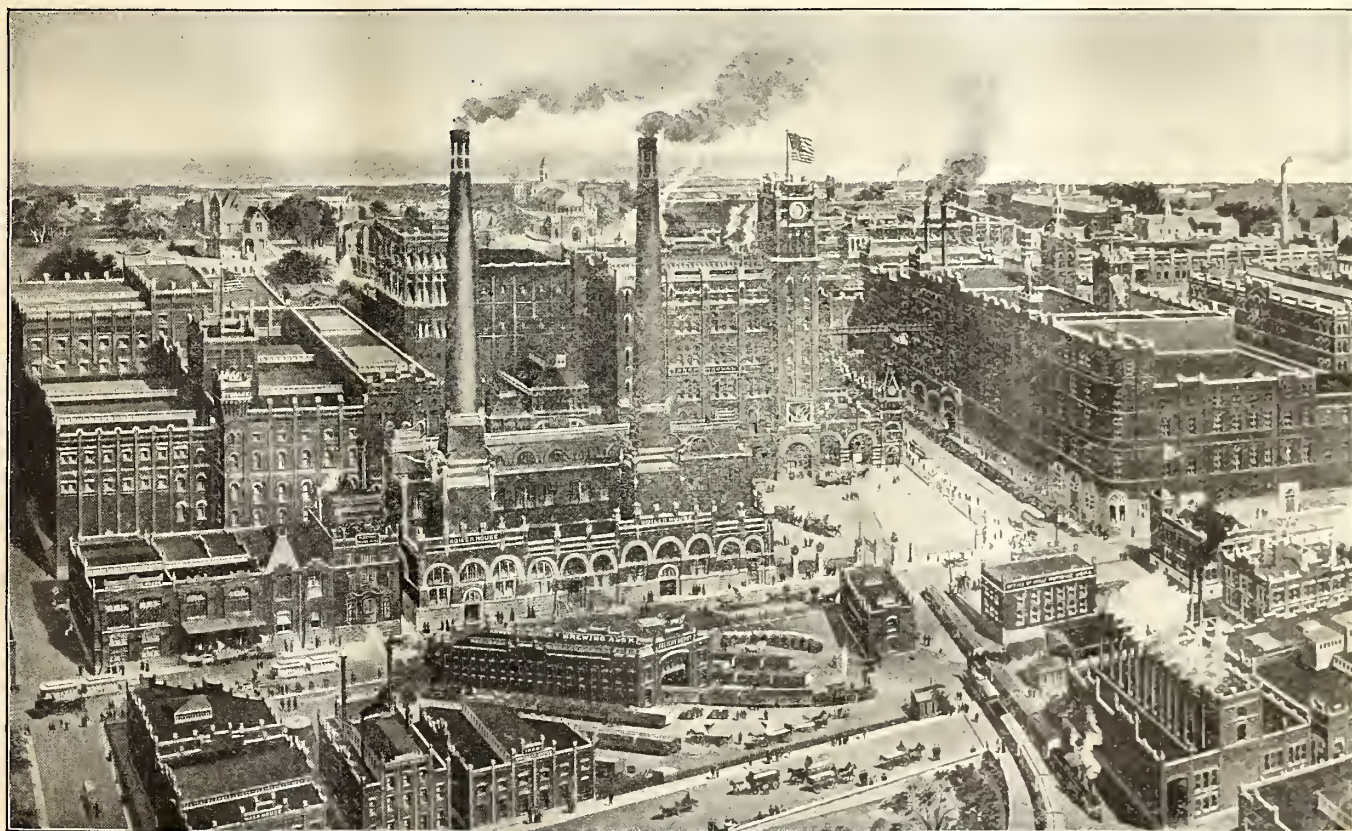
Many thanks for the November INTERNATIONAL. I hope THE INTERNATIONAL will be, as it deserves, a great success.

With regards,

Very truly yours,

RUDOLPH BLANKENBURG,
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